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TOIL AND TRAVEL

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TOIL AND TRAVEL

BEING

A TRUE STORY OF ROVING AND RANGING

WHEN ON A VOYAGE HOMEWARD

BOUND ROUND THE WORLD

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ac.

BY

JOHN MacGREGOR, M.D.—(RALPH)

Surgeon-Major, Bombay Army

AUTHOR OF "THE GIRDLE OF THE GLOBE: A POEM," &c.

LIBRARY OF THE BOMBAY BRANCH OF THE ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY

"I have seen them one by one,
Every shore beneath the sun,
And my voyage now is done.

While I bid them all be blest,
Britain is my home, my rest;
My own land, I love *thee* best."

—*Montgomery.*

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London
T. FISHER UNWIN
PATERNOSTER SQUARE
MDCCCXCII

Phil Tai

Dedication.

TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR CHARLES MacGREGOR,

IN TOKEN OF SINCERE REGRET AT HIS EARLY DEATH,

AND ON ACCOUNT OF

HIS LOVE OF TRAVEL, HIS BRAVERY, AND HIS LOVE OF COUNTRY,

THIS SIMPLE RECORD OF TOIL AND TRAVEL

THROUGH MANY LANDS,

IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED BY HIS FAITHFUL CLANSMAN,

JOHN MacGREGOR.

PREFACE.

THE preface to a book is the first thing read but the last thing written. When everything is said and done, then comes the painful reflection of how much better everything might have been said and done after all. And, indeed, it is with a full conviction of the shortcomings of the book that I write this preface, as the toils and travels in themselves deserved, perhaps, a more graphic recorder.

It was not till I commenced to put the volume together, that I realized the difficulty of writing a continuous personal narrative in the first person singular, and the glorious liberty of the irresponsible WE, which, however, is so jealously guarded for editors and monarchs only. Be this as it may, there is one virtue at any rate to which the narrative may fairly lay claim, and that is the inestimable virtue of Truth, to which all books of travel cannot lay equally well-founded pretensions. For it is what Othello would call a round, unvarnished tale, plainly told, with little in common with the stories of Baron Munchausen and the Ralphs and Rovers of former days; but rather a fairly faithful record, from the moment of starting from the Desert of Gharmsala till that of standing by the grave of Rob Roy.

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TOIL AND TRAVEL.

CHAPTER I.

Blow high, blow low, the shifting gales,
And rest or roar the ocean swell,
We'll hoist aloft our roving sails,
And bid the distant shores farewell;
For homeward bound, I ween, are we,
Homeward bound—homeward bound,
Then what care me for wind or sea,
So long as we are homeward bound.

The Desert of Gharmsala—Freedom at last—Towers of Silence—The Parsees—Farewell to Bombay—Ceylon—Kandy—Temple of the Sacred Tooth—The misfortune to be.

It might well be said of the Desert of Gharmsala that the best road in it was the road leading out of it, only there were no roads leading out of Gharmsala. It was an isolated oasis in the midst of an ocean of trackless sand, and the only way out of it was on the ship of the desert.

Ram Bux said something in Hindustani with which I shall not trouble the reader, the camel rose with an ominous growl, and Ram Bux and I found ourselves perched on the top of the long-legged creature. Then "Moti" the camel calmed down and looked the picture of offended innocence, with his great quiet

eyes and his head projecting forwards like the figure-head of a ship.

And so we were off at last, with a light heart if not a merry bound, for camels can scarcely be said to bound merrily over the sands, but rather with that eternal jog-jog that makes the riding of them a very wearisome business. "Moti's" huge flippers of feet spattered and spread over the loose sands, while his head and protruding lips swung up and down in a way that was anything but suggestive of fiery fierceness.

Ram Bux had once been a sporting *shikari*, and talked volubly of the deeds of former days, when tigers were plentiful on the distant mountains, from which they had now almost entirely disappeared. Times had changed. The very hills had changed according to Ram Bux; and Ram Bux had consequently to abandon the life of fighting with wild beasts for his monotonous jog-trot on the top of a camel.

Gharmsala had the unenviable reputation of being about the most sweltering station throughout the whole of Hindustan. But as for me, the sands glittered and danced joyously, as the flickering miraj beckoned me onwards to distant fields and pastures new. I was now free for some considerable time, and I intended to make the best use of my freedom, and complete my many previous wanderings with a long voyage homeward-bound round the world.

But here was the small railway station, and soon came the sound and the rush of the Bombay train that was to hurry me off on my wayward journey. It was the exodus season of the year in India, and every one who could was running away out of it. The train was consequently crammed full of passengers, and as the

particular berth that fell to my lot was an upper one, stuffy and unendurable, I was forced to pass the night sitting on a box near the door of the carriage, the better to obtain a sufficient supply of fresh, if of even feverish night-air.

Eight o'clock in the morning saw us landed at Bombay, most of us looking washed out and wearied enough by the debilitating climate of the Tropics. It was a lovely morning, with the fragrant sea breeze blowing in gently from the Back Bay. For this is a country where almost every morning is lovely — wearily, monotonously lovely—and where the long, long Indian days are wofully so much alike. There are, in point of fact, only three sorts of days in India —the scorching hot, with "devils" whirling in the air; the moderately, very moderately cool; and lastly, the deluge days of the monsoon. When you are in for one of these you are in for a crowd in almost unbroken succession.

But why should I dwell on the long, long Indian days? For here is the Apollo Bunder, and there the broad main beyond, with the crimson sun sinking in the far-away west, which I hoped so fondly to see once again. To the left were the Elephanta Cave Islands, the Malabar range of mountains, as well as the capacious harbour of Bombay, with its forest of masts and numberless native luggers; while in front was the great ocean on which two or three ships were ploughing their way homewards, and I was soon to follow. Few places, indeed, can be more striking to a stranger than the city and scenery of Bombay; while on going ashore the assorted colouring of the human panorama will scarcely be less surprising.

The Parsees will probably first claim the attention of the strange visitor by virtue of his quaint headgear. Though Surat may be called the Parsees' original habitat, so far as India is concerned, yet Bombay contains more than half of the Parsees now living in the whole world. They are, in fact, one of Bombay's favoured specialities, which goes far to distinguish it from all the other cities of the East. For the tinpot hood of the Parsee marks him out as a distinguished individual wherever he goes. It knocks the turbans and puggaries of other natives into a cocked hat, or rather into a tinpot hood; while the Parsees themselves, probably inspired by such a head-dress, will be found to be far and away the most enterprising people in India. They almost invariably speak English, and though they may not be quite so ferocious and martial as some of the more fire-eating races of India, they can make money where the canny Scot would starve, honestly no doubt when they can, but still make money. And when the pile is made they are equally noted for their generosity and public spirit. But enough, as I must reserve the ethics and ethnology of the various races of India for a future volume of their own.

"The Girdle of the Globe" had been commenced before I left the Desert of Gharmsala, and the dialogue between Mister Mucklemouth and Mr. Merwanjee had been written when I was there on my way through Bombay. Some years back, a newspaper contest took place about the propriety of covering in the Malabar Tanks that supply Bombay with water, as the vultures were said occasionally to drop into them ribs of dead Parsees they had snatched from the

Parsee Towers of Silence in the vicinity. In this discussion I had taken some little share, and so it was that the Tanks and the Towers of Silence were among the few places I went to visit when passing through this time. The Towers of Silence remained as they were before, but to my surprise I found that the Tanks had been covered in during my absence.

I shall not attempt to describe either the Towers or the Tanks here, as there ought to be plenty before me to describe. But as they are some of the most curious sights in Bombay, no traveller should pass through without visiting them. Enough here to say, then, that on certain gratings in the Towers of Silence, the Parsee community place their dear departed and expose them there to be torn asunder by birds of prey.

After the sundry preliminaries preparatory to a long voyage, I soon found myself on board the Peninsular and Oriental S.S. *Clyde*, and rapidly leaving the Bombay harbour. We were the last of four large ships that left Bombay that evening, and all of them full of passengers. The others were all bound westward, but the *Clyde* was bound for China, calling at Colombo to transfer her Australian passengers.

The voyage to Ceylon was too short and uneventful to require any notice. We watched Cape Comorin as we passed it early one morning in a moderate swell, and that same evening found us approaching the Colombo breakwater. Here we Australian passengers intended to land and wait for the *Parramatta* from Aden. But the *Clyde* was not able to enter the breakwater, as no pilot came on board, and so we had to stay outside that night, to go inside the breakwater early the next morning.

One of my partners at table was a quiet but genial fellow-countryman, who was making a tour round the world like myself, though not on such an extensive scale. He and I went ashore together that morning. The *Parramatta* was not expected till the morning after, but none could positively say. After sauntering about the town we fell in with the railway station, more by accident than by design. I found that the daily train was about starting for Kandy, the ancient capital of the Kings of Ceylon, and containing a temple famous above other temples for the unspeakable sanctity of possessing a tooth of the most holy Boodha. Not to see that holy tooth was infinitely worse than losing a tooth of one's own, even if it were screwed away with the dentist's pinchers and without a drop of laughing gas for comfort. So I must go and see this sacred palladium of the Boodha's tooth.

Therefore arranging with Mr. H. to transfer my luggage along with his own if the *Parramatta* did come in, and to send it on shore in the event of my losing that ship, I got a return ticket and proceeded to Kandy. I was anxious enough not to miss the *Parramatta*, as there were so many lands to see in front of me, and I had been in Ceylon before; but if I did happen to miss her, the interval till another ship was due could be very pleasantly spent in this beautiful island.

Kandy is only some seventy-five miles from Colombo, but as it is nearly two thousand feet high, the ascent by train is steep and winding, and offering many points of resemblance with the railway line up the Ghauts between Bombay and Poona; the ascent in the latter being two thousand feet in a hundred and

twenty miles. It was already dark, then, before we reached the city on the mountain side. The day was dull and cloudy, with plenty of thunder and lightning, which lent an additional interest to the climbing of the mountains, but by the time we reached our destination the scenery was all hidden in the darkness of night.

The return train back to Colombo was leaving Kandy early next morning, and so allowing but little time for sight-seeing. I had therefore to get up before daybreak, and as soon as it was light enough I was sallying with my guide to this famous temple of the sacred tooth. One of the bonzes was already there in the early dawn, wrapped up in the yellow garments of his order. After some little delay I was permitted to go in and see the particular portion of the shrine where the tooth was laid in garments shining with gems and jewels, but on no account could I prevail on the priest to let me have a glimpse of the sacred relic itself; for the tooth is never shown except on the most solemn and important occasions. The few Europeans who have been privileged to see the tooth scoff at the idea of its having ever belonged to a god or man, but rather to the jaw-bone of an ass; but this, of course, is a mere matter of opinion. And so, after a flying visit to the beautiful artificial lake and the palace of the old kings, I found that I had just enough time to overtake the train for Colombo on my return journey. It was a fine, balmy morning; the clouds and the rain had vanished, and the scenery in descending the mountains looked its very best.

When driving down hurriedly to the Colombo harbour I heard a shrill steam whistle. It was from the

launch going out for the last time to the good ship *Parramatta.* It had already started by the time I reached the pier, but it turned back again to take me on board. The ship had come in during the night, and as I approached her several of the passengers transferred from the *Clyde* were looking over the side and cheering me on, as they said I had been keeping the ship in harbour for the last two hours. It was then about noon, and I took no notice of this, as I thought it was but friendly banter. But when Mr. H. came forward to show me the cabin he had procured for us two, he also told me that it was quite true the ship had been waiting since ten o'clock, and was just going to start when I came on board. And so it was, for the ship was steaming out of the harbour in a few minutes, and I felt very thankful that I had been lucky enough to overtake her.

I thought no more of the incident, but as I was going in to breakfast next morning, who met me but my new captain. He asked me if I was So-and-So, and I told him that I had the misfortune to be. He then asked me how I managed to go up to Kandy, and he looked as if he took the matter very seriously. But when I explained to him my intentions on this random voyage, he was satisfied, but said that he was bound to bring it to my notice, as he would be obliged to make a note in the ship's log-book about the cause of her detention. And so I thanked the captain for his kindness, and the interview was ended. But I wonder to this day whether the gallant Captain M. did make mention of this episode in the ship's log.

CHAPTER II.

Crossing the Line—Darby and Joan—Passengers in general—Mount Clarence at midnight—The Great Australian Bight—Adelaide—Melbourne—Easter Recess—Eight Hours Bill—Out for a holiday—Melbourne theatres—The Bijou in flames—Robbers crushed to death—"This animal spits"—Gordon's grave.

THOUGH I had been going about a good deal of late years, yet I had never crossed the Equator. Steamships going at a uniform rate in smooth seas can almost calculate to a nicety the time they cross the line. This time the *Parramatta* was crossing it about midnight, and so I sat up till we had crossed it, and felt a little disappointed that I never saw Neptune or his trident, or anybody else tarred and feathered as they ought to be.

The weather was very muggy for some days after leaving Colombo, but I had been accustomed to vapour baths of this kind, and knew that the only remedy for the evil was to grin and bear it. But it became quite cool before we reached Australia, and the weather changed to be somewhat boisterous and unsettled.

There was nothing worthy of note about the voyage itself. We had the usual variety and complement of characters, without which a passenger ship would be somewhat tedious. We had the newly-married couple, the quarrelling couple, the masher and the bore; and

we had lastly the good people in general who passed in the crowd, and were not distinguished enough to be marked either for their good or evil propensities. And so we had our fair share of dancing, singing, and spooning, and when time hung heavy on my own hands, I amused myself lying on my back in my bunk and composing the "Girdle of the Globe," which, of course, is not always unvarnished truth.

Among the most interesting portion of the passengers I must not omit to mention an old Darby and Joan from Edinboro' Toon, who were going to see the wide wide world at a somewhat advanced age. They were on a long visit to see some of their children in the colonies, and then proceeding to see others of them in China. On Sunday Rev. Dr. A., the husband, preached a very impressive and appropriate sermon from the text of "Out of the depths I called upon Thee, O Lord."

And then there was Mr. F., the proprietor of the leading Colombo newspaper, and the oldest British colonist in Ceylon, but who was hale and hearty in spite of his years and his prolonged exile. He was quite familiar with the *phylloxera*, and the failure of the coffee plants of late years in Ceylon, for he himself had been nearly ruined, and was only saved by his literature and the gradual conversion of his coffee into tea plantations at a great expense of time and capital.

We sighted but few ships on the way. Of these the *Britannia* passed us late one evening, homeward bound, and looming large enough on the very verge of the horizon. The next morning we sighted land. Passengers on swift ocean steamers can only imagin

how the sight of port gladdens the heart of those who go down to the sea in sailing ships, after a long voyage on the ocean waves. Sailing ships, no doubt, are much handsomer, but this is not an age of romance, but of utility. It isn't a matter of how does it sound, or how does it look, but of what can it do. We had plenty of people on board, perhaps a few too many. We had every reasonable comfort, and we had only been ten days from Colombo, and yet we were panting for port again. Fancy then the longings of the good old salts on the first sight of the promised land after being perhaps six months out, feeding on salt junk and lime-juice, and with scarcely anything at all to relieve the monotony.

That afternoon we dropped anchor in King George's Sound. The ship was going to start at seven o'clock the next morning, but as this was the first opportunity of going ashore in Australia I did not like to miss it. It was dead of night by the time we landed, and the small town of Albany was already lying fast asleep. There was a small hotel near the landing-place which was still open, and where we went for information as to whether we should be able to climb Mount Clarence at that time of night. Of the small party who went on shore, Dr. M., Mr. H., and myself undertook this task. It was not so easy to climb as we thought, for we imagined we could rush it, but found out we couldn't, but had rather to plod up a devious pathway consisting for the most part of loose sand and gravel.

But we managed to reach the top at last, and found it covered with huge boulders, on which visitors had been trying to immortalize their names. The scene was weird enough in all conscience. It was a waning

moon in its third quarter, and the sky was speckled with scudding clouds. On the one side was the landscape, changing its hue as the clouds rushed along; on the other was the harbour down below, with our great ship looking as a mere speck in the distance. It was too wild to stay up long at that time of the night, and so we returned, to find that going downhill is not nearly so difficult a task as it is to climb it.

By the time of crossing the Great Australian Bight the passengers were getting fairly settled down together; and so we had two or three entertainments of sorts in which the comic doctor of the ship and an ancient major-general distinguished themselves above all others.

When we reached Adelaide there was sad news for the kind old couple I have already referred to. One of their young grandsons had fallen from an upper story in Melbourne, and had received injuries from which he afterwards died. Adelaide itself was some distance away, but we arrived early, and a good many of the passengers went up there sight-seeing. H. and myself went ashore together, and rode on an omnibus to the Botanic Gardens, where we spent most of the evening, and then returned to the ship as she was leaving for Melbourne. And so I was able to see but little of the pretty town of Adelaide. It was my intention then to revisit it some other time overland from Victoria, and how these good intentions were frustrated I shall relate a little later on.

We have now reached Melbourne, the capital of the colony of Victoria, and one of the finest and best-known cities in the whole of the British colonies. It is neither so old nor so picturesque as Sydney, nor is

its history so romantic. But though neither founded in the same way, nor yet built by the genii of fables, still its growth has been phenomenal, under the mighty genius that resides in gold. Its site was but a malarious swamp fifty years ago, but since the discovery of gold in Bendigo and Ballarat, each of them within a hundred miles from Melbourne in different directions, the genius of the metal has been rapidly piling up the city till it is now one of the finest cities in the whole world.

Australia, if not the Land of Promise, is at any rate the land of progress and reform, and Melbourne is Australia in miniature, though Sydney justly claims the dignity of seniority and old age.

The Easter holidays and the anniversary of the Eight Hours Bill were on together when we arrived, and Melbourne had put on its gayest garments. Nobody could be found anywhere to do work in such a season of high jinks; so our ship, which was intended to proceed to Sydney at once, was detained in Melbourne for three days. Crowds of people from the country had flocked into the town to celebrate the festival, and the streets were thick with throngs eager to do justice to the occasion. It looked as if Misery had been banished and had fled away from this favoured land.

At the very time of writing these reminiscences of toil and travel, this same Eight Hour Question is much exercising the heads of our own wiseacres at home, and perhaps may be carried eventually as it has already been carried in Australia; and thus the child will be teaching to the mother the ways of wisdom in her old age. It may perhaps be hard to legislate on

such a point as it may interfere with the freedom of the subject, but it would seem to most of us that eight hours' work a day of anything ought to be amply sufficient. How many of us would wish to work longer at any task however congenial and pleasing? For it may be well said that all work and no play would make dull boobies of the best of us.

Every bachelor or grass-widower who visits Melbourne is sure to land some time or other at Scott's Hotel in Collins Street. It is by no means a large hotel, but it is pre-eminently the resort of the *unencumbered.* Thither wends the country squatter from his woolsacks, the millionaire from his mines, and the rover from across the seas.

This hotel is also a sort of restaurant for the city merchants, and at luncheon time it becomes suddenly transformed into a kind of exchange in which thousands of pounds must be won and lost every day; and then the clatter of knives and the striking of bargains make a kind of noise and uproar which sounds rather novel to the untutored spectator. It was here then I took my first dinner with a few choice shipmates and drank health to the colonies in a bumper of champagne.

Among many other entertainments Melbourne was not lacking in horse-racing on this festive occasion. If Australians have inherited anything from the mother country, it is their passion for racing. There is one red-letter day in the province of Victoria, towering head and shoulders high above all the holidays alike, and that is the great day of the Melbourne Cup. This race comes on later in the year, and the festivals they were now celebrating were but

a tame affair in comparison. The Flemington Course, on which the race is run, compares very favourably with the course for the Derby, and possesses even a greater number of grand stands; and yet when I visited it, they were busy building a new one for the next celebration which was expected to eclipse all the previous ones.

And so with the theatres; they were full to overflowing on account of the holiday inundation from the country. "The Ruling Passion" was on at the Theatre Royal, "The Yeoman of the Guard," at the Princess's, and "Julius Cæsar" at the Opera House, besides various others. The two former were passable, but "Julius Cæsar" was wretched. If Cæsar, Brutus, and the rest of them, "all honourable men," were as here represented, they must have been a ranting crew indeed. Cassius, instead of having a hungry look, was a loud brawler, the patriotic Brutus was coarse and commonplace, while there was nothing left of Cæsar himself except his bald head and his epilepsy. Antony had a most roaring voice, and evidently mistook noise for power, without any regard whatever to Hamlet's advice to the players, but striking out, as he imagined, a new interpretation of his own. And yet this was the hero of the company. But there was something about the player himself which might influence public opinion. He was an American by birth, and a clergyman by profession; and perhaps finding the pulpit a little too narrow for his stride, he had dropped the gown for the motley and the rostrum for the stage. And it was only natural to expect that a turncoat must always be a genius in his new calling.

Since ever theatres were built they have been

notorious for going on fire. There seems to be a sort of mischievous demon inside of them who delights in setting them ablaze on the slightest provocation.

On one of these evenings in Melbourne, I went in for some refreshments to the Palace Hotel. It and the Bijou Theatre are in the same block of buildings, and have the same main entrance in common on Bourke Street. I had scarcely left the hotel when there was great stir and commotion; the Bijou Theatre was on fire! The fire raged furiously as the evening shades set in, and looked very grand as the forked flames shot up the sky. Plenty fire engines were soon on the spot, but they took a little time to go to work, and some of them worked badly.

I could see men on the top of the hotel playing with a water hose on the fire in the theatre down below them. They looked very picturesque in the light of the lurid flames, and I felt a strong desire to go and join them. Partly by palaver and partly by pretensions, I was able to reach as far as the bottom of the highest story, and there only now remained but to reach the top of the flat roof itself. But beyond this I could not go, for here stood a sentry whom neither bribes nor palaver could influence; and so I had to return with fallen crest and sodden clothes as if I had newly come out of the Yarra River. The hoses of the fire engines were scattered everywhere about the building, and being by no means watertight, sputtered about in every direction, and nearly flooded the hotel with water.

I noticed one of the hotel lifts working up and down along a somewhat secluded corner of the hotel walls outside. The fire by this time was seen to have

caught a hold of one of the windows of the hotel along which the lift was passing up and down. Suddenly a warning roar rose from the great crowd looking on, for if the fire severed the connections of the lift, the occupants would be dashed to pieces. This called the attention of the firemen to the spot, the flame was extinguished in its infancy, and the lift was thus enabled to continue on its mission of rescue.

Some criminal observers of this incident thought they might profit by their observation. The lift was worked on the outside of the wall and was apparently easy to be got at. So a little while after this event, a couple of robbers took their seats in the lift at night time and set it to work in the ordinary way. But though they knew how to set it agoing, they did not seem to know how to stop it, and the consequence was that next morning they were found on the lift, both of them crushed to death.

The Bijou Theatre was entirely destroyed on this occasion; and property to the tune of £50,000 and three human lives were lost to the world.

One of the things I intended to do at this stage of my journey was to see the grave of Gordon, the Australian poet. Like many another wayward genius, his life appears to have been one series of misfortunes. He had been dead nearly twenty years, but it was only quite recently that his fame had spread beyond the immediate field of his labours. I accidentally came across his little book when passing through Bombay, and felt very pleased with it, notwithstanding his gloomy views and misdoubting opinions. He is by no means free from blemishes of both rhyme and rhythm, but there is a raciness about him at times and

a sad earnestness at others that makes him very attractive reading; while his personal history and melancholy fate throw a kind of glamour over the whole.

His verses show abundant evidence of the spasmodic overflow of a restless heart, rather than the fruit of prolonged toil and study, or the picked products of other people's brains. For the only thing that Gordon could possibly "pick" would be a horse, and he is said to have done this in his younger days, and to have suffered severely in consequence. That is to say, he stole a horse one time out of a stable for the sole pleasure and purpose of riding him at a race next day; and tradition says that he not only won the race, but also rendered himself subject to the clutches of the law for his indiscretion.

Gordon is also accused of imitating Whyte-Melville in the manner of his compositions. Well, they were both contemporaries, living in opposite hemispheres, and probably known to one another by repute only. They were both sporting men, and wrote sporting songs with a somewhat natural degree of resemblance. They were also allied in their recklessness and their untimely end, for Gordon fell unfortunately with his own hand, and Whyte-Melville fell on the hunting-field. But imitator or plagiarist of any kind Gordon never was. His muse at its highest soars far higher than Whyte-Melville's, though I believe few of his songs have been actually set to music. Neither is it on his sporting songs that his fame should rest. The "Sick Stockrider," "Confiteor," and "Sunlight on the Sea," as well as various pieces in "Ashtaroth," possess an amount of feeling and thinking quite above the

sporting paddock or the best verses that Whyte-Melville ever wrote.

To find Gordon's grave, therefore, I made due attempts that day. Major D. went with me for the sake of the outing, for he knew nothing about Gordon, and was rather surprised in the interest I took in the matter. It was to the old General Cemetery that we first bent our course, not knowing what numbers of churchyards there are in Melbourne and its vicinity.

The attendant at the office of the cemetery never heard of the object of our search, which goes to prove how a poet as well as a prophet may be without honour in his own country, and also how it is that registrars of colonial churchyards are not the best informed people in the world. Some particularly knowing one was expected to come to the office at two o'clock, who was conversant with everything about the numerous low-lying subjects under his care.

To await his arrival we turned into the Zoological Gardens, which were quite close by. One "Zoo" is so much like another to the general observer that it is difficult to find anything to say about any of them in particular. The Zoo at Melbourne is certainly a very good one, and I wish I could say the same about the Botanic Gardens, which I visited after my return from New Zealand. I noticed that the animals, though gathered from such varied climes and places, were in remarkably good condition, each one after his kind, from the Polar bear to the equatorial paraquet.

But one beast in particular attracted our special fancy, and this was a specimen of the llama of Peru,

It is classified by naturalists among camels on account of his teeth and short, hairy tail. But there is littl. else in common among them, and certainly not in the active disposition of this specimen. His paddock was on that account surrounded by a double set of high rails, an inner and an outer barrier. He seemed to take special objection to D., and standing on his hind legs with his fore feet on the railings, he would spit at him with great power and precision. He would again work round and round his paddock to get himself into a fresh frenzy, and would then return to the charge again. He virtually seemed to be possessed by a demon, and several times we thought he was going to jump over the railings to get at the object of his wrath. I looked if D. had the proverbial red rag to irritate the beast in this manner, but he had none; but we saw a notice on the rails of the paddock which seemed to show that this animal was always crazy—

"BEWARE! THIS ANIMAL SPITS."

Of the two best-known varieties of llamas in South America, the *Guanaco* inhabits the lowland plains, and is often domesticated, while the *Vicuna* is a ferocious mountaineer which nothing can tame. This specimen, that truly looked untamable enough, was only a *Guanaco*, and one can only fancy how untamable the real *Vicuna* must be.

When the churchyard cyclopædia turned up at the office he could do nothing to help us unless we could tell him when Gordon was buried, which we were not able to do, and we had to turn back without any further information.

But it occurred to me that Gordon was sure to be known among literary people, and so I wended my way to the office of the *Argus*, one of the best newspapers in all the colonies; and it was then I found out that Gordon was buried in one of the Melbourne suburbs with the familiar name of Brighton. I naturally thought there was only one Brighton about Melbourne, and I went there to see; but I soon found out that there are not less than five suburbs near Melbourne rejoicing in this fashionable name, all separate from one another, and some of them even on different suburban railway lines. Surely this must frequently lead to confusion, especially among strangers; and I would respectfully recommend that mysterious body, "The Proper Authorities," to have a little regard for the useful, not to be altogether swamped with the ornamental.

Perseverance brought me at last to the platform of the proper station, but the cemetery was some distance away in the country, and there was nothing left for me but to tramp it, inquiring my way as I went along. The sexton was not in when I reached, and the gate was locked. But on my way back, disappointed, I met a very small man on the quiet country road with a spade in his hand and walking with a wooden leg. I thought he might be the sexton, and so he was; and he had lost his missing member, not in the battle-field, but by a fall from a horse, for he had in his younger days been a feather-weight jockey.

He knew the grave well enough, and said that people pay visits to it in increasing numbers since Gordon's name had become better known through his writings. Being a "hossey" man himself, he was

quite great on his favourite hero, whom he said he knew personally. He thought no end of his riding, but of his poetry he did not care to give an opinion; and yet if Gordon had not written his rhymes his riding would most certainly have been lost in oblivion and gone to the grave with the rider himself. I afterwards bought a "Life of Gordon," which had then been newly published, and I would advise the editor to consult this sexton for his next edition, as he might give many anecdotes about Gordon unrecorded in that book.

It was on the beach here, not far from the railway station, that Gordon shot himself in an unfortunate moment of mental derangement. Riding and verse-making were the only ambitions of his life, and he has probably immortalized himself in both. There is a jump somewhere in South Australia known as "Gordon's Leap." It was once done by Gordon, and nobody else has ever ventured to try it again. And when the sexton had concluded his panegyrics, "There lies poor Gordon," he added, with the sigh of a sexton, "and a better rider never rode a horse."

After placing a sprig of wattle over his grave I retired. Gordon himself was passionately fond of the wattle, though not half so fond as I am of the heath.

"Let me slumber in the hollow where the *wattle* blossoms wave,
With never stone or rail to fence my head,
And when the sturdy station children pull the flowers on my grave,
I may chance to hear them romping overhead."

Bush Ballads.

Indeed, the wattle is the Australian substitute for the heath in covering the lonely wastes. It looks

very beautiful when in blossom, with its small white delicate flower, but it does not come up to the purple richness of the heather-bell all the same; while in the glamour of romance it is nowhere in comparison.

I felt rather sorry for Gordon and his melancholy fate, and I wrote a few verses about him which I may be permitted to repeat from "The Girdle of the Globe":—

GORDON'S GRAVE.

(THE TRIBUTE OF A STRANGER.)

I come from far across the wave,
I've stemmed the waves across the sea,
Where billows boil and waters rave,
And gusty gales blow fair and free;
And now upon thy low laid grave,
Lo! here's one laurel wreath from me.

While standing by thy crumbling dust,
Late temple of poetic fire,
Meet time it were, I ween, and just,
With swelling strain to wake the lyre,
And sound thy praises which, I trust,
Shall linger long with son and sire.

With inborn genius of mind
Which few were favoured to possess,
With manly courage frank and kind
Which ought to have secured success;
Yet doomed by fickle Fortune blind
To dark forebodings and distress.

The fiery soul that found a vent
In glowing thoughts and words of flame,
Though often sorely bowed and bent,
Was ever fearless and untame;
On flood or field, where'er he went,
His dauntless heart was aye the same.

Ah me, how soon thy brief career
Was ended in this world of woe!
How soon, alas! thy lifeless bier
Was laid beneath the ground so low!
Where ne'ther harp nor pipe can cheer,
Or kindle with their minstrel glow.

No plaudits from admiring friends,
No blame can reach thy listless ear,
Nor garlands gay can make amends
For cold neglect when thou wert here;
Since sure with life life's passion ends,
Of hate and love, of hope and fear.

With bays I fain would deck thy brow,
With blossoms never doomed to fade—
But ah, no olive leaf nor bough
Can ever more recall thy shade,
And none can tell us where art thou,
Or where thy viewless ghost has strayed.

A stranger and a passer-by,
Let me my humble tribute pay
Upon thy tomb, where lowly lie
The relics of thy mortal clay,
Wherein thy spirit, soaring high,
Once dwelt upon a bygone day.

And let my mind in earnest muse
Upon thy sad untoward fate,
Which it were seemly to peruse,
And ponder on my own last state,
When I can neither chance nor choose,
But enter through the viewless gate.

I come from far across the wave,
I've stemmed the waves across the sea,
Where billows boil and waters rave,
And gusty gales blow fair and free;
And now upon thy low laid grave,
Lo! here's one laurel wreath from me.

CHAPTER III.

Away for Sydney—"A man overboard"—Episode of Nellie Walker—Attempted suicide—A gallant quartermaster—Rescued and resuscitated—Nellie in the drama—The Sydney Harbour—Clontarf and the Duke of Edinburgh—Parramatta and Botany Bay—West Highland cattle.

WE sailed for Sydney punctually at noon. We had only been two or three hours out, steaming through Hobson's Bay at full speed, when a somewhat peculiar accident took place. We had just gone down to luncheon, when we heard a great commotion going on overhead. On rushing up on deck nobody appeared to know what was really the matter. That a passenger had jumped overboard to commit suicide was the prevailing opinion. But a little later on it transpired that two or three people saw some object struggling in the water some distance away, and that one of the ship's quartermasters jumped overboard to rescue it.

The ship, going full speed ahead at the time, kept her headway for some little while, as when Captain Singwell fell off the *Victoria*, and we could only see the swimmer's head a long distance behind the ship. Meantime a life-buoy had been dropped, and a boat was being promptly launched into the water; and that

was equipped and manned, and leaving the ship's side within six minutes of the cry of "A man overboard!" being originally raised.

Many a binocular was quickly ransacked out of its hiding-place, and directed to watch the progress of the boat with eager curiosity. We saw her first pick up the quartermaster, and then some lump of clothes we knew nothing about. No boat or ship of any kind was visible from the ship, and it was rather puzzling to know what on earth this object could possibly be.

But at last the boat came alongside with her freight, and all crowded about to see her. She had brought with her a woman who was apparently a woman no longer, but only a corpse. But the clever doctor of the ship insisted on bringing her to life again, which he did after a great deal of perseverance.

There were marks of violence on her person, and the natural inference was that she must have been thrown overboard by some foul play. But overboard from where? None of our passengers were missing, and no other ship was in sight. But when the woman herself sufficiently recovered she related a short and sad story. She was going into Melbourne that day in the Orient steamship *Cuzco*, which had passed us some time before, and had long ago vanished below the horizon. She had got married before leaving England for Australia, and it appears to have been a case of marrying in haste and repenting at leisure. Her husband turned out to be very cruel to her, and repeatedly beat her on the voyage, as there was abundant evidence on her person to prove. She was finally driven in despair to jump overboard, preferring

the cold ooze to his cruel companionship, and so to put an end to her existence.

Her name was Nellie Walker, and she was two hours in the water, though she could not swim; and oh! she was oozing so clammily when we got her on board. It was a very narrow escape, and about the most marvellous rescue outside the pages of sensational fiction. It was such a fortunate accident that our ship should pass so near and manage to observe her just in the nick of time, before she was doomed for ever; for, long though she had floated, another five minutes in the water would have sealed poor Nellie Walker's fate. She attributed her safety to the buoyancy of her womanly petticoats, catching the air as she fell from the ship, and supporting her up all that long time. But the air had nearly all escaped from beneath the womanly petticoats, and by the time she was rescued Nellie Walker was struggling unconscious, and drowning hard and fast.

Later on in the evening she was sufficiently recovered to be wrapped in all sorts of swaddling clothes, and landed at Queenscliffe, fifty miles from Melbourne; after which the good ship *Parramatta* proceeded on her way.

There is a ludicrous side to everything in life. The news of Nellie Walker's escapade reached Sydney overland before we arrived there. And, on going to one of the theatres, it was rather amusing to find the Nellie Walker episode already referred to on the stage. On being questioned about some miraculous rescue, the heroine of the play replies, "Oh, I was saved like Nellie Walker, by my petticoats and dress-improver!"

I saw several notices about Nellie in the Colonial papers afterwards. Her husband must have been a villain of the deepest dye, or he must have been deeply sinned against by his wife. Nellie, I saw, was willing to make it all up and live with her husband again. But the husband was obdurate, and would neither live with her nor support her—for which act of brutal perversity he was sentenced to six weeks' imprisonment. And so ends the serio-comic story of Nellie Walker and her darling spouse.

When we had settled down again I wanted to see the quartermaster who had jumped overboard after Nellie. I met a sleek, fat one, and asked him if it was he. "Oh, no," he said; "it was only Campbell; he knew that he could swim." It was the old story over again. The man who will never do anything himself is ever the foremost to run down whatever is done by others. I afterwards went to congratulate Campbell on his good conduct. He hailed from Ayrshire, and was as small and swarthy a tar as one could wish to see, but he evidently possessed his fair share of the *perfervidum enginium*, in spite of his meagre appearance and swarthy skin. The passengers did not take the same view of his behaviour as did his jealous brother quartermaster, but showed their approbation by making up a purse of sovereigns, which, in the name of the passengers, the captain presented to him next day, accompanied with a neat little speech of encouragement.

We were now entering the Sydney harbour about which we have all heard such a lot, but it was a most unpromising morning, as the rain fell in tropical torrents, and the prospects were anything but cheering.

Sydney is one among the many places that claim to possess the finest harbour in the world. Rio Janeiro, Nagasaki, Hobart, Bombay, and Queenstown are among the others that claim the same proud prerogative. I have not seen Rio Janeiro, and of the others perhaps Sydney holds the palm, although there is not a single individual view in this harbour which cannot be matched by some of those mentioned. The great beauty of the Sydney harbour consists in its extent and variety of detail. Once inside the two great bluffs that stand sentinel to the entrance, and the ship is anchored safely in one of the finest and largest harbours in the world. The background consists of moderate hillocks, and the scenery on the whole is mild compared with either Hobart or Nagasaki ; but there are numbers of creeks and coves of much variety, and whose aggregate coast outline is very enormous.

Along many of these coves the richer inhabitants of Sydney have got their suburban villas, coming into the city for business in the morning, and returning to their retired rural retreats when the work of the day is done. And there is consequently a considerable amount of traffic going between the various parts of the town separated by these inlets.

The result is a numerous fleet of small steamers puffing and piping away in every direction. These steamers virtually serve the purpose of the suburban railways of Melbourne, than which there is no suburban system of railways more complete and comfortable.

I went about the harbour a good deal in those puffing little ships. The Middle Harbour, Manly

Beach, and Parramatta are three of the most favourite resorts, and I went to them all, and many more besides. During the tour round the Middle Harbour the ship calls at a small place called Clontarf, and it was here that in 1869 an attempt was made by O'Farrell to murder the Duke of Edinburgh. A Norfolk pine marks the spot of the outrage. It is surrounded by a strong rail, and jealously guarded from uncircumcised fingers. When resting for a little while here, the old man, who seemed to be in charge of the tree, brought me a twig of it as a keepsake of my visit. Though loyal enough, I hope, I am not quite fond of carrying cumbrous curios, and I afterwards dropped this sprig of royalty overboard as we were returning back to Melbourne.

Parramatta is a very dull place to go and visit, but the sail of ten or twelve miles up there is well worth the trouble. Notwithstanding the uniform depth of the Sydney harbour, the Parramatta river, which opens into it, is very shallow, and the last three miles after leaving the ship have to be done in a tramcar. The town is about as old as Sydney itself, but the only thing worth visiting is a tree near the maingate entrance to the park. It was against this tree that the wife of a former governor and an aide-de-camp were thrown and killed in a runaway carriage accident. Like the tree at Clontarf, this one is also protected from the unhallowed seal of the travelling wood-carver.

Sydney itself, though not quite such a city of modern times as Melbourne, is even yet more interesting. It may well be called the mother city of Australia, for here is almost the original site of the

first colony. Australia had previously been visited by a Dutch as well as by a French navigator. But up to 1760 it was only known as a kind of mythical land, under the vague designation of *Terra Australis incognita.* Almost exactly one hundred years ago the roving Captain Cook for the first time cast eyes on this unknown region, landing at Botany Bay, a few miles from Sydney; and it was there that was laid the very first foundation of the British Colonies of Australia.

As everybody knows, Botany Bay was at first a penal settlement, the superior advantages of the Sydney harbour being not then recognized. But, whenever the present site of Sydney became known, Botany Bay was gradually abandoned. Where have all the plants gone to, from which Botany Bay received its name? There was nothing very botanical about the place when I was there, and it looked dreary and deserted enough. Dandelions and the everlasting wattle were about the only flora I could see; but I was not there at the flowery time of the year.

I walked along the shore here to see if I could pick up any oysters, for which Sydney is so famous; but, though the tide was out, there was nothing to be seen save a few limpets and scraggy little whelks. There is comparatively little rise and fall of tide along the seaboard of Australia generally. This is probably accounted for by the comparatively unbroken nature of the coast and the consequently smaller amount of tide-disturbing influences; and how different from the swishing tides in the harbour of Chummulpó, in Korea, to which I shall refer later on. Generally

speaking, there is more charm and variety in shores with a fair share of tides, which lead to periodic changes of scenes. But there may be a little too much and too muddy of it, as in Morecambe Bay, where I had lately to abandon my ship on my way to Liverpool, as she had to lay up in the mud for the next twelve hours.

The entrance to the bay itself is guarded by bluffs the same as Sydney harbour, but much wider apart. It is rather shallow in some places, and some twenty miles round about, but it is rather difficult to give a fair guess by merely looking at it. It was on the opposite side of this bay that Cook first landed, and here has been erected a monument to his memory; while there is another monument of his in Hyde Park, Sydney, the discoverer being there represented as pointing with his hand to unknown shores, which have such a strange fascination to minds like his own. When I was at Botany there was a single solitary barque on the opposite side, where Captain Cook landed, and in the lone seclusion of the spot I could fancy the old *Endeavour* as she was lying at anchor there years ago.

The reader must not pronounce the full name of Botany Bay, but only Botany. However odoriferous such a botanic name ought to be, yet Botany Bay was practically found to be a name of evil odour on account of the reputation of its first colonists. But in this connection it is only fair to say that many poor sinners were in those days transported to Botany Bay who would not have been so severely punished in our more merciful generation.

The same sort of change in name, and for the same

reason, may be observed in the use of Hobart for Hobarton, and of Tasmania for Van Dieman's Land. And where is a more mellifluous name in the wide world than Van Dieman's Land? True that Tasman had greater claim to immortality as the discoverer of the new island than Van Dieman, who was only the Governor of the Dutch East Indies, but then on the same principle the great island of Australia ought to be known as COOKIANA!

The Botanic and Zoological Gardens of Sydney are just the reverse of Melbourne, the Botanic being first-rate, and the Zoological miserable. The Botanic Gardens are not only well laid out, but also possess the superior advantage of quite a picturesque situation. They are quite near Government House, and extend over a fine piece of ground in the immediate vicinity of the harbour. Just beside them is the anchorage set apart for ships of the Royal Navy, and not less than six British men-o'-war were congregated there at this time, including the *Calliope*, newly arrived from the Samoa disaster, in which she was the only ship to weather the storm in safety.

The "Zoo" is a long way from the Gardens, and hardly worth visiting. It looks more like a private bankrupt concern than a Government institution. Among its few treasures I noticed a couple of animals labelled "West Highland Cattle." The bull was a sturdy little fellow with shaggy hair and enormous horns, and I should think that both he and his consort must find Sydney in summer uncomfortably hot for them. When they saw me coming they immediately came up to the railings of their little paddock and set up a most melancholy Mu-ō, as

much as to say, "Do come and take us to the old shores again." Poor little beasts, they will place their feet on their native heath nevermore. They looked as if they wanted to be patted, and I rubbed their foreheads till I could rub no longer, and then said good-bye to them and departed.

CHAPTER IV.

Hurrah for New Zealand—The Three Kings—Auckland—"Are you Mr. Hanlan?"—A globe-trotter of the period—Maori frying-pan—Wakaréwaréwa—Black pool of Tikateri—Ascent of Tarawera—Hinemoa's Bath—Maori cannibalism and the right of the sword—Wairākei—The Devil's Blow Hole—Rescue of a Dutch beauty—A plea for petticoats.

I STARTED for New Zealand in one of the vessels of the Union Steamship Company, leaving Sydney between seven and eight in the evening, after it had got quite dark. The warning whistle of the ship made the most unearthly noise, to which the echoes from the surrounding cliffs ashore loudly replied in mimic mockery. The city, too, looked well in the calm, dark night, with its various creeks brilliantly lighted up, as we sailed along. These Sydney creeks are very pretty night and day, and no wonder that Sydney "coves" are particularly knowing ones.

In due time we sighted in the gloaming The Three Kings, lonely little islands, fifty miles off the coast of New Zealand, and soon after we were passing Cape Maria, Van Dieman, and the North Cape. In the early morning we were sailing southerly along the east coast of New Zealand, and arrived the same day in the Auckland harbour. We passed alongside the island where Sir George Grey lived for some years the life of a Robinson Crusoe; but he got tired of his

self-imposed solitude, sold the island, and was then living in Auckland. It was when visiting Sir George at this island that Mr. Froude came across the storm in a teacup which he describes in "Oceana." The impious New Zealanders laugh at the episode, and suspect that the author of "Oceana" is not so good at the oar as he is at the pen.

In the scope intended for this book it would be impossible to describe in detail the various places I visited on this long voyage, my object being more to skim over the surface, leaving the *minutiæ* of detail to their proper place in the guide-books.

It does not take long to see what there is to see in Auckland, but there are several pleasant excursions to be made from it, of which I shall only mention two or three.

On the other side of the wide harbour are Lake Takapuna and Mount Victoria, both of which I visited on two successive days. There is nothing very remarkable about the lake itself, except that it is said to be considerably lower than the level of the sea beside it, and that the trip to it from Auckland is a very enjoyable one. When walking up and down the steam ferry boat across the harbour I noticed three or four people curiously watching me, as if they were on the look-out for some felon. But as we were going to land one of them came up to me and said that they were having a bet as to whether I was Mr. Hanlan.

Mr. Hanlan, the champion sculler, was a fellow-passenger with me across from Sydney, and was the talk of the town then in Auckland; and so I naturally felt sorry to confess that I wasn't Mr. Hanlan.

From the top of Mount Victoria an extensive view may be obtained of Auckland and the surrounding country, but it is from the top of Mount Eden that the best view of all can be obtained. It is in the immediate vicinity of the town, and is an extinct volcano with a crater as regular and round as a sugar bowl. From the top of it may be seen not only the town of Auckland and its harbour, but also the harbour on the opposite coast, for in this quarter the island is nearly divided into two separate parts.

Another of my fellow-passengers from Australia I picked up on account of his wonderful power of snoring. He was a retired merchant from one of the manufacturing towns, who felt bound to make a tour round the world before settling down to enjoy his riches. In spite of his snoring we got rather chummy, and he was with me on most of these rambling occasions. But his travel appeared to be less of a pleasure than a labour, for he was in a dreadful hurry to get through the country. When last I heard of him he was rushing through post-haste to join a ship at Wellington, and I believe he completed his tour round the world in little over three months! But what was the use of it all? And what could be the benefit of such a cursory visit? He met me afterwards in London and had a good laugh over our respective voyages when they were both completed.

The usual way of touring through New Zealand is to visit the South Island first, and then the North one. I would advise the reader to do nothing of the kind, but to keep the good wine to the end of the feast. For there is nothing in the North Island to compare with the South one, with the solitary exception of the

geysers, although some of the scenery is very fine all the same. The South Island is more frequently visited first, because most passengers land in Melbourne, and proceed thence to New Zealand. But it is far preferable to follow your ship on to Sydney, and start from there. It was only by accident that I myself took the more uncommon route, as I wanted to enter the Sydney harbour for the first time by sea, not knowing at the time anything about the proper arrangements.

The North Island is the land of wonderful geysers, but I think its scenery, except in a few places, is slightly overestimated. Advertisements about places are very misleading. They tend to make every particular scene the very best in the best of all possible worlds, and consequently but little real information can be got out of them. Even guide-books err in this way, instead of giving a fair description of the places for whatever they are worth, So if you do happen to enter by Auckland you must value things at your own estimation, and by the time you will leave the Bluff in South New Zealand, I am sure you are not likely to be disappointed.

From Auckland I proceeded by train to Oxford, which is the railway terminus in this quarter, and where is a small, solitary hotel, kept by a very large Irishman. Though he had strayed far away from Green Erin, he did not appear to forget his native land, which he hoped to see again when he made his fortune: and his little parlour was amply decorated with Irish scenes and with pictures of Irish patriots, like Emmet and Daniel O'Connell, who were of a different stamp from Ireland's patriots of the present generation. I am

afraid he was a bit of a Home Ruler like many another good man and some horribly bad ones. The hotel almost entirely depended on visitors to the Hot Lakes, and when the projected railway will be extended to that region his hotel will be quite ruined. But if it is I hope he will discover a gold mine to enable him to revisit his country once again.

Next morning was my first experience of New Zealand whips, which New Zealand thinks is one of her specialities. But the roads were very heavy on account of recent rains, and our progress consequently was not very rapid. Do you know anything about the "box seat"? Then you have never travelled in New Zealand. The box seats on each side of the driver are greatly affected by peripatetic globe-girdlers, and the knowing ones had engaged these two seats on the arrival of the train at Oxford the night before. Captain P., of the Ninety-fifth Royal Recruits, occupied one of these seats, and a lady of the land occupied the other. She was one of those who received honourable mention from Mr. Froude in his "Oceana," and I found her very obliging; for, as the country was familiar to her, she exchanged her box seat for mine inside, so that I might be able to see the country to advantage.

The driver was frank and communicative, as all these drivers are. And as we drove through the forest I inquired about the Kauri pines described by Mr. Froude when passing through the same place. But the driver shrugged his shoulders, for it was he who drove Mr. Froude on that occasion, and he said that so far as he knew there was not a single Kauri pine in the whole of that forest. Mr. Froude also exaggerates

the height of the trees when, after asking Lord E., he says that "the gun is not made which would bring down a bird from such a height." But any ordinary gun with the proper shot would take down any ordinary bird from the highest trees visible from the roadside, and except in extent the forest was nothing remarkable to see for any one who had previously roamed on the mountains afar.

I was disappointed in not seeing the Kauri pines, which I had now no chance of seeing, as I had left them behind. I knew there was a plantation of them near Auckland. But why should I go out of my way to visit them? Was it in vain that I had so diligently read my "Oceana"? And would I not see them in the ordinary course of affairs? It was only then I discovered that the handsome Kauri pines are found in the forest near Auckland, and there alone. Yet, notwithstanding its occasional inaccuracies, "Oceana" must have had an enormous sale, for I met with it wherever I went.

The most interesting tree throughout the whole of this extensive forest is the treacherous parasite called the "Rata," which is also widely spread through various other parts of the country. It rises as a slender plant on the trunks of some forest trees, and having reached the top, it strangles its foster parent, and grows in its place to a very large size. We saw several ratas on this route, with their foster parents strangled and dead in their faithless arms.

We must now stop to have a look at the Hot Lake region and the wonderland of New Zealand. The village of Ohinemutu, on Lake Rotorua, is the halting-place here. It is a pity that these pretty places in

New Zealand are so difficult to pronounce and remember. While still many miles away the spot looked uncanny enough, with its great spouting geysers, the like of which I had never seen before; and it smelt of fire and brimstone sure enough when we did reach the place. My first night's rest was seriously disturbed with the stench of sulphur, and kept me dreaming of all sorts of Tophets and bottomless pits; but, by a kind Providence, people can accustom themselves to anything after a little while.

In the garden of the Lake Hotel, at which I was staying, there is a bath-house, in which cold water flows from the one side and hot water from the other. The hot water is heated by subterranean fires; and as both hot and cold are supposed to be medicinal, you have only to pay your money and to take your choice.

Fuel is naturally at a discount, as there is scarcely any need for it; for if you want to boil a pot of potatoes, please don't dream of lighting a fire for that purpose. You have only to dig a hole in the garden, put your potatoes into it, and cover it over with some kind of lid. That is all you want; for that hole comprises the pot and the fire and the water all in itself. And not only that, but the apparatus is very permanent, for the fire underneath is everlasting, and never goes out.

And when you will see Wakaréwaréwa, only three miles away, it will fill you with wonder and awe. The largest of the geysers here is one of the most beautiful sights to be seen anywhere. There are various other geysers in this locality that play more frequently, but they are all eclipsed by this big one, called Wakati in the Maori language. But Wakati only plays about

every six hours, or, at any rate, it plays once in the forenoon and once in the afternoon ; and I have timed its duration of play more than once, and found it to be invariably a little short of twenty minutes.

When the geyser is not playing you can always hear the boiling water splashing and rumbling down below. But when it is going to play the water swirls and rises gradually till it commences to overflow its banks, and immediately it does that, up goes the donkey, and the spouting and the sport begins. The pillar of boiling water, with a brilliancy surpassing description, now slowly rises till it has reached a height of fifty or sixty feet. From this headlong height the water comes tumbling down in great clear drops that resemble countless globules of shining crystals, surrounded by a corona of whitish steam. By placing the observer in certain favourable positions this corona is seen to show forth the most beautiful display of rainbow colours.

Under ordinary circumstances water cannot be heated above the boiling-point of 212° Fahr., as it then immediately passes off into ebullition and steam. But under violent pressure it may be possible to heat it still further without being able to pass into steam; and I had an idea that the heat of the water at some of these geysers must be higher than the boiling-point, though I had no means to test it. But the heat of the water differs in different localities. In one large pool, not far from Wakati, the water was only tepid, and the young Maori urchins were swimming about in it, and begging the visitors to throw them "pennies," to see how smartly they would catch them. Great as is the power of these mighty geysers, yet they seem to be influenced by quite trifling causes. I have never seen

Sophia's Fount (Wakati) affected by such causes, but I have seen some of the smaller geysers apparently coaxed to play by the Maories placing some burning material near the mouth of the hole; and yet, considering the enormous amount of heat inside, one would think that such a phenomenon must be a deception.

Since the destruction of the White and Pink Terraces in June, 1886, the rocks about the geysers exhibit the best specimens extant of the crystallized silica, for which the destroyed terraces were so famous.

There is also a very strange receptacle at Wakaréwaréwa, called the "Frying Pan." It is not a hole in the ground, but rather raised above it, with a distinct rim and wall. This pan is a pan of history, for in the good old days of Maori cannibalism this pan was specially reserved to cook the brains only of foes killed in battle. This delicious dish was, in the language of the country, called *haugis*. Peuh! I must never eat haggis again, even at a St. Andrew's dinner, for both the name and the dish will ever after suggest unpleasant associations to my mind.

Tarawera is the volcano whose eruption caused such devastation and loss of life, 1886, and is less than twenty miles from Rotorua. The first part of the journey is a ride of ten miles to Wairoa, and then across the lake to the base of the mountain. The portion of the road up to the lake was once a pleasant drive, but since the eruption it has become so broken up that it is somewhat difficult to ride over it, and quite impossible to drive. The crater of Tarawera is not the usual cup-shape cavity of volcanoes in general, but rather a tremendous rift, extending for several miles, and the deepest portion of which is over fifteen

hundred feet in depth. The mountain is supposed to be hollow inside just now, and to emit a corresponding sound; at least our guide said so as he struck one stone on the top of another, and we acquiesced of course.

The scenery is desolate beyond description. Far and away as the eye could reach the land was covered with one unbroken pall of grey ashes. Trees that flourished gaily but a short time ago were now scorched and sunk in the scoria to their very topmost branches.

The famous terraces were only a few miles from this mountain, and are now said to be buried beneath forty feet of ashes, their mere locality being all that the guide can point out in the distance. Some enthusiasts, who saw these terraces in their glory, are bent on digging them out again; and though they have probably been broken up by the convulsions of that time, it would be rather curious to see them unearthed again, only who is to pay the piper?

It was on the way here that I first saw the *Tui*, or the Sweet Singer of New Zealand, to which it is entirely confined. It is a small, black bird, about the size of a thrush, with a cocked tail, and it lives among the bushes. It possesses a peculiar tinkling voice, and is said to be above all others the sweetest chorister of the grove.

Going across the lake to the base of the mountain we bowled merrily along with outspread sail; but it was quite a different matter coming back, as the wind blew strong against us, and none of the lake boats can tack, as they have no keel. This tried the stubbornness of the Maori boatmen considerably, but they proved themselves equal to the occasion, and rowed across in

a little more than a couple of hours. Wairoa, the little village on the edge of the lake here, and already alluded to, was entirely destroyed by the eruption, and is now deserted and buried in melancholy ashes. Our landlord at Rotorua was the hotel-keeper here at that time, and a portion of his hotel can still be seen peeping above the ashes. He is said to have shown great fortitude and activity on the dreadful night of the eruption in rescuing some natives from apparent doom. But young Bainbridge, the only traveller then at the hotel, was unfortunately killed when the roof of the hotel fell in.

We started from Rotorua in the early morning, but by the time the boat returned to Wairoa on our way back the evening shades were already setting in. Guide, boatmen, and everybody were provided with horses, and so we stayed not for brake, and we stopped not for stone, but rode hurriedly across the broken road, and were just in the nick of time for dinner. The Maories seemed to enjoy the ride immensely, shrieking and shouting all the way at the top of their voices. They are a light-hearted crew, these Maories, and what a row they make in the Lake Hotel every night! After the first occupation of New Zealand, the aboriginal Maories were diminishing fast; but according to the late census they appear to be on the increase again. It would be a pity to see them extinguished altogether, as they are rather an interesting people.

Cannibalism has now almost entirely died out among them; but it is only quite recently; and I am not sure that it is quite dead yet in some of the most remote mountain recesses, though it has been for the most

part abandoned in favour of pigs and potatoes, of which there are great quantities in New Zealand. The ancient usage of "*coir a glaive*," or the "right of the sword," prevailed among them in all its purity and brutality. And the strongest plea of possession was when the conqueror had eaten his unfortunate victim. A recent law-suit in New Zealand has brought out this fact with painful but clear conclusiveness. There are large tracts of land still entirely possessed by the aboriginal Maories, and inherited in the usual Maori fashion. Of course the present law has abolished the "right of cannibalism," but has naturally no retrospective effect. Well, lately there has been a dispute about boundaries and the legal possession of property between two Maori magnates. The possession in dispute did really belong to the complainant's father. During a certain event in question he cross-examined the defendant, and one of his questions was, "And where was my father then?" The defendant drew himself up and haughtily replied, "Well, I don't know where the whole of him was, but a good portion of him was inside *here*," proudly percussing his stomach with his fingers. As there was sufficient evidence that the defendant had really eaten the complainant's father there was nothing more to be said, and the poor complainant not only lost his father, but also his case, for the man who had eaten his father had every claim to all his heritage. Nay more, according to some cannibal nations, including perhaps the Maories, a man who is eaten perishes there and then, without any chance whatever of reaching the "happy hunting grounds"; and I think that the Maori complainant should have left his case alone.

Tattooing also is going out of fashion, though rare specimens of it may yet be seen among the older cronies. It is still the tiptop of fashion for the fair sex to tattoo their lips when they get married, in order to make their kisses more toothsome; and it must be a very painful operation, as the lips are extremely sensitive, even to such soothing sensations as kisses themselves.

Tattooing, as well as cannibalism, enters greatly into the religion of savages. Among some of them, slaves are not allowed to be tattooed, and at death there is an end of them; and only people who have been properly tattooed have a chance of ever reaching the harbour of bliss.

But, on the whole, tattooing is used as an ornament by rude nations, though among some it is used for the very opposite effect. The women of the Kachin tribes, inhabiting the mountains between China and Upper Burmah, are slashed and scarred and tattooed on the face in order to make them look ugly in the eyes of other tribes, who might otherwise be inclined to steal and capture them.

On the other hand, the male Burmans of the plains, when they arrive at manhood, invariably get themselves elaborately tattooed from the waist down to the middle of the thigh. This is considered the very perfection of ornamentation, and no doubt it imparts a look to them as if they were wearing fancy knickerbockers. I only remember seeing one fully grown Burman of the North without his tattoo. He was one of the boatmen on the Mougong Expedition, and he really looked out of place without his war-paint like the other boatmen. Whatever may have been the cause of this aberration

rom the usual custom, I noticed that this man had six toes on each foot and six fingers on each hand; and perhaps it was on account of this blemish he was not tattooed.

Next day we rode to Tikateri, twelve miles away. It is not easy to imagine what the real Infernal Regions may be like, Dante's Inferno and Milton's Hell being too visionary for ready comprehension. But if Tartarus is blacker than this pool of Tikateri, then must it be black and foul indeed. Here is a lake of heat and brimstone in every literal signification of the words. Its swirling black waters offer a remarkable contrast to the brilliancy and beauty of the geysers. The pool of Tikateri also has got its periods of activity and repose, but they are much more frequent than those of the geysers; and here the dreadful-looking place swirls up only a few feet and then subsides again. It was here the wicked Scotchman is said to have repented his past transgressions. Hardened sinner though he was, he had not forgotten the pious teachings of auld lang syne. He gazed long and earnestly in Tikateri in mute silence, and then exclaimed, "By G—— I shall never swear again." Let us hope he didn't, though he was then swearing hard on the very verge of renouncing his evil propensities.

The Superintendent of the Government Sanatorium took me over the establishment one day, and discoursed on the various applications of mineral waters and medical electricity. The old sanatorium had been burnt down a little while before, and a new and more elaborate establishment was then in the course of completion. There are various baths adapted to various complaints, and they must all be powerful for good or

evil. For diseases of the skin, rheumatic pains, and nervous diseases generally, these baths are said to be unrivalled anywhere; and as they are being better known in Europe of late, they are being resorted to by increasing numbers of invalids who can afford to take advantage of them. The cost of living and medical attendance is only £2 per week, and they promise to become quite flourishing within the next decade.

There now only remained to visit Mokoia, the romantic and prominent little island in the middle of Lake Rotorua, and four miles by water from the Lake Hotel. By climbing to the top of this island a good all-round view can be obtained of the various wonders in the distance, spouting and steaming away. There is also a Hero and Leander story in connection with the island, but in this instance it was the lady who braved the flood, and her name was Hinemoa, a pretty name, and such as every true heroine should always possess. Near the landing-place on the island is Hinemoa's Bath, a natural, tepid reservoir, where Hinemoa used to refresh herself after her long swim, and before resigning herself to the arms of her lover. In former years Mokoia used to be a favourite resort for cannibal picnics, but all that is changed now, and the only evidence of former feasts, consisting of a skeleton partially embedded in the trunk of a tree, has now entirely disappeared, though the tree that contained it still remains to tell the tale.

The night before going to Mokoia I engaged a boat and four men, but when the morning arrived the owner of the boat was nowhere to be seen, and I could only find two men available. There was no use

of grumbling when the task had to be done, and so we sailed away to Mokoia, as we did to Tarawera, with slack sheet and the wind behind us. This boat, like the other one, had no keel, and we had to row all the way back from the island. We had only to start to see that the rowing was very feeble, and I saw that one of the Maories had his right hand bandaged up. He had not calculated that he should have to row, for one of his fingers had been broken a few days before, and was then actually in a splint. He pretended to be willing enough to row, but as this was a physical impossibility and a cruelty to animals, there was nothing left but to row myself back all the way, and I had quite enough of it before we reached the shore.

I left the next morning for Wairākei on my forward journey. It also is the seat of scenic wonders, of which there are several, but none so high as the highest geysers of Wakaréwaréwa. The best thing to be seen here is the Steam Blow Hole, two or three miles from the hotel. The Blow Hole is at the foot of a hill densely covered with shrubs and huge ferns. Among these last ferns I lost my way for an hour or two, having parted company with the others in the vain hope that I should be able to get at it by a short cut directly across the hill, and for the chance of getting something to shoot. But there was nothing to shoot, and the road was far from what I imagined. Indeed, New Zealand on the whole is singularly destitute of game of almost any kind whatever, and as I had only come to the country for travel, it was scarcely worth while to spoil it by minor attractions. I reached my destination at last, and found the rest of the party there and wondering where I had gone to.

The sound of the Blow Hole is truly terrific, and the ground actually trembles near it when it is blowing its best. The white pillar of steam spouts straight up above the top of the neighbouring hill, and then spreads itself out and is lost on the breeze. We threw branches of trees into the hole whence the steam and the noise were issuing, but they were speedily tossed away by the violent current from below.

Another day was spent at the Geyser Valley, where are several natural wonders spread over a considerable extent of ground, the Champagne Pool and the Devil's Crater being among the most remarkable. There are also various rivulets of boiling water rushing along the rugged rocks and stones. Among the party on this day was a Dutch gentleman with his wife and young son of six or seven. The rest of the party were in front, and I was walking with the mother and her young boy Willie. Coming across a certain one of these boiling streams, I carried Willie over the stones and then returned to help his mother. But on looking backward I saw her falling into the boiling quagmire with a frightful shriek. She was quickly picked out from her perilous plight, but not before she was severely scalded. We then had to carry her over very treacherous ground, which was not at all easy work to do, till we reached an accessible spot, from which we sent for a horse to carry her home again.

There is no doubt that the feminine petticoats of this lady contributed much to her safety when she missed her footing and fell; and so, after this and the story of Nellie Walker already mentioned, let us hear no more of the hideous divided skirt of the Amazons who wear them. I see an Afghan or two almost every

day just now in typical divided skirts, and I am sure they look anything but things of beauty for the eye to rest upon.

Time rolled on, and this lady was going home round Cape Horn, while I was going round China and Japan. But the first thing she did after her arrival in Holland was to send me a gold watch with a suitable inscription as a *souvenir* of the accident and her timely rescue; and this is the lady casually alluded to in the seventh Canto of the "Girdle of the Globe."

CHAPTER V.

"The box seat"—View of Tongariro—Napier drizzle—Mount Egmont in veil—Windy Wellington—Ascent of Mount Victoria—The pious Christchurch—A stricken cathedral—The gorgeous Otira Gorge.

AFTER a short stay at Taupo, a few miles from Wairākei, I proceeded on to Napier. Lake Taupo, on which is placed the village of the same name, is the largest body of water in North New Zealand; and a fine view can be obtained here, not only of the lake itself, but also of the tall mountains beyond, more especially the volcano of Tongariro smoking in the distance, and at this particular time of year clothed in garments of snow.

It takes two days' coaching from Taupo to Napier, and I thought I should be in time by engaging a box seat the night before. When the coach arrived at the hotel the next morning the box seats were all occupied, as they had been previously engaged, and I had to take a back seat inside again. But the day soon got very rough, and before long I was welcome enough to exchange my comfortable inside seat with a box seat outside, which I did accordingly.

On the second morning there were no candidates for the box seats, for it was very cold, and we had to start long before daybreak. This day's drive of fifty-six miles was a very hard and trying one on account

of the nature of the ground and the state of the weather. Rain fell in torrents, and the roads were consequently very soft. We had four horses to pull, but going up one particularly long and steep mountain-side they could not drag us on, and so we had all to come out and walk to the top; and we reached Napier very late in the evening.

It is a neat little town of less than ten thousand inhabitants, situated on a fine open bay. The harbour is rather exposed, and they were then busy building a strong breakwater for the protection of ships; and they were also well advanced in forming a fine esplanade along the crescent seashore which, when finished, will make an excellent carriage drive that will beat even the Marina of which the Madras people are so proud.

Napier has the reputation of enjoying the driest climate of the whole of North New Zealand. Then North New Zealand must be very watery indeed, for I was there for a whole week and scarcely ever saw the sun all that time. Twelve miles from the town is the most extensive meat-freezing establishment in New Zealand. I went through it all with the manager, till I thought I should be frozen up alive myself when going through the freezing chambers. It would be an unsavoury theme to follow the animals from the time they enter the shambles till they are finally frozen and packed up. They kill an enormous number of sheep and cattle here, and the works are well worth seeing, though the gutters of blood in the slaughter-house were gruesome to behold. Thousands and thousands of these frozen carcases are imported to the United Kingdom every year, and it is even

stated that the meat really improves on the way; so that the frozen carcases of sheep are now becoming the fashionable Christmas presents from New Zealanders to their friends at home.

I was now bound from the east to the west coast of the North Island through the famous Manimatu Gorge, which is the finest gorge in this island, and the Otira Gorge in the South Island was yet to come. The road through it goes, for the most part, along the bed of a river, and is about nine miles long. The sides of the gorge are steep and rugged, and on the other side of the rippling river they were then building a new railway line that would eventually connect the railway system of the east and west of the island. Probably this railway is about being finished when I am writing, and the good old days of coaching through the Manimatu Gorge will then be over for ever. Hunter, my chatty driver, bewailed the advent of the iron horse with the deep emotion of a man who would be losing money by it. They had scarped the railway line out of a more than usually precipitous mountain-side, and so an avalanche came down and smothered the railway, and we could see the *débris* still covering it from our side of the river. This piece of ground was found to be so impracticable that it was now finally given up, and the railway line carried on by boring through the mountains instead.

Through Palmerston North I proceeded to New Plymouth on the west coast. My object in going here was partly to see the wild west of the island, and partly to see Mount Egmont, about which people talked so loudly. New Plymouth can scarcely be said to possess any harbour at all, as it is situated on an

almost unbroken and exposed coast; and though lots of money has been spent on a very large breakwater, it is said to be comparatively useless, and rapidly becoming more so by the gradual silting of the sand around it. The breakwater is some little distance from the town, and there was a rare swell on the day I visited it, preventing me from walking out to the end, as the sea was surging over it in great heavy waves.

There is, indeed, scarcely any harbour worth speaking of on the whole west coast of New Zealand, whichever of the two islands you would wish to mention. This, of course, is a great drawback to commerce, and so almost all the larger towns are placed along more suitable harbours on the east coast, although the west coast is geographically much nearer the rest of the world's commercial centres.

Mount Egmont is described as a great mountain-cone rising sheer out of the plain like Fujiyama in Japan, but it is only 8,000 feet instead of the 12,000 feet of Fujiyama. A good view of it can be obtained from the train passing to and from New Plymouth, but I arrived at New Plymouth at night, and consequently could not see the mountain, which is only twenty-five or thirty miles away from it. I rode out next day for twelve miles to have a near look at it, and had to return drenched to the skin without being able to see the mountain, which was hidden in clouds all day long. Yet another day I waited in vain, and the day after left New Plymouth without ever being able to see this mountain that I had travelled so far to see. It is considered sacred by the Maories, the same as Fujiyama is by the Japanese.

Wellington, which was the next place I visited, is the capital town of New Zealand, although it is not so large as either Auckland or Dunedin, but it is more central, and therefore more convenient as a seat of government. In latitude Wellington is just inside the Roaring Forties of the Southern Hemisphere, and the place is so gusty and blowy that it is usually known as Windy Wellington by the other New Zealanders. They also maintain that you can recognize a windy Wellingtonian wherever he goes by having his hand in his hat, however calm it may be, as well as by his excessive loquaciousness, by reason of his proximity to the windbags of legislation. Well, a man may have his hand in his hat for two very opposite reasons: the obsequious toady to take it off, and the Quaker and and Windy Wellingtonian to keep it on against all odds.

Having already been along the west coast, I now turned back from Wellington along the east coast nearly to Manimatu Gorge again. A portion of the railway here, not far from Wellington, is supposed to be a triumph of engineering skill, and one of the steepest bits in the world, with a gradient of one foot in every fifteen. The train going north from Wellington goes downhill here, and it is when returning that the ascent is so difficult. And then, before the ascent is made, a special patent engine is attached to the train at the bottom of the hill, which continually goes on grasping the rails as it moves along.

When returning back to Wellington I met one of my shipmates coming over from Sydney to Auckland. He was on a visit to his brother, and knew everything about Wellington. The evening before I left he and

myself climbed Mount Victoria, overlooking the city, and got a fine view of sea and land as the sun was setting. The same moonlight night I sailed, and said good-bye to the North Island of New Zealand, after having spent a very pleasant time in it.

The next morning the little ship *Rotorua* was tossing along the east coast of South New Zealand. There is some confusion of ideas arising from the names of these islands. The whole New Zealand group consists of three islands, exclusive of smaller luminaries, and they are sometimes called North, Middle, and South respectively. But the middle island is more usually called South New Zealand, as it is in this book, while the southern one is generally called Stewart's Island. It is a pity that the two large islands have not distinctive names of their own, like the smallest of the three. In this way, for instance, the whole group might be called New Zealand in the same sense as we use United Kingdom, while the individual islands might be called South England, South Scotland, and South Ireland. The word "south" in the Southern Hemisphere corresponds with "north" in the Northern as regards climate, temperature, and changes of season. The North Island, being next the Equator, is the warmest of the group, and is mostly inhabited by Englishmen. Let it therefore be called South England. There is a comparatively greater percentage of Scotchmen in the Middle Island, which is also colder and more mountainous. Let it therefore be called South Scotland. In the same way let the South Island, or Stewart's Island, be called South Ireland.

The elevated coast clad in snow looked very grand

as we sailed along. There is never any snow at sea-level in the North Island. A day or two before I left Wellington I made inquiries at the Museum, and was told that that very morning was the coldest in Wellington for some twenty years; and yet the thermometer was 29° Fahr., or only 3° below freezing-point. Not so with South Scotland. There is plenty of snow there in winter towards the southern districts, while the higher mountain ranges are the seat of eternal snow from year to year.

The trip that was before me now was to cross from the east to the west coast through the Otira Gorge, and it was for this purpose that I landed at Lyttleton, the seaport town of Christchurch. Another way of seeing the Otira Gorge is by taking steamer along the west coast to Hokatika, and then post across the island to Christchurch, which, by the way, is far the largest church in the world. I preferred the other way, as I had heard so much of the grandeur of this Otira Gorge, that I wanted to pass through it in opposite directions.

Lyttleton, on the coast, is ten miles from Christchurch, which is situated on the extensive and fruitful Canterbury plains. The coast here is very high, and formerly all communication between Lyttleton and Christchurch was over a mountain pass. But of late years they have bored a railway tunnel through the mountains, and opened up direct railway communication between the two towns, to the great advantage of both. Christchurch is a fine town, but the scope of this volume cannot afford to go into particular details of cities. Its people have got the reputation of being very pious, as the inhabitants of a town with such a

pious name ought always to be. In spite of their piety, though, the people are proud, and more particularly proud of their very fine cathedral. Other New Zealanders are not noted for piety, but all the islands are famous for subterranean disturbances. Partly, perhaps, on account of the piety of the name, and partly, no doubt, on account of the piety of the people, Christchurch was a marked exception to these dire visitations, for it was said to be never terrified with these groans from below.

The citizens, however, must lately have become haughty and rebellious, for in that very year Nemesis had come down upon them in the form of an earthquake, which indeed did not quite swallow them, but went so far as to knock the steeple off their idolized cathedral, and so left the pious people of Christchurch praying and pondering ever since.

But what of the Otira Gorge? I started from Christchurch of an early morning in the slowest of trains even for New Zealand, and reached Springfield a long while later on. Here commences the long coach drive of nearly one hundred and fifty miles across the island to the west coast, and it may be stated in general terms that scarcely any considerable portion of this long distance is homely or commonplace. The first day's drive brings you forty-five miles on your journey through a mountain country of varied aspect. It was long dark before we reached Bealey, where we were to stay for the night. But dark as it was, Cassidy, the driver, whom I previously thought rather literally a slow-coach, now wakened up to his work, and drove away in great style to the finish, to show us, as he said, how he could drive if he

would. The driving, indeed, looked a little reckless on such a road at night, but Cassidy ought to know every crank and corner in it, for he had been a professional Jehu on it for the previous thirty years. The little rest-house at Bealey was three thousand feet above sea-level, and very much enveloped in snow. At these out-of-the-way places European luxuries are charged fancy prices, and a bottle of Scotch whisky costs as much as twelve or fifteen shillings.

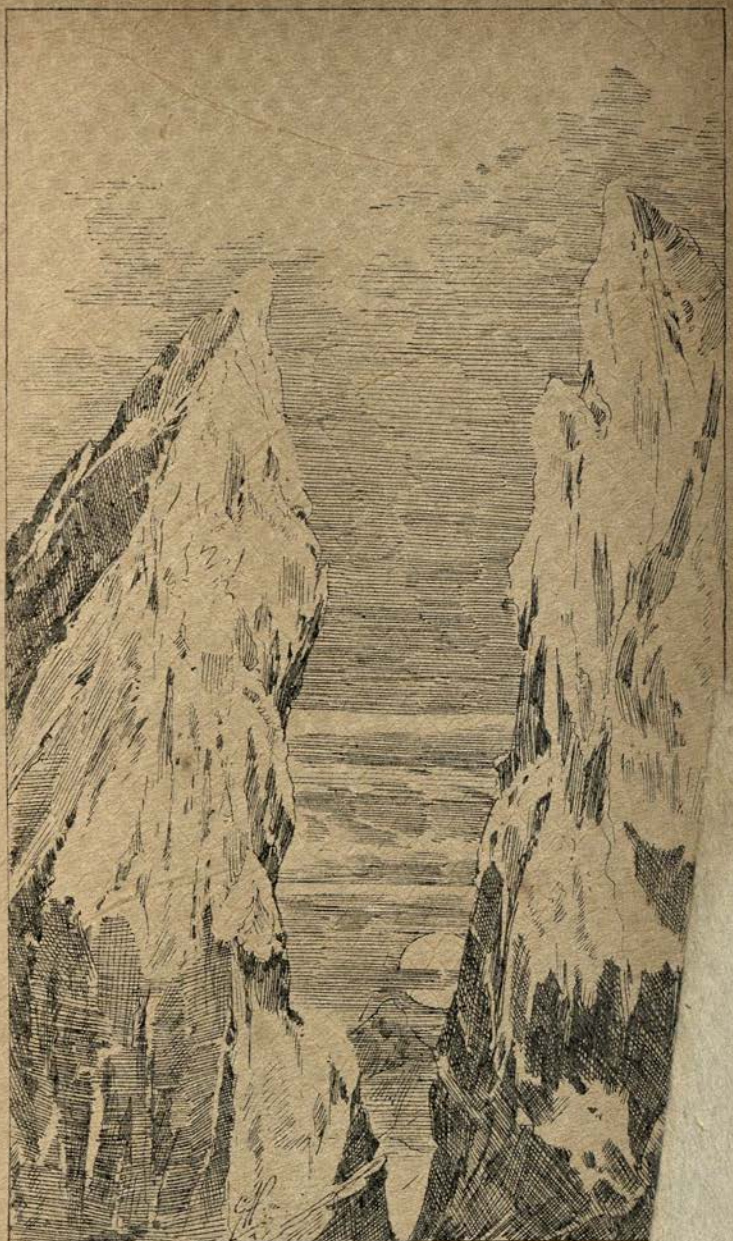
We arrived there too late to see the mountain glaciers above it, and we started next morning at half-past four o'clock. When the ground is covered with snow the nights are never so dark as at some other times, and till daybreak we were able to grope our way by means of snow-poles, which were stuck upright in the ground at such distances from one another, that one appears in front before the last is lost sight of behind. This and a long acquaintance with the local bearings enable the driver to get slowly along, and by the break of dawn we found ourselves approaching a magnificent panorama.

The roads, scarped as they are out of the mountain-side, are frequently very narrow, so narrow, indeed, in some places that two coaches can scarcely pass one another in opposite directions. But few coaches, save the regular devised "diligences," ever cross along these mountains. Sometimes a part of the rim of the road gives way and falls down the cliffs below it, while at other times the fall is from above, covering the road with *débris*. These landslips are, of course, more likely to occur in frosty weather, especially at the commencement of thaw, and we saw quite enough of them on this journey. As a consequence of this

liability to landslips, a regular staff of men is required to look after the road, and generally have their hands full in such weather as it was our lot to encounter.

It had been snowing all night, and still continued to do so occasionally. The prospect before us would be wild and impressive under any circumstances, and is really most frequently seen in its summer garments by most travellers passing through it. But this was the middle of the midwinter season, and the grey weirdness of this particular morning imparted to the scene a singularly imposing grandeur, whether you gazed on the precipitous mountains rising straight above you, or the yawning chasms down below.

Some of the rocks were so steep that the snow itself could scarcely keep hold of them, and contrasted strongly with the snow-covered summits around them. There were waterfalls, but they consisted of solid stretches of ice with the water all frozen from their fountain head downwards. With the exception of the clouds and the snowdrifts everything seemed set and sealed in these awful mountains, too stern at this time of year for even the eagle to rest upon. The steep, narrow road twisted about in a very devious fashion, and so helped to increase the grandeur of the landscape in the variety of its aspects. Far down in the depths of the defiles below the mountain stream struggled with difficulty to quit the frozen mountains on its way to the low-lying plains. I had seen many fine sights among the Himalayas and elsewhere, but never, I think, a grander sight than this one—for this was the OTIRA GORGE.



OTIRA GORGE, NEW ZEALAND.

CHAPTER VI.

Gold and gold-diggers—A boom for gold—Caloric of the East Indies—Resistance to cold—Box seat at a discount—The Maori lady and the whisky—Dunedin and its name—International Exhibition—Scenery of the Southern Alps—Lake Wakatipu—Ben Lomond and Glenorchy—A canny Scottish rover—Stewart's Island—Sermons and sea-sickness—Invercargill and the Salvation Army—Farewell to New Zealand.

We passed through Kumara, and arrived at Hokatika late at night, having completed, over very trying ground, one of the longest and hardest single day's journeys I had ever done in wheeled ambulance, namely, seventy-five miles.

Hokatika is but a small town on the exposed west coast of South New Zealand. It is on a small stream of the same name that empties itself here into the South Pacific. Almost all rivers opening on shallow, sandy coasts have the proverbial "bar" at their entrance, and this was not an exception to the rule. There was a small coasting steamer lying at an inner jetty on the stream, and she was waiting the chance to get out to sea again. There was only a fresh breeze blowing, but there is generally a swell on these bars of the west coast, especially with a west wind, and the captain was undecided whether he should face the bar or not. He at last ventured to steam outside, and the little ship tossed about on the great rollers

till she looked as if she would topple over; yet she didn't, and in a few minutes more she was over the bar and steaming away safely enough.

Hokatika itself was in a great stir at this time on account of some gold-fields that were said to be discovered on the other side of this small river, and there was, in fact, a boom on. But as scarcely any gold had yet been realized, I could only hope they succeeded, as gold-fields are notorious for the number of mares' nests among them.

On the way back I passed a day at Kumara, twenty miles away from Hokatika. It is a queer-looking town, founded entirely by the industry of gold diggings. The inhabitants are almost all miners, and the surroundings of the place presented to me an odd enough spectacle, with its heaps of rubbish, its pits, and its water channels. The soil is not so rich in gold as it once was, and I was told that of late more fortunes are lost than made in these Kumara districts.

And so I returned again through the Otira Gorge, and in two days reached the biggest church in the world once more, with its pious people and its fallen steeple. It was on the 21st of June that I accidentally passed the Otira Gorge, which is exactly midsummer-day in Europe and midwinter-day in New Zealand.

The last day's coaching was especially severe, and this makes me mention an old wife's tale they relate in India. It is maintained that after a long residence in the tropics a man feels the cold for a time less than if he had not been in the tropics at all. They ascribe this to what they are pleased to call "caloric," which may be defined as a supposed accumulation of heat

absorbed by the system during prolonged exposure to the same. It is a pretty word for a pretty idea, but at any rate I had been long enough continuously in the tropics to absorb any amount of caloric, if there was such a thing. And whatever it was, I was quite surprised to see how well I stood the cold, both at this time and later on. I have seen New Zealanders born and bred in the country or imported from Europe shivering with cold, though heavily clothed up to the eyes, while I was feeling fairly comfortable in comparatively light clothing. Over-clothing, I think, is like the excess of anything else—it overleaps the purpose for which it was intended.

This particular day I had the top box seat all to myself, with my rugs and wraps frozen about me, as it was frequently snowing. The few people inside seemed quiet and miserable, among them being an old sturdy Maori woman. Thinking they were not very happy I passed down to them a bottle of mountain dew, and had no occasion to notice anything about it till our next halting stage, when I observed that the old lady was very exhilarated, and inclined to be particularly amiable to myself. It is not likely that I shall ever visit New Zealand again, but if the reader ever happens to come across old Gungoyle he may tell her that if we two ever do meet again I shall be very pleased to give her a firkin all to her own cheek.

The train from Christchurch to Dunedin passes southwards, with the coast on the one hand and a range of mountains on the other. Before reaching Dunedin it was my intention to visit Mount Cook, the highest mountain in the Southern Alps, being about 13,000 feet in height. And so I took my luggage

out of the train at the appointed station, but was told it was impossible then to visit Mount Cook, as the roads had been entirely blocked up with snow by the late severe snowstorms. There was no help for it but to return my luggage and pass on to Dunedin.

Dunedin is called after the original ancient name of Edinburgh, which this town is supposed to resemble more or less in its situation. It is the largest town in the New Zealand group of islands, and certainly the most compact and best built of them all. After the fashion of its prototype, its principal thoroughfare is called Princes Street, and one of its small suburbs is called Portobello in the same way. They are very clannish in New Zealand in keeping up the names of the Old Country, and more especially here, where the percentage of Scotchmen is said to be greater than in any other town in New Zealand, with the exception, perhaps, of Invercargill. For a town of its size the public buildings are remarkably handsome, and they have a public monument in an open space quite in the heart of the city, and called the Octogon. This is a large statue of Burns, who is represented in a sitting posture, with large, heavy, dull features, and by no means prepossessing.

Every one was at this time full of enthusiasm about the great forthcoming International Exhibition to be shortly held in Dunedin, and for which they were then erecting great wooden structures to accommodate the numerous exhibits they expected to receive. And I believe the Exhibition did go off soon afterwards with pleasure to all and profit to the authorities who started it.

There is no rest for the wanderer, and after a

week's stay in Dunedin I found myself on my way to the Lake Region of South New Zealand. It is different entirely from the Lake Region of the North Island, and prides itself on the grandeur of the scenery, and not in the curious wonders of spouting geysers and swirling pools. Wakatipu and Te-ānau are the most remarkable of these lakes, and to Wakatipu, therefore, I proceeded in due course. A wandering Scot had been here before me, who evidently possessed the romantic element, judging from his description of the place. Here, then, is the graphic way in which the Hon. Mr. Inglis portrays this scene in his book, "Our New Zealand Cousins":—

"My Scottish blood fired with rapture at the sight of that wondrous vision across the lake At our feet the steely, blue expanse rippled, and gently undulated under the breath of morning. Beyond, a mighty mountain range pierces the clouds, which have settled in dense, fleecy folds upon the ragged peaks. The mist hangs midway between the upper heights and the steely lake below. To the left, a chain of sharp peaks extend, barred and ridgy, and flecked with wreaths of snow, which seems to have been driven and stamped into their black rugged sides by the stormy winds which at times rave and howl with fury down the passes. And far away down the lake, vista after vista opens up the grim, snowy sentinels that look down on us through the darkness of the night. What a desolate scene of grandeur! I had heard of the majesty of the mountains of Wakatipu, but the reality beggared description."

Except at the village of Kingston, where you first enter, Lake Wakatipu is almost completely surrounded by lofty, precipitous mountains, the most remarkable of which are of course "The Remarkables," raising their remarkable crests straight out of the lake, and with a ladder of Nature's own creation so steep that

it has received the appropriate name of the Devil's Staircase, although I don't know how old Clootie should be so much patronised as to be at all associated with these beautiful mountains. But that one of the most noted of the range should be called Ben Lomond, that the most romantic retreat should be called Glenorchy, that the very steamer itself should be a *Mountaineer*, were not likely to lessen their effect on my Highland imagination. The lake is of a somewhat irregular shape, with a maximum length of some fifty miles, or about double the length of Loch Lomond, after which it ought really to be called, instead of that barbarous name Wakatipu. Till of late it was supposed to be fathomless, but Dr. Hector, who has recently been knighted for his scientific labours, puts down its depth as varying between one and two hundred fathoms. It may be remembered that Loch Lomond is also a very deep lake, being in some places considerably over a hundred fathoms. Wakatipu is entirely buried in the mountains, and has no outlet whatever, although it was once supposed to have an underground outlet, which it virtually never possessed. The prevalence of droughts and floods, therefore, affect it greatly, as in 1878, when, during a great rainfall, the surface of the lake rose fifteen feet after receiving some seventeen thousand million tons of water!

Trout, originally imported from the Mother Country, run to a great size in Lake Wakatipu, and the lake is consequently rented and parcelled out by Government in separate portions to different people. A traveller I met in the hotel at New Plymouth thought that I should like fresh trout when I reached this lake, and

I did not like to say nay. He knew well the two hotels at which I was likely to put up, and he gave me a letter to each of them, with a request that I should be supplied with trout fresh from the lake. But it was the close season when I arrived there, so I did not trouble about the fresh trout, but I saw some kippered specimens of them, fifteen or sixteen pounds heavy.

Kingston and Queenston are on opposite sides of the lake, twenty-five miles apart, while Kinloch and Glenorchy are within a few miles of one another, near the extreme upper end. Ben Lomond is quite beside Queenston, where I first put up, and it is sometimes climbed by travellers on account of the extensive view to be obtained from the top of it. In winter, however, it is seldom or never climbed, and as there was a heavy fall of snow lately, I could not get anybody to accompany me; and so, after one day climbing its lower slopes, I gave over the venture, as I did not know where I was going, having none to guide me.

But even these magnificent scenes had to be left behind in my world-wide rambles, and I soon found myself in Invercargill, awaiting the ship that was to carry me away from this far distant strand, having spent exactly ten weeks there, and being seldom idle all that time.

When waiting for this ship I thought I should appropriately conclude my tour in this country by a visit to Stewart's Island, already alluded to. Though within twenty-five or thirty miles off the coast of South New Zealand, this island is seldom frequented by travellers. The few people who live there get their mails once a week from the "Bluff," which is the seaport town of Invercargill. I had to be up and

doing long before daybreak, as I had to overtake the little ship at the "Bluff," seventeen miles away. There is often considerable sea on in the Straits of Faveaux, separating the two islands, and this morning was no exception to the rule. The straits are also famous for their oyster beds, which cover the bottom of almost the entire channel; and if they are not quite so delicate and savoury as our "natives" at home, it is only because they are real natives, and not cultivated as the others are.

The small ship tossed gaily in the Straits of Faveaux. When trying with difficulty to pace the deck in front of the bridge, one of the passengers came up to address me; and so we got hold of some guy ropes and stood talking away. It soon became evident that the talk would all be on one side, for this passenger's soul was absorbed in religion. And although I never turned out the "stickit minister" I was once intended to be, yet religion is too sacred and profound a theme for any sane man to scoff at. He had kept up his pleading for some time with great earnestness, when my counsellor gradually got very pale and became frightfully sea-sick. There was something so genuinely earnest about the man himself, and something so intensely incongruous between the loftiness of his theme and his sudden collapse, that I did not know what to think of it. For here was this man so earnest for the great cause he had at heart, and yet suddenly disabled by the most mawkish of maladies. Oh! when are they to invent that "safe-cure" for sea-sickness? and what a consolation it is for bad sailors to know that such sailors as Nelson himself were not proof against its ravages!

I wonder if it was this man who made such an impression on me, for I find from my diary that I went for the first time to hear preaching in the Salvation Army Barracks, and was very much struck with the rude eloquence of some of General Booth's disciples in the Southern Hemisphere, who, I am sure, will greatly rejoice at the success of his great book so freely discussed at this moment by friend and foe alike.

Stewart's Island is a fairly mountainous country, though nothing compared to the island I had just travelled through; and it appears also to be densely covered with virgin forests. We called at the little town of Oban, which was not remarkably like the Oban I had previously known, and also at Paterson's Inlet, and we then turned back again. On the return journey I met a man bringing over for sale in Invercargill some very curious specimens of birds that I had never seen in life before. He called them *rocs*, but the *Roc* as usually understood is nothing but a monstrous bird of Arabian fables, and never did exist in flesh and blood like these. As a matter of fact, no person on the small island had ever seen any of them before, and they were not known to be on the island at all till within a few days previously. They are entirely nocturnal in their habits, and this would probably account for not being previously discovered by the sparse people living on the island. They were about the size of a curlew, with short bent legs, a long bill, and entirely destitute of true feathers or wings of any kind. They shunned daylight the same as owls, for when the lid was taken off the hamper containing them they imme-

diately buried their heads beneath one another to avoid the glare. The birds, in fact, were rare specimens of the *Apteryx*, which will soon become as extinct as the dodo, and are entirely confined to the islands of New Zealand. It will also be remembered that New Zealand was once the home of the now extinct *Moa*, the largest bird of all geological epochs. Nor is it said to be long extinct here, and I saw excellent specimens of their skeletons, looking, on account of their long necks, like the skeletons of very large camels.

At the particular time of which I write, Stewart's Island was going in for a boom, consisting of tin mines, and not gold ones the same as Hokatika. Yet it was not a time of booming in New Zealand generally, but rather a time of depression, as was the case with Australia also, as the effect of an enormous boom that had swept over both countries quite lately. Land, for instance, about Melbourne had gone up to fabulous prices a little while before, for some reason or other which was not always easy to explain. Then the bubble burst, and many previously well-to-do people were left penniless.

These booms seem to sweep over places for reasons as unaccountable as the booming of the winds. The same boom that passed over like a whirlwind in Australia, boomed its way over across the sea to New Zealand, and was now gone from both countries, leaving many people much poorer and sadder, and I hope also wiser. Yet money and property in these booms must only change hands, and purses are famous for being the slaves of thousands. There is none the less of it in the world, and why then the depression

that invariably dogs the footsteps of a boom? It must be the temporary unhinging of the machinery, the shifting of the springs, the clogging of the cog-wheels.

CHAPTER VII.

Not a "stickit minister"—West Coast Sounds—Stormy passage in the Roaring Forties—House of Assembly in Hobarton—Amusing debate—Melbourne again—The Forest of Fernshaw—Highest trees in the world—Down in a gold mine—"I'm a masher!"—Benighted—The Gippsland Lakes—Presbyterian Jubilee in Victoria—The Cyclorama.

I WAS anxious to see the West Coast Sounds, which are said to be inferior in splendour to nothing in New Zealand, but these can only be visited at odd seasons in summer, and I felt quite satisfied that I had been able to see such a lot. And now the good ship *Teana* is sailing from the "Bluff," and I must be saying good-bye to New Zealand. There were many passengers on board, among them being a namesake, who was quite a Boanerges in his own line, and not at all the "stickit minister" I was going to be myself. As our luggage was being taken out of the train to be shipped at the "Bluff," I happened to possess a hold all with my initials painted on it. One was thrown out of the van, and I was positive that it was mine. This gentleman's secretary was equally positive that it belonged to his master, and at last pointed out to two umbrellas stuck beneath the straps outside. Taken aback by this sudden change of affairs, I jumped into the van, found mine lying in a neglected corner, and threw it outside; and with the exception of

that extra umbrella no two Dromios could be more alike—the same material, the same initials, the same in everything, and yet the one had come from the far North, the other from the far East.

Though I had enough buffeting in New Zealand with wind, and rain, and snow, yet I was so charmed with it that I remained on deck on a waning moonlight night till I saw the last of the snow-covered coast sink down behind the waves. There is almost always a heavy sea on between New Zealand and Australia. The wind for the greater portion of the year blows steadily and strongly from the west, and this was the season when it blew hardest. We were fighting in the teeth of wave and wind, and so the ship tossed about a good deal. Most of the passengers had come with the ship from the more northern ports, and had already occupied the best cabins when I joined her at the "Bluff"; and so mine was a very bad one, quite near the stern; and as the ship kept continually "racing" or throwing her screw out of the water, the life that I led in my stern cabin was not unlike the life of the policeman in the play.

Later on Macintosh, the captain of the ship, came up and kindly invited me to make any use of his cabin during the voyage. His was in the centre of the ship under the bridge, and was a very different one from mine. It is strange how long it took people to observe the advantage of having the cabins towards the centre of the ship instead of towards the stern. But now almost all ocean-going ships are built with the cabins amidship, and I had the pleasure soon after to sail in the *Oceanic*, the first large ship which adopted this system as will be duly recorded in the proper chapter.

The divine I have already mentioned was not very well on this voyage, having overstrained himself when preaching to vast crowds in so many parts of New Zealand; and I had myself gone to hear him both in Dunedin and Invercargill without being able to get sitting room on either occasion. He intended to preach through Tasmania in the same way, but was scarcely well enough to do so. It was for the celebration in Melbourne of the Presbyterian Jubilee that he had more especially gone out to the colonies. And so we came to the conclusion that he ought not to land at all in Tasmania, but keep on the ship to Melbourne, as if he got ill in Tasmania he might not be able to attend the forthcoming Jubilee at all. And so he kept on the ship, leaving the deputation who came to meet him at Hobart rather disappointed.

At Hobart I went ashore myself, and I think the Hobart harbour, with Mount Wellington in the background, is equal to any individual scene in the harbour of Sydney, though wanting in such an immense variety of detail; while the town itself is very finely situated towards the slopes of the said mountain-side.

I asked the Minister for Lands the favour of a pass over the Tasmanian railways, as I had already obtained in Australia and New Zealand, but he gave it with such restrictions that I felt constrained to send it back again.

Parliament was sitting at Hobart then, and, as one of the nights was expected to be a particularly lively one, I was curious to go and hear the colonial debates. The Speaker of the House happened to be living with me at the hotel, and he was gracious enough to give

me a pass to the seats reserved for members' friends. The little House was crammed, including a sprinkling of ladies, and the fun was fast and furious. But there was nothing of the roughness or rowdiness that home-staying people are apt to attribute to colonial assemblies, which are much better behaved than their own.

The occasion was one on which the Opposition were trying hard to turn out the Government for something akin to bribery and corruption. I was not able to follow the details of the case, as the honourable members were not always disposed to agree, but I understood that Mr. B., one of the honourable members, had become bankrupt, and that the Minister of Lands already mentioned had given him the appointment of Inspector of Forests for questionable services already rendered. This the Opposition tried to prove a glaring example of underhand work, and I felt sorry for the poor Minister of Lands, who said but little during the debate. But Mr. B. himself, the cause of all this trouble, had taken the opportunity of being absent from the assembly, and so the evidence was of a decidedly conflicting nature. From what little I read of the papers, they were not in favour of Mr. B.'s appointment. Mr. B. had once been a seafarer, and one writer declared against him that all he knew about trees was about the cross-trees of ships.

I now crossed the island to Launceston before sailing for Melbourne. The company that were playing "Julius Cæsar" in Melbourne, when I was there before, were playing "Othello" now at Launceston. In this piece the ex-parson took the *rôle* of

Othello the Moor, a character much better adapted to his roaring talents than the stately one of Mark Antony, which he had in the other play.

The windings of the Tamar coming out of Launceston are rather pretty, but a couple of hours of it brought us to the open sea, and found us shaping our course straight for Melbourne. When we were making the harbour in the early morning a dense fog was spread over sea and land. We had, therefore, to stop till noon, when the fog cleared away and revealed to us the large ship *Cape de Verde*, just sunk by collision when at anchor, and with her topmasts still visible above the waves.

Making Melbourne my headquarters, I radiated through the country in every direction. A visit to the great trees at Fernshaw was a very pleasant one. The train goes so far as Lilydale, and then there comes a drive of fourteen miles to the forest itself, which I found very enjoyable, and more especially coming back in the crisp, clear, starry night. The trees here are said to be the tallest in the world, growing up straight as rushes for some four hundred feet. I took a rough measurement of two of the bigger ones near the roadside, Big Ben and Uncle Sam, and found them to be in girth forty-five and thirty-four feet respectively; so that, though some of these trees at Fernshaw may be the highest trees in the world, they are not nearly so thick as some of the largest trees in the Yosemite Valley, where the girth measurements sometimes run up to eighty or ninety feet. Mr. Foster, the genial landlord, who accompanied me here, and who knew the interior of the forest, said that Uncle Sam and Big Ben were

nothing to some of the giants inside. I intended to revisit this forest later on, and spend two or three days with the woodmen in the interior; but inexorable Time prevented me from fulfilling this intention, as there were so many other places to visit, and my ship was to sail from Brisbane on a certain day.

The gold-mining centres of Bendigo and Ballarat are among the most interesting visits to be made by the traveller through Australia, for it was the gold industry that gave the first great push to Australian colonization, though the country is now more important through its pastures than through its mines. Sandhurst is the capital town of the Bendigo Districts, and to Sandhurst, therefore, I duly went. It was said to possess the deepest gold mine in Australia, if not in the world. This was said to be a gold mine called the Garden Gully United, but on going there I was told that the deepest mine now was not Garden Gully, but Mine No. 180, and in this mine I went down in the ordinary shaft 2,400 feet, and 200 feet more in a bucket and rope apparatus; that was 2,600 feet in all, or almost exactly half a mile below the surface. I saw them working the explosive fusee in the depths profound, and worked the boring machine myself, and so I hope that the mine will always be very fortunate, though it was not paying the expenses of working it at that particular time I am speaking of.

Before going down the shaft the manager gave me a waterproof over my dress, but it only reached down to the knee, and I had to tuck up my trousers. The golden guinea, shining in all its glory, looks very different from the mine that produces it, for that is

drippy and oozy enough in every way. For when I came up and took off the waterproof, and dropped down the tucks again, the knees looked soaked and dirty enough from not being sufficiently protected. I must have presented a strange spectacle then, dressed all in grey, with the exception of this black belt around my knees. The sight seemed to amuse a group of little boys near the mines, who commenced shouting the familiar expression, "I am a masher!" at the top of their voices. And though I did not cry for a fire from heaven to consume them, I was not sorry to get out of the way of their vociferous demonstrations.

But the grey pantaloons, when they got dry, soon resumed their neutrality again, as if nothing had happened. There is no colour so comfortable to travel with as neutral grey, as it is less easily soiled than any other colour, and one cannot be expected to be always daintily dressed, roughing it through mine and mountain in this way.

Ballarat is a finer town than Sandhurst, and situated in a better locality, I think. It boasts of possessing the broadest street in Australia, and indeed the widest anywhere else besides. The Band and Albion Gold Mine here is said to be the richest in Australia. I casually met one of its owners in Melbourne, who gave me a letter to the manager. But I did not go down this mine, as I had previously gone down a deeper one, but I watched the process of crushing the gold-bearing quartz, of which I took away a shining specimen.

Many a place I visited after that, which need not all be even mentioned in these pages, but one of the places I particularly intended to visit was Adelaide

overland, as I had seen so little of it during my previous visit by sea. It was from the ship *Ballarat* that I visited it then; it was from the town of Ballarat I intended to do so now, and with that purpose I took train on Saturday morning. Late at night I inquired of the guard when we should pass Serviceton, which is the border village between the provinces of South Australia and Victoria. We should soon be there, he said, but the train would stop there and not go further. I had made an awkward mistake in reading my railway guide-book, which indeed requires quite a study both in Australia and New Zealand. Next day was Sunday, and no trains run in the British colonies on that day. There was no proper hotel at Serviceton, but a shelter-house, where I passed the following wearisome hours, and I felt altogether so uncomfortable that I took the first train passing through the place on Monday morning, which happened to be a train bound for Melbourne, and so I never revisited Adelaide again.

The Gippsland Lakes have quite a reputation in Australia for their scenery, but, after the lakes of New Zealand, they are but muddy and disappointing pools. Less than two hundred miles by rail from Melbourne brings the traveller to the borders of these low-lying lagoons. In one particular portion they are separated from the sea by a strip of land only a few hundred yards wide. And there is an artificial entrance into them here from the sea which admits vessels of small burden. There was another older entrance, but it was always getting useless by the silting of the sand, and so they cut another opening on a larger scale, which had then been quite recently

opened, and was promising to become a great success. Since the opening of this new entrance the old one has become nearly closed, and when I was there I could almost wade across it. The small portion of land bounded by the lake, the sea, and these two openings has lately been designated Poverty Island, and a more appropriate name could not be found for a dreary heap of shifting sands. These lakes are swarming with wild-fowl, especially the Black Swans, which are indigenous to Australia, and once formed the "*Rara Avis*" of the ancients, as it was supposed that such a bird as a black swan did not exist in reality. White swans have been imported to Australia since its discovery, and the white and black ones are never seen on the same lake, as the white swans, which are somewhat larger, always kill the black ones.

When making Melbourne my headquarters for these excursions I did not neglect to see what was worth seeing in the city itself. I repeated my visit to the spitting Guanaco in the Zoological Gardens, and found that, in the absence of my previous companion, he was quite willing to take myself as a substitute for his spitting propensities. The new Cyclorama was also on view at the time, the exhibition then represented being the Battle of Waterloo, which was visited by thousands day after day.

Another exhibition of a very different kind was then also going on in Melbourne, and that was the celebration of the Jubilee of Presbyterianism in Victoria; and I was glad to see my quondam shipmate well enough again to take a lively part in this celebration. It was hard to conceive that this fine city was only fifty years old, and that its own jubilee had been

celebrated only the year before. It was interesting to observe the union of churches in Australia, as contrasted with the miserable party bickerings in the Mother Country; for these divisions must do incalculable harm to the cause they espouse. It puzzles the ancient Hindoo, for instance, to see these contentions among people professing the same creed, while he himself can readily make a god by daubing a stone rudely with red paint. It gives him the idea that there are as many Christian gods as there are gods in his own mythology, and all apparently at war with one another. And therefore he thinks within himself that the best thing to do after all is to stick to his own stocks and stones, rather than run after strange gods whose believers are so much at variance with one another. A sinful sinner and a crucified Saviour comprise the real fundamental doctrine of true Christianity, and all this profound hairsplitting of ideas is mere gall and wormwood to the welfare of true religion.

It was now time that I should proceed northwards, and so I started for Sydney overland, as I had previously visited it by sea. There was comparatively little for me to see in the town itself during this visit, as I had been through it so much before. I spent a day at Cojee Bay to see the surf there, but it was not wild enough weather for a great surf, and judging from the look of the place, I had probably already seen headlands likely to give rise to a higher surf than Cojee.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Great Zigzag—Blue Mountains scenery—Jenolan caves and their many "mysteries"—Stalagmite and stalactite—Scientific comments—A pleasant chaperone—Underground stream and tumble—Donald Macdonald of that ilk—The Highland Gael—His love to his country.

Of all things to see in Australia, the Jenolan Caves are the principal. There are various ways of visiting these curious and grotesque caves. One way is by taking train from Sydney to Mount Victoria, and then a drive of forty miles to the caves. Another is to follow the train beyond Victoria, across the whole range of the Blue Mountains to Tarana, and then drive back to the caves, the same distance as from Mount Victoria. It was the latter route I chose in order to see that portion of the railway line known as the Great Zigzag.

The train in ascending the Blue Mountains from Sydney makes many twistings and turnings which are very fine in their way, but quite put into the shade by the zigzag gradients on the other side beyond. By looking down as the train winds its way up the side of the mountain an extensive view may be had of the surrounding country, with the town of Penrhyth looking like a modern Gomorrah on the plains below. The Great Zigzag on the further off side is of a similar nature to the other one, only exaggerated in

degree; but the gradient, however, is nothing to the railway ascent already recorded near Wellington in New Zealand. It is said that this Great Zigzag has been the result of a great blunder in surveying, and that the descent over the mountains could have been much easier and more economically made. But be that as it may, the Great Zigzag is there, and will remain for many a year to come, as an attraction for visitors to come and see it.

Having, then, ascended the Blue Mountains on the one side and descended them on the other, and having gone through the Great Zigzag spoken of, I left the train at Tarana, and took conveyance to complete the forty miles still remaining to the Jenolan Caves. The roads were very bad, and my driver was still worse. We left in the evening with a couple of jaded horses and a lazy driver who did not know his work at all, and so it proved a very long and tedious journey. The highest part of the road from Tarana to these caves is at an altitude of over 5,000 feet, and is probably the highest highway throughout the whole of the so-called Australian Alps.

We stopped during the night at the village of Oberon, and reached the caves on the following morning. The prefix "blue" is a very appropriate one as applied to these mountains, for seldom have I seen such a bluish tint as I saw over them on that early morning; but whether they always display such a pronounced tinge my knowledge does not go far enough to say. The drive down the mountains to the bottom of the crater-like cavity, where the caves are is a very fine one, and if I had not gone so lately through the Otira Gorge, I should have been very

much charmed with it; but all the things of this world, good and bad, are ever viewed through the goggles of comparison, and what is best to-day may be only second-rate to-morrow.

It is by no means easy to give a prolonged description of the Jenolan Caves, and I shall not attempt it. They are, indeed, too curious to be described. Try, then, and picture to yourself miles of underground rocks rent asunder to form caves and crevices of every description, sometimes so narrow as scarcely to admit the creeping form of the visitor, and sometimes so large as to form magnificent arches and stately palaces of Nature's own handiwork. Here, perhaps, is a passage rude and rugged and without any form; there a chamber with roof and walls glittering with brilliants on which the sun never shone; on this side crystals of purest ray serene, buried in the bowels of the earth, and with only weak magnesium flame to kindle them; on that, the production of a miniature mimic sea on which the waves seem suddenly frozen as by the power of some magic wand. "John," the amusing guide, will show you in one place "Lot's Wife," not as a pillar of salt on the plains of Shinar, but in an effigy of carbonate of lime, clear and pure as alabaster; in another he will show you the "Madonna and Child," and so on through a long rigmarole of fanciful images. For with every one of these wonders "John" is familiar, and has something to say in every one's favour. "John" is also brimful of cheap jokes that have served him many a time to make successive groups of visitors laugh at his humour, for "John" indeed is in his element when inside these caves, repeating his little jokes with a

gusto as if he never said the same things a hundred times before. Out of the caves he is like an owl in the glare of daylight, with all the vocabulary of his ideas exhausted in the grottoes and caves down below.

He will bring you to see the "Bridal Veil" like a frosted hanging with the pearly paleness and purity becoming such an object, and he is sure not to forget to repeat some happy witticism on such an occasion to make people laugh. He will also bring you one by one—for there is no room for two at one time—to a secluded retreat, and throw down his magnesium flame on a grotto of blazing crystals, and this he will tell you is the "Casket of Jewels"—one of the very happiest of his many cognomens. In a similar way he will bring you to a wide chamber with roofs and walls dazzling with brilliants, and this apartment he will call the "Crystal Palace," another of his happy appellations; and some time or other during the visit he will show you an enormous cave open on both sides, with huge boulders for a floor, and huger still for a roof; and what do you think he will call this one? Look and see if there is any resemblance. Of course there is, for it is the "Devil's Coach-house."

It would be tedious to me as well as unprofitable to the reader to mention all the wonders to be seen in these wonderful caves. "John" during his peregrinations is sure at last to come to his pet curiosity, and he will stand there waiting to explain that this is called the "Mystery," and the very profound reason why it is so called.

All these curious formations were created in the

process of years by the calcareous solid matter held in solution in the drippings from the rocks for many centuries. These drippings, of course, are invariably from above; a drop, perhaps, in a day, a month, or perhaps a year. The solid matter dissolved in the drops before falling partly solidifies on the roof, and gradually gives rise to the pendants called stalactites, while the solid matter in the drop fallen down gives rise to the stalagmites on the floor. These are easily explained, as "John" says. But in this peculiar mystery which we are now reviewing the formations are not hanging like the former, nor erect like the latter, but consist of horizontal levels and ledges projecting from the sides of the cave, and how they came there is the "mystery" about which "John" will ask your opinion with the confidence of a man who knows you cannot answer him. This is indeed a very curious phenomenon, and the only explanation must be that the cave shifted, and that what now constitutes the sides of this portion must once have been the roof and floor respectively.

All this portion of the Blue Mountains is simply honeycombed with caves for miles and miles together. The geological formation of the district is almost all limestone, probably formed from corals, so that this locality must at one time have been under the sea. By some volcanic violence the Blue Mountains were raised from the deep, and these coral reefs rent asunder in the transaction to form these wonderful caves. But the beautiful formations, for which the caves are so celebrated, have been the result of many later ages, and are literally going on, surely—but oh, how slowly!—in our own day.

The average accretion of stalactites is said to be at the rate of five or six feet in a thousand years, but it is obvious that the rate of growth depends on a variety of circumstances, such as the amount of percolation and the amount of calcareous matter held in solution. For instance, a too full, continuous flow would probably prevent the formation of stalactites altogether, while, on the other hand, the percolation may be so slow, or the amount of solids so meagre, as not to be able to give rise to the usual quantity in ten centuries. Very different from this is the process of deposition of silicates in the Wakaréwaréwa geysers of New Zealand, which is comparatively rapid when the water remains entirely at rest, and I have seen there excellent specimens of fancy frameworks covered all over with these crystalline deposits in a comparatively short time.

The right wing of the Imperial cave is probably the finest of the many known caves in these mountains, and it was there we spent the first three hours of the first day. Among its many attractions is a subterranean stream, which runs below the ordinary level of the cave, so that to get at it one has to descend forty or fifty feet down a rope ladder hung from a hole in the floor of the general passage. Two or three of us went down on this ladder, taking candles with us to enlighten the darkness, and leaving the rest of the party to remain above. With the exception of pools, the general depth of the water is seldom more than a few feet. We found the banks of this stream extremely slimy and slippery, and I was not walking long there when I slipped into the stream knee-deep, and got a very nasty cold in consequence. Indeed,

after a visit to these caves the visitation of a cold is a thing to be expected as a matter of course, and quite independent of a slip in the stream, which must be of rare occurrence. And so to those to whom a cold may mean anything more than a casual and temporary discomfort, a little of these underground passages goes a long way. As they are usually warm and muggy enough to make one perspire freely, leave your overcoat at the entrance to put on immediately you come out; and remember, that at the bottom of this cup-shaped cavity, in which the caves are placed, the sunshine only penetrates but a few short hours a day, as the surrounding mountains in some directions rise about fifteen hundred feet overhead.

The water in the stream itself was almost tepid, and and beautifully clear to the candle-light, as well as the magnesium flame that "John" poured into it from above. It is said to abound in a species of small fish without eyes, but of these I saw none during my short meanderings along its banks.

In the afternoon, when on our way from Cave House to examine the left branch of the same cave, we passed a couple of new arrivals, who afterwards joined us in the cave. The lady spoke with a perceptible Scotch accent, while her partner spoke with a kind of drawl that made me suspect his connection with the mountains, and I felt curious to know. Everybody being in the best colloquial humour, talked freely about the sights as they walked along. I decided at last to test the stranger with the shibboleth of a true mountaineer. As "John," with his dazzling light in hand, was expatiating on the glory of some gorgeous arch, I went near the stranger, and

made some remark to him in Gaelic, speaking in an off-hand way that would pass by him as an idle wind if he did not understand it. But he immediately wheeled round, and replied, in the same ancient language—

> "What though on her lips there hung
> The accents of the mountain tongue."

And who was this, then, that I recognized as a Highlander, under the peculiar circumstances of a dark subterranean cave among the far-away mountains of Australia? He was Donald Macdonald of that ilk, who was born and bred in Canada, and never saw Scotland all his life. He was now the happy possessor of land near the pious Christchurch in New Zealand, and was, for the time being, with his wife, enjoying himself in seeing some of the wonders of God's wonderful creation. I was very pleased to see how patriotic he was, and how he hoped yet to see the land of his ancestors which he had never seen before. It is strange this lingering longing of the true Highlander to the "land of the mountain and the flood," with all its past history, and its glamour and glory of love and war.

The recognition of this Gael by the mere tone of his voice in these underground labyrinths was to me one of the most amusing episodes during this somewhat long voyage. Macdonald himself was quite surprised at what he considered my wonderful power of diagnosis under such exceptional circumstances. Thus the ancient, romantic language of a somewhat romantic country may, like everything else in the world, be doomed to die, but this was proof positive that it is not likely to do so for a long time to come.

CHAPTER IX.

Attempts to cross the Blue Mountains—McKeown the robber—Transport to Norfolk Island—An amusing Irishman—Unpleasant quarters—Parting with the party—The Devil's Blow Hole at Kiama—Hold hard by the rocks—Emma and Vic with their little jealousies—"Sundowners," the vagrant crew—Brisbane and its precincts—Sir William.

SYDNEY was long settled before they discovered these caves, for it took a long time before explorers penetrated so far into the primeval forest of the mountains in which they are placed, for the universal *Eucolyptus* covers the length and breadth of the land. The first explorers penetrated only as far as Katoomba, some 4,000 feet above sea-level, and there turned back, leaving their names engraved on a gum-tree, which is still preserved as a kind of relic by the present generation. And it took a long time after that before they were able to cross the entire range to the barren and petrified plains beyond.

The earliest discoverer of the caves themselves is said to have been a convict named McKeown, whose name has acquired an unenviable kind of immortality in connection with them. Though a robber of the mountains, he was but little of the mountain-robber in the qualities we associate with that noble band of heroes who only robbed the rich to enrich the poor, for he was nothing but a commonplace thief, without

either pride or chivalry. Yet how he got into these caves alone is quite a wonder, for they are situated at the bottom of a caldron, whose wood-covered sides rise to 1,500 feet high. The chances are that McKeown only stumbled accidentally across them when he was thinking himself descending to the plains below. Here, however, he made his den, and became a bushranger of the surrounding country; and though abundant evidence was gathered from time to time that some ogre lurked in these mountains, it took a long time to find his retreat through the dense jungle.

When they did surprise him they found McKeown and his booty resting quietly in a portion of the cave now known as the "Devil's Coach-house," and there they bound him hand and foot. Botany Bay was itself a place of transportation at that time, but Botany was too virtuous for McKeown, and so they re-transported him to Norfolk Island, where this notorious criminal eventually died.

By visiting the caves *viâ* Tarana the visitor gets a more extensive view of the Blue Mountains, and also has not to double on his journey going back to join the train at Mount Victoria. And so on leaving the caves we took quite a different road from the one we took going there. Both roads are remarkably beautiful, and present a landscape second to none in Australia. We had quite a jovial party at the caves this time, guided by a genial old chaperone, who gave me such an excellent elixir for the cold I had got from my ducking in the stream underground; and I wonder if she remembers yet what the elixir consisted of. The world is growing smaller every year by

steam and electricity ; for whom did I suddenly come across the other day at Gravesend but the amiable chaperone, when I thought she was at her far-away home in Sydney.

We at last arrived at Halfway House, between Mount Victoria and the Jenolan Caves, and here I parted with Macdonald, as I was going on to Rhydal for the sake of novelty, and I have never seen him since. Rhydal is a railway station intermediate between Mount Victoria and Tarana, and was then, for the first time, advertising posting arrangements to the caves. It also gave the opportunity of seeing the Great Zigzag over again on the way back, and which some of us had not yet seen.

The road from Halfway House to Rhydal is of the very worst possible character, and there is no danger whatever of this place seriously competing with either Mount Victoria or Tarana till the road communication is very materially improved. For a great part of the way there was as yet no made road at all, nothing but a mere clearance of the forest, and how the coach was able to keep on its wheels was a wonder on many occasions. We were fortunate enough to reach the proper road shortly after dark, whence to Rhydal was all plain driving, and here, after a late repast, we betook ourselves to slumber.

It was a very small accommodation house, and in a small room were placed three beds, which nearly covered the whole of the floor, and this room an amusing young Irishman and myself were told off to occupy. In the middle of the night I was wakened up with an altercation between my companion and the landlord, who had brought in an intruder at two

o'clock in the morning to occupy the third vacant bed in the room. The stranger himself was amiable enough about it, offered to leave the room, and joined in roundly rating the ostler for causing all the disturbance. However, as the harm had been done, we prevailed on the amiable stranger to remain where he was, and we were all soon enough fast asleep again. I wakened at daybreak, and the stranger was gone. Was he a robber? I looked for my watch, and found it was still under the pillow.

The next day we returned through the Great Zigzag to Mount Victoria, where the rest of the company left the train, and so saying goodbye to the chaperone and her party, I kept on to Sydney, where I received communications that necessitated my early departure further north. Before going, however, there was one place particularly that I wanted to go and visit, and that was the Devil's Blow Hole at Kiama, seventy miles away on the coast from Sydney. When I arrived, there was a long, heaving swell beating on the rock-bound shore. The Blow Hole itself is within a few hundred yards of the Kiama lighthouse. On reaching the rocks I found a small group of Strephons and Chloes resting on the grassy sward above. I intended to ask them where the Blow Hole was, but seeing them so sweetly engaged, I preferred finding it out for myself. I walked, therefore, a little while across the rugged rocks, till at last I came over a yawning orifice. Far down below I could hear the waters rumbling ominously, and, when looking down to watch them, up went the donkey, and a pillar of water shot suddenly through the hole almost exactly

like the geysers of New Zealand. Taken by sudden surprise, all I could do was to crouch and grapple the rocks beside me, and when the water was finished I could see the onlookers in roars of laughter, which I felt disposed to join, as I must have cut a very odd figure under such a curious cold-water douche. Yes, no doubt this was the Devil's Blow Hole, and this was the way I found it out. During the little while I stayed after this drenching I watched this waterspout more warily, and by standing in certain positions with my back to the sun, the most beautiful rainbows made their appearance in the spray that rose from it. Drenched to the skin as I was, I had then to hurry back, and was lucky enough to overtake the last train going on to Sydney. The old grey suit again proved very accommodating, as in the gold mine at Sandhurst, in concealing the salt when it got dry again, but my hat was ruined for ever, and I had to throw it away when I got back.

The spouting of the water here does not go on at regular intervals, the same as the geysers, and I should think days and days may pass without any spouting at all in calm weather. There is a large rift in the rocks, gradually narrowing inwards; a portion of the rift being roofed over, while the extreme inner end is left open, constituting the hole with the bad name I mentioned. And the spouting all depends on the state of the tide, the size of the waves, and the way in which they happen to strike on the rocks below.

And so I left the colony of New South Wales, as I had previously left that of Victoria, between the two of which there is a vast deal of rivalry of renown.

Reading the last newspaper the day I left Sydney, it was rather amusing to see how seriously they take this rivalry to heart. It was the leading article of the leading newspaper of that city, evidently written after the receipt of some statistical information. New South Wales till lately was premier colony in population, as in everything else. But Victoria, her go-ahead, younger sister, seriously threatened to change the balance of affairs in her own favour, even in this serious matter of population, though her area was very much smaller than that of her elder sister. Quite recently Victoria had a grand exhibition in her grand capital, and thousands of thousands gathered to see it from far and near; and who cared that the trustees lost their money, so long as everybody praised the show? For the ships of Tyre and Tarsus poured their crowds into the Melbourne harbour, and for a time flooded the city with a surging population. The canny Victorians took this opportunity of taking a census, just to spite sister Emma, and soon after made known to the world that Victoria contained more population than New South Wales. Sister Emu, as they now call her on account of her Emu plains, fretted at this, and for a time drooped down her head, and refused to be comforted. But a day of reckoning was near at hand. Those that go down to the sea in ships are rather fickle in their habits, and soon after cleared out; and when her lovers had forsaken Sister Vic, it was now time that Sister Emu commenced to crow, for a census was taken, and she was again to the front.

If the pride of the individual wholly depends on the mere magnitude of the throng of which he is a

member, then the romance of the world is fading indeed, for London alone contains more cockneys than all the sturdy population of the southern colonies put together. This rivalry, however, on the part of Vic and Emma is only a part and parcel of their difference in political creeds, for while Vic is a stickler for protection, her generous sister Emma goes in for liberty and free trade.

Another item that strikes the reader of the colonial daily press is the frequency of the word "Missing" among the advertisements. This is often not the missing purse of the wool king with a fortune inside it, nor yet the poodle of the maiden aunt. It is, alas! the old tale of the missing prodigal, and the promising youth that failed to fulfil his promise; for many a doting mother's pride goes astray in these far-away colonies where every one has to fight and find his level on his own intrinsic personal merits. The petted and pampered young hopeful, when he has to rough it, makes but a sorry show in the colonies against the more energetic rivals who jostle him out of the way; and hence the frequency of the "Missing" advertisement to which I allude, and the numerous Sam Sluggards who will hear something to their advantage by communicating with Messrs. Craft and Cunning, of Gray's Inn Fields. Over the mountains and far away it may be taken as a wise aphorism, "No work, no pay"; and so the slothful eventually degenerate to vagrant vagabonds, and wander about the solitary stations, as members of a guild that the others contemptuously call the "Sundowners"; for no vagrants are so utterly lost to shame and self-respect as the British tramp abroad,

whether on the scorching soil of India or the rugged shores of New Zealand.

"Why," I said to my informant, "do you call them 'Sundowners'?" for the word was new to me, like many another slang word in the colonies. "They were called 'Sundowners,'" he said, "because they always arrive at stations about the time that the sun is setting, and the hospitality of a night's food and shelter is a sacred rule among the working-bee colonists, even to those tramps that so ill deserve it." One would think that in the colonies, where it is proverbial that the best man wins, it would be easy enough to get rid of this tribe by the process of starving them out. But that is not so very easy, for the "Sundowners" are a powerful factor in the policy of remote stations, for if they were not supplied with their immediate wants, they might retaliate by setting the corn and crops ablaze, as they have frequently been known to do. And it is well known how fires travel and consume, alike on the plains of Australia and the prairies of America.

After a short visit to Newcastle I proceeded on my way to Brisbane, where I intended to embark for Batavia. I went by the express train, but how little it deserved the name! The Queensland express is a very slow coach indeed. And not only this, but the railway gauge in Queensland is different from that in New South Wales, and that of New South Wales again different from that of Victoria. Notwithstanding the slow pace, the carriages rock frightfully, and would be certain to topple over if they had any sharp curves to go round about. This is a great and mutual drawback to the various colonies,

as it prevents "through" carriages from one colony to another, and so not only hampers commerce, but would also prove a serious obstacle in massing troops together in a common centre for conjoint co-operation.

But here is Brisbane, the capital of Queensland, and there is a distinct air of tropical languor about it as we enter in the early morning; for this town is near the border of the southern tropics, though a pretty town all the same.

There is not much to be seen as yet in Brisbane and its vicinity, but after a visit to Bulimba, Breakfast Creek, Wondongabba, and so on, I found I was growing short of a certain species of shoe-leather. I was directed to the premier bootmaker of the place, whose name was Stewart. When he had taken my measure he asked my name, and he wrote it down wrong. "You a Scotchman," I said, "and not know how to spell my name!" taking the pencil out of his hand and writing it down. "Oh, then," said he, "you spell your name the same as Sir William." "Of course I do," I said; "but who on earth is Sir William?" He then told me, and I felt certain that I had met Sir William before. If my surmise was correct, he had been at college with me, was a little older, much wiser, and belonged to the same profession. About the time I went to India he went to Fiji, and I had afterwards heard of his winning the Humane Society's medal on two different occasions for saving life at sea, as well as the Companionship of the Order of St. Michael and St. George; and, as it happened, it was while I was on this voyage that he was at last knighted.

Stewart gave me his address, and I called a day

or two after. He was not at home, but his wife was, and she showed me some photographs; but time had changed, and I could not recognize them. However, no great harm was done; if I did make a mistake, it was done unconsciously, and with no feeling of ill-will. In the evening I got an invitation to dinner next day, as I was leaving the day after, and when I went back I found that my surmises were quite correct. Sir William had got very bald, but there he was sure enough. He was then Governor of New Guinea, and was staying at Brisbane for a short season.

He is almost as great an explorer as Stanley himself; for while Stanley may be better on the low-lying plains, MacGregor is best on the mountains, and essentially free from the revolting crimes of Stanley and his cannibal crew. He had been exploring New Guinea lately, and a series of articles about his explorations was then appearing in the colonial press. He was the first to ascend and explore the highest mountain there, which he called Mount Victoria, after the Queen. The reader who has read this book so far cannot doubt the loyalty of the colonies, if it can be gauged by the frequency of the Queen's name in connection with the mountains. Such names have been noted in this book more than once, and I myself must have climbed half a dozen of them before my travels were over.

I expressed surprise that Sir William had not called this big mountain after his own surname, so intimately connected with the mountains of old; but the mountains, as some one remarked, had proved too unfortunate for our patronymic. But this, however, would never have deterred me, and when I reached America

I found a Mount MacGregor both in the United States and Canada.

This Mount Victoria is the highest mountain in all the southern British colonies, and rises to a height of over thirteen thousand feet; it and Mount Cook in New Zealand being almost exactly equal. The evening before I left Brisbane was spent on the top of One-tree Hill, within a few miles from Brisbane, and commanding an extensive view of the country around. On the one side were the Peaky Mountains, so called on account of their sharp, serrated summits, behind which the sun was then setting. On the other hand were the windings of the Brisbane river, peeping here and there through the gum-tree forest as far down as Moreton Bay, twenty miles beyond; while in the interval between, and at the foot of the mountain, was the town of Brisbane itself in its calm evening repose.

CHAPTER X.

The good ship *Dacca*—Imperial Federation—Gold mines again—Visit on board the *Quetta*—Both *Quetta* and *Dacca* at the bottom of the sea—Breakdown of the launch—A boorish captain—Tugging at the oars—Picked up—Thursday Island and the shipwrecked crew—The Sea of Arafura—First glimpses of Java—Disembark at Batavia—Last night on board *Dacca*, and farewell for ever.

It was in the British India ship *Dacca* that I took my departure from this port, calling at Rockhampton shortly afterwards, and anchoring in the bay several miles away from the town. I should have liked to see the Mount Morgan Gold Mine near this town, from the glowing description I had heard of it, as it is said to be altogether the richest gold mine that has ever been discovered, though it can scarcely be called a mine, consisting as it does of a mountain instead.

It was thought till lately that gold in any considerable quantity was only to be found in superficial alluvial soil, in the form of gold dust and nuggets, or imbedded in quartz in the more superficial strata, and never very deep below the surface. But this is a mistake. Gold Mine No. 180 at Sandhurst, already alluded to, is half a mile deep, while Mount Morgan is not a mine at all, but, as its name signifies, a mountain of gold! Can the imagination even go farther in the realms of riches?

Yet none of us went ashore at Rockhampton, as we

were always expecting to leave, and Mount Morgan is some distance away beyond the town. So I passed the two days we stopped here fishing from the ship's side and catching shrimps, at which I was not very successful. Rockhampton is just inside the southern tropics, and the seaboard of the country is flat and marshy, covered over with fields of mangroves, and I should think the very home of fever and ague.

One of the passengers on the *Dacca* was Mr. Parkin, a delegate of confederation from Canada, and now returning from a tour of lecturing through Australia, in which his reception, judging from the papers, was generally cordial, but not always so. He was great on his pet hobby, and no doubt confederation of the Mother Country and her colonies must be an end earnestly to be wished for by every one who has got the welfare of his country at heart.

Another fellow-passenger was going home with a gold mine in his pocket. It was of the Mount Morgan style too, and only differed in name, Mount Gray being the designation of the new mine, whose promoter was so confident of its success. And as I parted with him in Batavia, I wonder if he has been able to launch his mine in London, and if it has turned out the crowning success he anticipated. I had great faith in his judgment and integrity, and hope that his enterprise succeeded, but since the discovery of the new departure of the Mount Morgan Mine various bogus mountains of gold have been discovered in Australia, which have turned out on nearer approach to be as substantial as the mirage of the desert.

But the passengers are now settling down together,

as the ship is dropping anchor outside the pretty little town of Townsville. We anchored in the wide bay, ten miles away from the town, as the interior of the harbour is rather shallow in most places for so big a ship as the *Dacca;* but here the great majority of the passengers went for a turn on shore the first day we were there, and we expected to stay one day only. Castle Hill overlooks the town, and I tried to get somebody to climb it with me. But Townsville is in the tropics, and was so hot then that nobody relished the idea of climbing, and so I had to do so alone, and had a magnificent prospect and a cool half an hour on the top as a reward for my labour.

While at anchor here the *Quetta*, belonging to the same company, came into the harbour outward bound to Brisbane, and with a large number of emigrants. There is a vein of pathetic sadness in seeing so many emigrants newly arrived in a strange country from their native shores, which the great majority of them is destined never to see again. It is quite a different case from that of the professional wanderer, who is up to the tricks of the trade, and can fight or work or smuggle his way back again. For most of the emigrants to the colonies are landsmen, seldom rich, to whom the discomfort of the voyage itself is a torture, and who never return, however long they may cherish the memories of olden times.

Next day the captain of the ship and myself went ashore in the ship's launch, going on board the *Quetta* on our way, with her great crowd of emigrants. Our ship was timed to leave at eleven o'clock that night, and a party of ladies came on board to dine with the

captain before the ship's departure. We had scarcely got up steam on our way back, when the small funnel of the launch commenced to pour forth the most abominable shower of what looked very much like coal-tar, to the great spoliation of white muslin dresses and winsome straw hats. But this was only a foretaste of what was to come. There was a cross sea on, through which the launch was gaily splashing the spray, when all of a sudden the miniature engine broke down with a click. The young engineer in charge quite understood what was wrong, but could not repair it; and so there we were, without an alternative but to row. The launch looked tiny enough bobbing under steam on the top of the waves, but when we commenced to pull [redacted] two oars to the weather side, and one to lee, in a pretty side surf, we found that the launch, with her small boilers, was remarkably heavy indeed. We were about half way out in the harbour, and we could either row back ashore, which we did not want to do, or we could try and reach the ship, which we did, after a rather long and tiring pull, in which we made very slow progress.

By and by we saw a small coasting steamer making for the harbour, and she turned out to be the *Corea*, belonging to the same company, commanded by a foreigner of the name of Grahl, and a crawling foreigner he was indeed. The ship was passing through the bay at some distance from us, and so I got my battered and tarred grey coat, and hoisted it on the boat-hook as a signal of distress to the passing stranger. He would take no notice of our signal at first, till he had passed us a good long way; then the dull foreigner began to think that we might

be foundering, turned round, and approached us with great gravity, at which I hauled down my improvised signal of distress. When he came near enough to be on speaking terms with our captain, and saw that we were not actually sinking, he would have nothing to say to us. It was in vain we asked him to tow us to our ship, as he declared he would lose the tide by doing so; which declaration was quite unfounded, as our captain told him; and I would believe him long before skipper Grahl anyway; for the tide would have been all right for him for the next two hours. Our captain and this one never met before, but ours of course was much senior, and he one time threatened to report skipper Grahl, but I am sure he was too good-natured to do so whenever we got over our difficulty.

We even appealed to the fellow's chivalry, seeing that we had so much muslin on board, but neither threats, nor maids, nor muslins, could move the heart of this unsailorlike sailor. And if I were near enough, I felt as if I would prog him with my boat-hook when I saw him standing on the bridge to turn round his ship and leave us all lamenting. However, we were not quite done yet. We took to our oars once again with great good-will, and so jogged along till late in the evening, when we came near enough for our own ship to notice us and send a lifeboat to our assistance.

It was very nasty to be tugging at the oars so long, but when it was all over I thought I enjoyed the episode, with the exception of the blisters that were rising on the palms of my hands, which were not accustomed to much rowing of late. We had a very pleasant dinner in spite of fatigue and coal-tar sprink-

ling, and were off at the hour appointed. There were only two ocean ships then in the Townsville Bay, the *Dacca* and the *Quetta*, and both these gallant ships are now at the bottom of the sea; the *Quetta* being shortly afterwards lost on an unknown sunken rock with considerable loss of life, while the *Dacca* was shortly afterwards lost in the Red Sea, but with no casualties save only to property.

Cooktown was now the only remaining port in Australia that we were going to call at, and when we did the weather was so boisterous that none of us went ashore. We now sailed for some time with land almost constantly to our port side, while to our starboard and outside was the Great Barrier Reef of Australia, which is the very primeval home and habitation of those millions of tiny creatures that go to the building up of coral formations throughout the world.

It was in the early morning that we were passing through the Albany Sound, a narrow, picturesque passage, with a remarkable gathering of noisy echoes living in the rock, and which we woke from their morning slumbers by firing one or two signal cannons. That same forenoon we reached the dreary-looking harbour of Thursday Island, with Australia now left far behind. It was very blowy this morning, as it generally is along this forsaken region. I do not know why the regular mail-boats call at this island, for there is scarcely any traffic in it, except a few pearl oysters, and a short stroll on the sandy shore was quite enough to make one enjoy our comfortable ship again.

At this outlandish place we took on board a part of the shipwrecked crew of the British ship *Windover*, a

famous China clipper in her day, and well known in the good old times when the *Thermopylæ* was the champion clipper; and I wonder if she is still to the fore. If she is she must be getting old now, and out of date, as these greasy steamers of late years have been taking the wind so much out of her sails that nobody hears about her now. Indeed the China clippers, so noted in their day, are now rapidly becoming mere memories of the past, and at all events it is all over with the *Windover* for 'ever.

The young captain who commanded her lost her, not in a storm, as one would think, but on a coral reef, on which she was driven by unknown currents during very calm weather, among the South Sea Islands; so that calms may be said to have their victims and victories as well as storms, though not after the same fashion as the victories of peace against those of war. But the crew of the *Windover*, after a long exposure in open boats to sunshine and calm, were at last able to reach Thursday Island in safety, including even the captain's wife and his little child.

We were now steaming through Torres' Straits and the famous Arafura Sea, gradually keeping to our port Timor, Madura, and Java; and to our starboard Celebes and the Spice Islands, with a host of others. Looking at the map of this portion of the Indian Archipelago, one cannot but wonder how any navigator is able to find his way thereabouts at all, and I may remark it was here, shortly after this, that the ill-starred *Quetta* was lost on a sunken black rock hitherto unknown on the charts of navigators.

We arrived in Batavia on Sunday morning, and went ashore soon after. The harbour is a long way

from Batavia itself, which is a typical specimen of a tropical seaport town, with its profuse and rank vegetation, oppressive heat, and buzzing insects. I had always thought of Java as an insignificant little island, belonging to the Dutch East Indies, and having Batavia for its capital; but I found it a most beautiful island, with high mountains and fertile plains. Batavia itself does not differ essentially from any tropical seaport town of our own, except that the Dutch have imported their dykes and canals into this remote dependency, and the Great Canal of Batavia is a speciality of the place, as the Towers of Silence are a speciality of Bombay, and the Black Hole is, or was, of Calcutta. And besides this, Batavia is a town of note and history, for it was here that Van Dieman ruled, and whence Tasman roved in search of new discoveries.

Dr. P. and myself disembarked here, and left the good ship *Dacca*, putting up at the Hotel Des Indies, with the intention of seeing as much as we could of the picturesque island that lays claim to the honour of having been the original Paradise. Ceylon, it will be remembered, lays claim to the same lofty distinction, and in truth there are many points of resemblance between the two islands in climate, products, and physical appearances. In the evening the captain and several of the passengers came up to the hotel, and we drove in procession round the Waterloo Plain, where they have erected a statue to Blucher, the Netherland commander at the battle of Waterloo.

All foreigners are threatened with imprisonment and expulsion from Java unless provided with a passport, which I think is a very foolish thing to do.

The agent of the British India Company promised to get passports for us two, and on Monday evening we drove to the office for them, and also to engage a passage for Samarang, from which we intended to start for the interior. The driver, to whom we could not make ourselves understood, seemed to behave to us as Tony Lumpkin did to his mother on the memorable stormy night, for after driving us somewhere for a couple of hours, we found ourselves unexpectedly at the hotel back again, without ever being able to reach the British India Office for passage or passport. There was no help for it but to do without them, for our ship was starting on the morrow's morning, and we must go on to Samarang with her.

The *Dacca* was sailing at midnight, and so we went down to say goodbye. When we reached the harbour and wharf we found that the ship had already hauled out before starting. We could see her lights, as we thought, not far away in the offing, and we shouted lustily, "*Dacca* ahoy!" but without any reply. This surprised us, as we were sure they ought to be able to hear us on board, and equally sure that if the captain was there he would send for us. By and by, through the still darkness of the night, we could hear the splashing of oars from the opposite side of the harbour, and soon a boat glided out of the darkness along the stone staircase below us. We went down to see who they were, but could not understand a word of what they said. It was a trim little boat, manned with Javanese sailors, smartly clad, and looked as if she belonged to a man-o'-war, or a superior style of merchantman. The only thing we could do was to hold up a few coins under the dim glimmer of a lamp-post, and then

ejaculate the word *Dacca*, pointing out to what we meant.

The bait took at once, and we were soon alongside the ship with the numerous lights. When climbing the side ladder of the ship I noticed that she had become much lighter than when we left her, and that she must have discharged an enormous amount of cargo in Batavia. But when I reached the top of the long ladder I was met by a strange quartermaster and a strange officer of the watch, who told us this was not the *Dacca*, but the *Taroba* of the same company, and that the *Dacca* was lying a little way outside. This at once accounted for the difficulty we found in hailing her, for the *Taroba*, still bigger than the *Dacca*, was immediately in the line between us, and entirely concealed the *Dacca* from where we were standing. Then we went on board the *Dacca* and spent a pleasant evening, the officers and passengers giving us three cheers as we left her; and thus we parted with the gallant ship *Dacca*, never to see her again, as she was shortly after that at the bottom of the sea.

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CHAPTER XI.

Away for Samarang—A courteous ship's officer—Travels in interior—Dutch party—Milord breaks down—The sacred shrine of Boroe-Boeder—Fable of construction—Swimming boys—Obliging ostlers—"Are you there, Moriarty?"—Letters of introduction—P. does not see the joke—Here is Tjillitjap.

NEXT morning we were sailing in the Netherlands India steamer *Atjeh*, a word which our insular perversity mispronounces "Acheen," and called after the province of the same name in the north of Sumatra. The Netherlands India Company is said to be now only an offshoot of the British India. If competition is the soul of trade, it is evident that there is no competition here at all, for a passage between Batavia and Samarang, a distance of less than 250 miles; and occupying less than twenty-four hours, costs five sovereigns, with nothing particular in the way of accommodation. For the same distance, or the same time on board ship, it is out and away the dearest trip recorded in my diary. Java quite of late is being rapidly opened up to travellers, on account of its improved means of communication, and, as it is a very beautiful island, and not our own, it is not unlikely, in a short time, to become the tourist's chosen trotting ground; and Sir William Mackinnon, the chairman of the company, would do well to reduce this exorbitant charge, as it is not millionaires alone who love to travel.

When we two arrived at the *Atjeh*, all the cabins had been previously engaged, but there was no objection to our taking a deck passage for the short trip at the long price of five pounds a head! P. very strongly objected, on principle, as he said, to pay so large a sum for so poor a passage. But there was no other way of going to Samarang, and to Samarang we were bound to go.

As we were sailing along these calm, sunny seas the chief officer of the *Atjeh* came up and said that the second officer of the ship would be pleased to place his cabin at my disposal during the short voyage. I would have much preferred not in a way, as it might inconvenience the officer, while the weather was calm and balmy enough for me to sleep on deck, as I had often done before. But to refuse would be rude return for the officer's kindness, and so I took it. I went afterwards to thank the second officer, when I found that he was a typical sailor, who could speak English fluently, and whose sympathies were wakened with memories of long ago when he used to be sailing out of British ports himself. I made use of the cabin he so kindly lent me, and I felt so obliged to Mr. De Yonge for his unexpected hospitality that I hope Sir William will soon give him the command of one of the largest vessels.

We called on our way at Pekalongan in the early morning, and then kept on to Samarang, where we two disembarked for our inland journey. When we called for the British Consul to procure a passport we were unable to find that functionary, and, as time is everything on these journeys, we had to trust to providence and go on without one. Here we met Mr.

B., who was very obliging in many ways, and brought us to the Concordia Club, where we met two or three other Englishmen, with whom we spent the rest of that evening.

The train next day brought us as far as the hill station of Amberawa. In the same compartment a Dutchman and two ladies were travelling together, and we noticed that one of them was reading an English novel. They all spoke English fluently, and, as we could not speak the native language, they helped to guide our wandering footsteps. They were to put up at the same hotel to which we were directed to go, but friends met them at the railway station, while we went directly to the hotel, and by some odd mistake chose the rooms which this very party had previously engaged, much against the will of the landlord, but we could not understand what the will of the landlord was, as we were in blissful ignorance of the Dutch and Javanese languages alike. When the party arrived, and we came to know of our transgression, we offered to make the only reparation in our power by clearing out of the rooms, but as we were leaving on the morrow we were allowed to remain unmolested.

This party consisted of a Government official and his wife, while the grass widow was the handsome young wife of the leading barrister at Samarang. They liked Java pretty much the same as the Anglo-Indian likes India, ever looking forward to the happy day when they should be able to quit it, but doing their best where their lot was cast for a season. They appeared to know all about Java, and were quite communicative of their information.

The ancient Buddhist shrine of Boroe-Boeder is

looked upon in Java with the same admiration as we look on the Taj Mahal in India, and we were duly recommended to see it by moonlight, exactly the same as every tourist through India is recommended to see the Taj; and there is no doubt that the pale glamour of moonlight lends enchantment to less hallowed scenes than either.

> "He who would visit the abbey aright,
> Should visit the same by the pale moonlight."

After driving round Amberawa next morning, we kept on our way, there being two or three conveyances of sorts available for our purpose. There was a *vis-à-vis*, face to face, and a *dos-à-dos*, or back to back arrangement. But there was another that won our hearts by its mere name, for it went under the appropriate sobriquet of milord. It was neither a *vis-à-vis* nor a *dos-à-dos*, but a rickety sort of vehicle like a small victoria, and without any seats in front. As our party consisted of only two, it looked like the very thing we wanted, and more especially that it was called milord. And so it was milord that we chose for our journey from Amberawa to Magelang. Four ponies, slightly larger than mastiffs, and not half so well favoured, were duly harnessed, and I must say, to the credit of the starved little beasts, that they started off at a quite brisk pace. Magelang is about the middle of Java, and as it is a considerable height above the sea, and therefore comparatively cool, it is here that the greater portion of the troops are garrisoned; and so the roads from Amberawa to Magelang were fairly good, and there were also relays of ponies on the way.

There are scarcely any horses, properly called, at all in Java, and the ponies are as a rule ragged and small. The best of them are imported from the neighbouring island of Sandalwood, and known as Sandalwood ponies. But these rather handsome ponies are mostly confined to private use, and are seldom to be found in hired conveyances, as they are too dear and precious for that sort of hack-work.

The road was sometimes rather steep, and on such occasions another pair of ponies were added at the bottom of the brae. This process of assistance at last culminated in an addition, not only of a pair of ponies, but also in a pair of bullocks! I had often driven in the proverbial one-horse chaise, sometimes behind two horses, occasionally behind four, and a few times in New Zealand behind even five; but this was the first time in my life I had the honour of being pulled by not less than eight four-footed animals. It was a curious enough turn-out in every way, and we dismissed four of the eight beasts when we reached the top, and then went on again. We were soon going to climb yet another slope, for which we were evidently to receive no aid whatever. In approaching it the four ponies were sent galloping at their best speed, to impart headway to milord behind them. My companion was a very heavy man, and myself was fairly so. Milord went gaily at the slope, when bump, and we felt ourselves suddenly falling backwards, for milord had fractured its back, and was broken down completely, as milords will sometimes insist on doing. The axle of the back wheels had broken with the bumping, in short, and we were all left helpless on the ground.

The only thing to do was for P. to remain with the

broken cart, while I accompanied the driver to the next changing place, and brought another trap of the rudest description, which, however, enabled us to reach Magelang late at night.

Unglaub, the hotel-keeper here, was himself a German, though seeking his fortune in a Dutch colony, and appeared very solicitous for the comfort of his customers. He knew lots of Java, and as I was at this time thinking of visiting some of the remoter places in the island, Unglaub provided me with a letter, written in Dutch, which would be a sort of universal introduction whenever I found myself in difficulties.

Armed with this letter, we sallied forth to Djockjo on Monday morning, intending to visit Boroe-Boeder on our way. This was a pleasant and long drive of forty-six miles, with good scenery for a great part of the way. Crowds of puny natives met us, walking or lounging about the roadside, which, combined with the apparent fertility of the soil, impressed one with an idea of the dense population of this tropical island, which is said to contain between twenty-five and thirty millions of inhabitants.

The natives of Java struck me as being probably the smallest coloured race I had yet come across. They may not be quite the shortest in the legs, but I think that they are probably about the puniest and poorest made. This remark applies particularly to the mixed Malay race inhabiting the north of the island, for the aboriginal pure Javanese, inhabiting the south of the island, are considerably stouter and sturdier.

Cultivation is carried to such a pass of perfection

here, that not only the lowland vales are put in requisition, but also the mountain heights, in a series of verdant terraces rising one above the other in a very picturesque style; their staple produce being rice, sugar, coffee, and salt; the last of which is a Government monopoly, and held in great estimation in Java on account of its exorbitant price.

At last we reached the sacred Boroe-Boeder, a stupendous monument, whose great size and hoary antiquity impart to it quite an imposing and reverential appearance. The Minjohn Pagoda above Mandalay was said to be the largest mass of bricks in the world; but the Minjohn Pagoda looked small and modern and commonplace when compared with this shrine of the ages. It is of a pyramidal shape, with nine terraces rising one above the other, and gradually growing smaller towards the top, which consists of a dome, surmounted by a stone seat, from which an excellent view may be obtained of mountain and plain in the distance. Each of the terraces is surrounded by an outer balustrade, and both the walls and balustrades are profusely adorned with all sorts of figures in raised sculpture—trees, lizards, serpents, elephants, monkeys, and last, but not least, effigies of the holy Guatama Buddha, of which there must be some three or four hundred.

The shrine is considerably over two thousand years old, and Father Time has left unmistakable prints of his fingers on the structure almost all over. But scarred and shattered though it is in this way more or less, it is safe to last another thousand years or two, unless it is overthrown by a volcanic eruption; to which Java is somewhat liable. And when the winds from the adjacent mountains gently whistled through the

chinks in the walls, I could only fancy how long it whistled there when this generation was not, and how long it would whistle there when it was not again. I went round and round it on its different terraces, I looked at it from many a coign of vantage, I dreamily gazed at it from the verandah of the little rest-house, and took my departure, wondering within myself how truly imposing it must be under the glimmer of the moonlight pale.

It and the Taj Mahal at Agra can scarcely be compared, as the Taj, though a beautiful dream in marble, is only of yesterday, whereas the sacred shrine of Boroe-Boeder is the hoary heirloom of twenty centuries.

A fable of course is connected with its building in the dim past. It was the Buddhist religion that then prevailed over all Java, though not a vestige of it now remains, and it was to the worship of Buddha that the shrine was consecrated. And so much did the mighty Buddha appreciate and favour the labours of his worshippers, that the whole structure was built by them in three days, without the sound of maul or hammer. After so much exhibition of goodwill, it is strange that Java has since relinquished the worship of Buddha, and universally adopted that of his much more modern rival, Mahomed, whose persuasion almost all the native inhabitants of Java now follow.

We had a remarkable acrobatic pony when visiting the Boroe-Boeder. Whether inspired by the sight of the sacred shrine or otherwise, he made several ineffectual attempts at somersalt in its vicinity, till at last one of his hind legs got caught in the traces, and there it stuck for a little while. But, poor little beast,

STARTING FROM THE DESERT OF GHARMSALA TO COMPLETE
"THE GIRDLE OF THE GLOBE."

he had little of the acrobat left in him by the time he finished his stage, which was a particularly long and weary one.

We once crossed a wide stream in a boat-bridge; and several naked, brown boys were swimming about in the pools, but did not disturb us by begging, as boys in Aden, &c., are apt to do. But P., who was in a charitable frame of mind, threw some coin to a little creature he saw paddling about. The child, not expecting it, was not able to catch it, and the coin sank in the muddy water. He threw another, and the child was clever enough to get hold of it before it sank to the bottom. Then, seeing that we were so charitably disposed, there was no lack of dusky little hands and eager petitioners surrounding us, showing how easily children can be spoilt, even to become beggars, for there is no plant so easily twisted as the tender twig.

For the greater portion of the way the roads were lined with various kinds of trees, conspicuous among which were bamboos, bastard teaks, and a weird-looking, leafless tree, growing peculiar capsules, which enclosed an inferior sort of cotton, though the tree itself does not bear any resemblance to the cotton shrubs with which we are familiar. This day we also passed over a very ingeniously contrived suspension bridge, constructed entirely out of bamboos, that creaked and strained musically beneath our chariot wheels; while later in the evening we found ourselves in Djockjo, after a long day's journey of nearly fifty miles.

We put up with our host of the Toegoe Hotel, and had a long conversation with him about Java topics in general. He spoke English fairly well, and

I showed him the Dutch letter I had got at the hotel in Magelang from my German host there. But my present landlord, who was himself a real round-head Dutchman, laughed good-humouredly at this letter, as it was not grammatical Dutch. But the more it was to the credit of my late landlord, that he should have given a letter so kindly intended, though in the Dutch language, with which he himself might not be quite familiar; and the esteemed letter is still in my possession, though I am not enough of a linguist to pronounce on its literary merits.

B., the kind friend who met us at Samarang, promised to send me a telegram here about my passport, and so it was waiting me at the hotel, but instead of anything about the passport, it was all about a ship which I intended to sail by from Batavia; and I had therefore to travel through Java without any passport at all from beginning to end.

My present host was particularly fat and amusing, and during his vicissitudes in life had stored up a wonderful amount of knowledge, and he had a most bewitching habit of communicating the information thus acquired. Being, as I said, very stout and well favoured, when he would address the tip of his sausage finger to the tip of his rubicund nose, and then wink knowingly, it was all I could do to prevent myself bursting with laughter. It was so much like, "Are you there, Moriarty?"

I told him of my intention of going through some of the remoter parts of Java, and he was only too willing to help me. He knew one of the officials at Tjillitjap, on the south coast, from which I intended to work my way, and he gave me a letter to him.

After visiting whatever was to be seen at Djockjo then, I prepared to proceed to Tjillitjap, having there come in contact with the iron horse once again.

But P. positively declined to accompany me on this aimless and random expedition. It was part of the programme to go a portion of the way in native boats, and P., though a good enough sailor in large ships, had the most unaccountable repugnance to small boats of any kind; and so we had to part for a while, hoping to meet again in Batavia. As the portmanteau I had with me was too heavy for knight-errantry of this kind, I handed it over to P. to bring it back with him, and buying a primitive handbag, I stored into it what it could hold; and P. returned to Samarang on his way to Batavia, while I continued on my weary and solitary journey.

The official at Tjillitjap (Chillichap), to whom I brought the letter from Djockjo, was happily living at the small hotel, the only one in the place; and the landlord could speak broken English, though the official himself could not speak a word. However, by shaking of heads and shrugging of shoulders one can get on in a wonderful way when thrown on one's own resources, and I came to the conclusion that on the next night I was to be provided with a native boat to prosecute my journey. I also understood that the official telegraphed to another, sixty miles from where I was to land, to send me there some means of conveyance. And he also provided me with two letters, one to the headman of the village where I was to land, and one to the official already mentioned, when I arrived in his district. Tjillitjap itself is a small town where a few troops are stationed, and they must have

a lively time of it there with its heat and its fever. It is situated on a muddy bight on the south coast of Java, and must be a very hotbed of malaria. And here I may mention that though the low-lying seaport towns of the island are invariably sultry and feverish, yet it is not so in the interior, which in great part consists of elevated plateaus of one or two thousand feet, in the neighbourhood of towering mountains on a more majestic scale.

CHAPTER XII.

The "Bluebells of Scotland"—A cranky canoe—Stuffy night with a stuffy crew—Benighted at last—"He gave him of his highland cheer"—Breakdown again—Tigers, or no tigers—Batavia once more, and "P" before me there.

On the appointed evening I was waiting for the boat, and rambling through the town till it arrived. It grew dark very quickly, as it always does in these latitudes. I heard music as I walked along, which I did not expect to hear in Java, in the shape of the shrill sounds of the *tactoo*, a kind of lizard supposed to be peculiar to Burmah, and resembling the household cricket in being often heard though seldom seen. But here was this reputedly localized reptile living and rejoicing in the south of Java. Geologists maintain that the islands of the Indian Archipelago were once part and parcel of the great continent of Asia, and here at any rate was a plausible coincidence to that effect.

I was still more surprised before I reached the hotel to hear somebody pass me in the dark whistling to himself the "Bluebells of Scotland." The night was very dark, so that I could not make out whether the minstrel was dark or fair. But it seemed a strange air to listen to in this out-of-the-way place till I remembered that there was a small garrison of soldiers here, and that all the European portion of the army

of Java is composed of mercenaries of all nations. It is quite possible, then, that this wandering minstrel was a cavalier of fortune, who had strayed far away and found himself at last in this not very fortunate corner.

By the time I reached the hotel it had got still darker, and it was thundering and raining in a way that only the tropics know how. Duly prepared and provisioned for emergencies in case of being benighted on the way, we at last started between nine and ten o'clock at night, though it was still thundering and raining in torrents. The boat was about half a mile away from the hotel, and when we reached it it was so dark that I could not see what it was like. In the middle of it, at any rate, was a kind of matting hood, under whose canopy I tried to squeeze myself, and in such fashion I was off, with a crew of one steersman and two men to paddle, to none of whom I could speak in any language whatever.

The inhabitants of this portion of the island do not generally speak the language of the mongrel Malays of the north, but talk Javanese, the original language of the place. In trying to copy down a few words of this language, which might prove useful in dire necessity, I found that the words for bread and water in it are almost identical with those in Hindustani, namely, *rota* and *panu* instead of *roti* and *pani* respectively. And they also call the *tactoo* almost the same as the Burmese, though it is probable that the name of this strange reptile in both languages is derived from the peculiar noise with which it generally makes its presence known.

There was scarcely any wind blowing at the time,

yet immediately after starting the two men in front began to hoist a small primitive kind of sail that looked like a ragged blanket. Whether one of the two was drunk or not, it was too dark to see, but at all events in hoisting the sail he suddenly fell on the lee side and very nearly capsized the boat. The water rushed in where I was sitting under my rude canopy, and I could not understand how it did so on account of the darkness. But I thought I had more free board than appeared from this incident, till I put out my hand and found that by placing my thumb on the top of the gunwale the tips of my other fingers reached the rippling water.

For the moment I envied P., who was then probably enjoying himself with his new friends at the Concordia Club in Samarang, but at this far stage it would never do to return to Tjillitjap with my colours hauled down. A few unintelligible ejaculations, however, induced the men to take down their rotten sail altogether, and then resort to their hand-paddles, with which they worked well enough for a while. Malays and Javanese are notorious for running *amuck* and murdering anybody they come across in their frantic seizures; and as I peered through the gloom on the dark figures before me, silently plying their paddles, they looked the incarnation of evil souls. I had got drenched to the skin with the rain, the night was very sultry, and the marsh fever was lurking about, and so I thought the best thing to do was to divest myself of my superfluous garments and pass the weary watches much after the fashion of my swarthy companions. Once I thought I slumbered, and wakened to find the boat tied to one of the banks of the passage along

which we were going. By signs and symbols I made them start again, and again I snoozed, to find on wakening that the boat this time was tied to some fishing nets.

Here I noticed that the current was so strong that it was impossible for the boat to make headway against it. Meantime the two men in front, having relinquished their toil at the paddles, were now sitting and blocking the entrance to my crib, which was becoming intolerably hot and stuffy. I tried to make them quit their awkward berths, but from this they would not budge. Though it was still raining the night was not now nearly so dark, and half naked as I was, I had to abandon my nook and take a seat where the men were previously paddling. And there I wearily waited the turn of the tide. It was impossible to make out whether I was in a sea-tide or in a river, but at any rate daylight would soon appear and make things more plain and visible. I could both see and hear the fish flopping into the net whatever it was, for the phosphorescence was peculiarly bright on this dark and rainy night.

Everything comes to him who waits, and so did daybreak come to me sitting silent there on that rude craft. The tide slackened about the break of day, and shortly after we were once again on our way, with the tide this time in our favour, for we were, in fact, passing between an island and the mainland of Java itself. And we soon apparently came to a more open arm of the sea, as indicated by a more choppy ripple of the water, and an increased fragrance and freshness of the morning air. In short, we had passed through the long narrow strait I mentioned, though while we were

in it it looked more like a river than a sound of the sea.

Then we left the sea again and paddled some miles up a real river, to the first port and destination on this new journey. It is not my purpose to overburden the reader with a superfluity of the names of places, the majority of which he is sure to mispronounce, but I may mention that the name of this first place at which we landed was Kaloepoedjong, as it is remarkably pronounceable compared with some other names in the interior of Java.

I gave one of the letters in my possession to one of the boatmen to give to the "woodana," or headman of the village. The messenger returned after a while, accompanied by a group of natives, but without the letter, and apparently without the woodana. Getting hold of my handbag and provisions, off they went, and I deemed it prudent to follow in their footsteps. The sun was shining high in the heavens, and accustomed to heat though I was, I felt this walk severely, as the village was some distance away from the creek where we landed. When I reached the woodana we commenced to talk briskly by means of the hieroglyphics of pose and gesture. I saw him read his letter, but there seemed no sight of the transport coming. The hours passed slowly enough away, but at last I was glad to see the arrival of a rude square box on four wheels and drawn by three ponies, smaller and more wretched than any I had yet seen, even in Java. This was the veritable jolting car in which I was to perform my journey of sixty miles. It was not a *dos-à-dos*, nor a *vis-à-vis*, nor even a *milord*, for any of these would look very lordly by the side of my present waggon. I

had some difficulty in squeezing myself into the box intended for my reception; and as for springs, they were conspicuous by their absence.

Bowing my best salaams to the woodana, I made my best to pack myself inside my box and jogged away. The road was so broken up in some parts as scarcely to be passable by wheeled carriage, and was much overgrown with rank grass, except the pathways that the footprints of the natives still kept clear. There was profuse vegetation everywhere, and here and there rocky indications of a volcanic origin.

The three little wretched ponies seemed tired to death, and I had no idea what distance they had come, but was always expecting to see them relieved by others, which did not come to pass as I hoped for. As evening was setting in, while these poor ponies were wearily dragging the cart, I caught sight of a fresh-looking pony tied to a tether near the roadside. The middle one of my own ponies appeared for some time back as if he would fall to the ground, and so I came out of my box, and after much persuasion and gesticulation I prevailed in relieving my middle pony and harnessing this one instead, but not knowing what on earth to do with the other two ponies that were now rapidly becoming as fagged as the one I relieved. I felt this part of the journey very long on account of my slow coach, and had an idea that we had covered much more ground than we really did. Later on we waded across a river after passing a village some time before, and I now regretted not trying to find shelter there for the night, as our ponies could scarcely drag the cart behind them. It was hard to see the little beasts staggering on in this fashion, but what could

I do with nothing but sympathy in my power to help them.

Some time after crossing the river we again came across another village, where I saw a bigger house than the rest standing near the roadside, and a dark man in European clothes standing in the verandah; and so I made signs to the driver to drive there. This man was a half-breed, and could probably talk enough Dutch, but scarcely a word of English, except the few words that are nearly the same in the two languages, like "comes here," "sits there," &c.

I could find no trace of fresh ponies, and I was returning away, when a happy thought struck me. I had one of the official's letters still in my pocket, and though it was closed and directed to the village at which I was supposed to end this portion of the journey, I thought I would be justified in breaking it open, on the principle that necessity knows no laws; and so I gave it to the dark man dressed in garments, who immediately became all smiles and affability, and begged of me to "sits doon" with great civility.

This I found was the residence of the woodana of that village, who immediately came out himself, and was everything good and gracious. He gave me water to bathe, food to eat, and in every other way proved the very best Samaritan. The first thing he put before me was dried-up flesh of sorts, which at first sight looked tough and stringy enough, but not so in reality, for on tasting it I found it quite delicious. I discovered then that I was very hungry, having previously forgotten my personal comforts on the way. I thought I had tasted something like this sweet morsel before, and tried to ask the name of it from the Dutch

Eurasian. I could not well make out the word from the way he was pronouncing it, till at last I gave him my note-book, when he wrote down the word "*harten-flesch*" in a fairly good hand. A passage in "The Lady of the Lake" then came vividly to my memory, when FitzJames gets benighted in the camp of Roderick Vic Alpine Dhu—

> "He gave him of his Highland cheer,
> The hardened flesh of mountain deer."

Here was a somewhat similar scene enacted in real life, only that this time Vic Alpine Dhu, benighted in a strange land, was the receiver of good cheer instead of the giver.

In the early morning I found it difficult to express my gratitude to this native stranger. The same evening, after travelling through a varied country, we at last found ourselves in the village whence the ponies had originally started on their journey, for there was not a single relief from start to finish of this long distance; and I was glad to see the last of the poor ponies that I sometimes feared would die on the way. It was to an official of the place that the letter I had torn open the previous night was directed, but as my vocabulary was not extensive enough to explain how the envelope came to be opened, and as I also thought myself fairly secure now, I did not care to present it. And so that letter, like the letter from my host of Magelang, still remains in my box as a souvenir of this my random trip through Java.

Because I was anxious to overtake my ship at Batavia on the date announced by telegram to Djockjo, and because in such a hot climate it is

pleasanter and cooler to travel by night than by day, I endeavoured to start in the evening, to take advantage of the cool night and see the scenery under the pale glimmer of the moon, which was in its first quarter. But I was not able to start before nine o'clock, by which time the rain had quite cleared away, and the moon was shining gently and solemnly over the strange tropical scenes through which I was now for the first time passing.

There was a fairly good road from this town of Manonjaya to the railway terminus at Garoet, a distance of about fifty miles. But the moon naturally set soon after midnight, and we had now to travel in the dark. About three o'clock in the morning there was a sudden thud below me, and I found that my "diligence" had broken down. This was the second time I was landed in this predicament in Java, for the reader may yet remember the sudden collapse of *milord* recorded in a previous chapter. But *milord* had broken down in open daylight, when I had a companion with me to share the chagrin, whereas my present breakdown was in the dead of night, with none at all to share my troubles. However annoyed I might feel, fretting was of no use, while patience was the best virtue to be practised under the circumstances. Unfortunately I could not converse a bit with the driver in the dark, for my crammed vocabulary of Javanese words was not prepared for such a contingency as a breakdown at such a witching hour of night.

I remembered reading some articles in the newspapers giving glowing accounts of the tigers of Java, which appeared to be as numerous as the rabbits in

Australia, and this was the very portion of the island described as particularly the tigers' home, where they used to paw the villagers and run away with them to the jungle to devour them at their leisure. And here we were in Tigerland at the dead of night, in a brokendown vehicle, without means of going one way or the other. Of course it was the most natural thing in the world for a tiger to come out of the wayside forest and run away with the driver or one of the ponies, but Ferox never put in an appearance. At last the driver vanished, running away as fast as his legs could carry him, and I asked myself, Was he really being conjured away to the forest to keep company with the tigers? But I could do nothing but wait patiently the turn of events. Time passed on, and welcome daylight would soon be dawning; but before then the driver turned up again with a fresh turn-out complete, ponies, coach, and all. On both these occasions of breaking down in Java it was fortunate to be on the more frequented roads, instead of the difficult and remote ones on which I had of late been travelling, as our delay in such cases would be indefinitely prolonged.

So we drove along at our best speed in the early morning, passing for a while along the lonely banks of murmuring streams, and at last, weary and worn, reached Garoet, to find, of course, that the daily train for Batavia had started. The same day, however, brought me as far as Bandoeng, and on the morrow I took train for Buitenzorg and Batavia. The scenery around Buitenzorg is particularly fine, the place itself being some 2,000 feet above the level of the sea, and serving as a very convenient hill station to the jaded

citizens of Batavia, with which it is connected by a railway, often running through quite narrow valleys, with elevated verdant banks along either side. The path is often so confined and narrow that the smoke from the engines is pushed into the carriages the same as in a railway tunnel; and on this account the carriages on this line are provided with movable screens, in addition to the usual doors, the more securely to minimize the access of smoke into the compartments.

When I reached Batavia I found P. had come there some days before, and was suffering from fever, while I felt very fit after my wild journey across Java. He was then in tow with an old officer from India, who had taken privilege leave to see what Java and its tigers were like. But Batavia had proved a veritable Capua to him, and beyond Batavia he did not care to go.

CHAPTER XIII.

Search for the lost and slain—No punkahs in Java—Didn't like my "Dutch wife"—No salt, no soap—Dress of Dutch ladies in Java—8 a.m. in *Prins Alexandre*—The Thousand Islands—Singapore, with its salt, soap, and civilization—Raffles Hotel—Visit to Johore—The Prince Imperial of Brazil.

WE went one evening to see some of the cemeteries of Batavia, and to find out where the British troops were buried who fell near here in a battle with the Dutch; for it will be remembered that Java was occupied by the British during the time of the Peninsular war, and afterwards handed over to the Dutch when it was all over. But though we visited both European and native cemeteries, we could not find out where these soldiers were laid in their last resting-place. Some of the tombs in the Dutch cemetery were very fine, and appeared to be well looked after. The tombs in Java of some of the Chinese merchants are also very interesting with their horseshoe shape and profuse ornamentation.

Mr. G. and his wife left the *Dacca* in Batavia with us to visit some friends on their way to Europe, and we found them still there when we returned to Batavia back again. It was mainly through them we were able to pass our last night in Java at a ball given by the Harmonic Club, which put a finish to my rambles through the island.

Though they talk a different language from us, I found the Dutch in Java a very kindly disposed people, no doubt proud of a country that has left such a mark on the world's history, which was almost the birthplace of religious freedom, and produced the artistic Van Dyke and the roving Tasman.

Java is very hot, but the Dutch never use punkahs there, as they say it gives them headache and prickly heat to see these formidable frills silently swinging over their heads. But headache, prickly heat, and even fever seem to us preferable to the slow process of being roasted alive. But punkahs, after all, are of comparatively little use in such very moist climates as Java, where the atmosphere is almost always saturated with vapour. It is a popular mistake that places with little or no rainfall have generally dry climates, for nothing may be further from the fact. Aden, for instance, whose rainfall is almost *nil*, is one of the moistest climates in the world. And so is Bombay and all the low-lying littoral of Java, even when there is no actual rain for months and months together. And in all such climates punkahs are comparatively useless.

But instead of punkahs to keep them cool, the Dutch in Java have a substitute in what is jocularly known as the "Dutch wife." This is neither a punkah nor a matrimonial partner, but a kind of pillow with which every bed of every hotel in Java is duly furnished, and which one is supposed to place between his knees during the hours of slumber and repose. Without denying that the "Dutch wife" helps to keep one more or less cool—for what wife doesn't?—yet to the stranger she is by no means an easy wife to manage;

and I always found it such a bother to do so, that I generally found my "Dutch wife" kicked out on the floor when I woke in the morning.

The hotels also follow the continental system of not providing soap for their customers, and it is as well to remember this, though in the very largest city hotels they will provide soap on extra requisition and payment. And the traveller must also not forget to bring quantities of salt with him, for he will not be provided with any, salt apparently being quite an expensive luxury in Java, as I believe it is one of the Government monopolies there. The favourite Eastern dish of curry-and-rice goes round with unfailing regularity, but instead of the usual condiments of jutney and Bombay ducks, there are innumerable relishes that would require a gastronomist to arrange or classify. But for one appetiser you will look in vain, and that is the familiar old friend, the table-salt, the scarcity of which will be very much missed by the majority of British travellers; for, when they get it at all, it will be served to them in pinchés, like gold dust dropped into miniature censers of salt-cellars.

The Dutch ladies, too, in Java dress much more comfortably than they do in British India. Even at large public hotels, like the *Hotel des Indes*, the usual rule for them is to come to table at breakfast, dressed in loose-flowing *sarongs*, with bare ankles and stockingless feet peeping out of embroidered slippers. As there is no use for a wasp-waist under a *sarong*, there is no necessity of taking care of it, and the form divine suffers in consequence. And, after all, a swinging bust on a waspish waist is a thing well worth cultivating, even at the expense of a stitch in the liver.

It was now getting near time that I should be taking leave of Java. I never possessed a passport all the time I was there, for reasons already quoted, and I am glad to say that I was never once molested for want of one. At last the Capuan warrior mentioned before, as well as P. and myself, set sail in the Netherlands India steamer *Prins Alexandre*. "*Kya bat*," said the colonel: "no salt again!" at which the said warrior went into a devouring fury. There was no use in reasoning that salt was in the seasoning. "Give me my salt!" was the cry of us all, and it was then that I thought for the first time that a man being worth his salt really meant that he was worth a great deal, judging from the value they put on salt in the remote province of Java; and the man there who can say of another that he has eaten his salt means that he has literally put him under a great obligation.

But though there was scarcity of salt on board, there was enough and to spare of *schnapps* always ready on the quarter-deck, and there was no danger of glasses tumbling down from the lurching of the ship, nor any use of racks on the tables, for these glittering seas are nearly as calm as a pond almost from one end of the year to the other. They are said to be the very home of waterspouts, though I was not fortunate enough to see any; but, excepting them, and an occasional volcanic eruption, scarcely anything ever disturbs the quietness of these tranquil waters. Indeed, the peculiar build of the *Prins Alexandre* was calculated to ensure a certain portion of coolness to the passengers, more than their safety in blowing winds and stormy seas; for the saloon was

entirely open sternways, and so near the water's edge, that any very heavy seas would inevitably swamp her. But such heaving billows are never heard of in the Java seas, over which she was just now sailing.

We passed innumerable islands when leaving Batavia, and then saw the last sight of Java, soon after which we entered the narrow channel that separates the large island of Sumatra on the left and the comparatively small one of Banca on the right, both of which were visible all the time. It is in the province of Acheen, in the north of Sumatra, that the Dutch were then, and are still, waging a guerilla warfare against the natives, who refuse to be conquered, and the Dutch never despatch enough troops to subdue them once and for all. But we did not call at any place in Sumatra on this trip, and the few troops we had on board, intended for that jungle fighting, we had consequently to land at Muntok, in the island of Banca, near which we also saw the wreck of a large British merchantman which had lately been lost there. Then we kept on to Riou, another small island possession of the Dutch, and where I went ashore during the stay of the ship there.

But we are now in the early morning landing in the British port of Singapore, and once again reach the region of salt, soap, and civilization. Raffles Hotel, at which we put up, is situated on the esplanade, and affords a fine panoramic view of the harbour of Singapore, which looked very brilliant at night when lighted up by numberless crafts of every description.

Singapore is less than a hundred miles north of the

equator, and is naturally very hot and sultry, without any variation from one end of the year to the other. It is a port of call of all northern tourists who put the smaller girdle, or *circumambus minor*, round the globe. It is a pity, then, that they never see or even reach the great equatorial line, the very home of Neptune, and consequently, therefore, get no opportunity of getting tarred and feathered, as they ought to be, in crossing the equator for the first time. Many tourists who are not geographers are disappointed at this when they find it out; and now that Java is being rapidly opened up to their ravages, I am sure many of them will avail themselves of this opportunity of crossing the world's half-way house, by visiting that beautiful island which is only a few hundred miles from Singapore, with which it is now in regular fortnightly communication.

Singapore itself has all the luxuriant verdure becoming its tropical situation. Not far from the harbour is the fortified hill, which is garrisoned with a few guns, and which also serves as a signal station to all the sea and land round about.

Raffles is a great name in Singapore, for not only the principal hotel, but also the public museum, is called after Raffles. Queer as the name sounds, yet Raffles was once a governor of Singapore, and a good governor he was too. Raffles was also governor of Java during the British occupation, and I think it was he who then gave the British public the first graphic description of the Boroe-Boeder shrine, to which he assigned the first place of all ancient monuments of the world.

Among the passengers by the *Dacca* from Australia

was a young couple whose habitation of exile was Johore, and whom I promised to see if I reached so far as that locality. It is the principal town of an independent native state, with a full-blown Sultan of its own. It is at the very extremity of the Malay peninsula, and only separated from Granji Pier on the island of Singapore by straits only a mile or two wide. So to Granji Pier P. and myself drove of an early morning. It was a pleasant enough drive, but offered nothing in novelty to the same kind of drive in Java or Ceylon. When we reached the pier there was a slight choppy sea in the sound, and as we had to pass it in a small *sampan* under a broiling sun, P. preferred to stay there till I returned again, as he had the greatest dislike to these cranky boats. Having seen the town of Johore and those I went there to see, we both returned to the hotel late the same evening. These narrow straits, though usually tranquil enough, are occasionally subject to violent squalls, and only a short time before several people, including one or two Europeans, were drowned there by their boat capsizing in a sudden gust of violent wind. There are very few white folk living at this out-of-the-way place, but there was a boom on at this time a.' the same; and not only Johore itself, but also the town of Singapore, was full of it, and indeed I was getting myself pretty full of booms by the time I arrived so far north again. This boom was over the discovery of tin mines of unbounded riches, but the operations, however, had so far reached the stage of prospectus only, and I am not sure how the mines eventually turned out.

While we were living at Raffles' there was a Bra-

zilian man-o'-war lying out in the Singapore harbour. She was said to carry the Prince Imperial of Brazil. After being saluted and *fêted* in Government House in the usual official fashion, he came once or twice, with some of his suite, to dine at Raffles'. He appeared fair enough himself, but some of his suite looked very small and swarthy. In a few days the man-o'-war left on a cruise to Java, and not long after that, probably before the prince reached home, Brazil was a republic, and Dom Pedro his grandfather, a fugitive from the country of which he was then emperor. Such is the vanity of human wishes and the uncertainty surrounding all earthly affairs!

CHAPTER XIV.

Passage in a Frenchman—Saigon—French priests and their snoring—Heavy night at sea—Picturesque Hong Kong—Ascent of Victoria Peak—Part with "P." to meet again—Hong Kong and Aden—Boisterous weather and brilliant phosphorescence—Surrounded by a fog—An accurate pilot—John Chinaman and his "pigeon."

FOR the sake of novelty we embarked on our voyage to China in the *Djemna*, a fine ship belonging to the French *Messageries Maritimes* Company. Neither of us could speak much French, but that was a matter of quite secondary importance, and so we boarded the ship in the Singapore harbour in the highest of spirits. The little swimming boys there are almost as vociferous as those of Aden, but not nearly so black, and they kept up their continual war-cry for coins till once we got under weigh. The *Djemna* proved a very comfortable ship with her French stewards, French cooks and all. She was the first ship I travelled with where the electric light was available all night long. It is not always an advantage to have the gift of tongues, and we did not at all feel the want of French scholarships here, as everything seemed to come to hand as if we had been in possession of Vica Versa's wishing-stone.

After an uneventful voyage among our Gallic neighbours we found ourselves steaming up river to the Franco-Chinese town of Saigon, which we found

intolerably hot at that time of year, as it probably is all the year through. It is a large town some forty miles up the Saigon river, and half-way almost between Singapore and Hong Kong. After a visit to the native town, about half-a-dozen miles from the ship, and after listening to a French play there, we were not sorry to take French leave of the place, as the heat was something awful, and the mosquitoes still more so. The French mails are the only regular liners that call at Saigon, and on this occasion there were two of them in together, the *Djemna* and the *Caledonien*. We left the place a little before the other ship, but she quickly overhauled us, and looked quite the Caledonian stern and wild, passing us as if we were standing still. But then the *Caledonien* was homeward bound, and so naturally in a hurry, whereas the *Djemna* was outward bound, and therefore equally sluggish and slow.

We had on board not less than thirteen French priests, who were on their way to convert the heathens of China and Japan; and it was also the typhoon season in the China seas. With so many priests on board, and at such a time of year, it was only common prudence to prepare for squalls.

The ships of the *Messageries Maritimes* differ somewhat from the majority of British passenger ships, in the fact that the quarter-deck is free to first and second saloon passengers alike. The French officers on board going up for duty to Tonkin, all under the rank of major, travelled in the second saloon at Government expense; and so did the priests at the expense of their different orders. And how these priests could snore sleeping on the quarter-deck

at night! Snoring is rather a rare accomplishment with us, but evidently not so with the French priesthood going to China, with whom snoring was so universal as to look like a condition of the service, and that none but snorers need apply.

Neither were we disappointed in the anticipated squall, for the night before we reached Hong Kong it blew a strong gale with heavy seas, in which the ship behaved admirably with her hatches and all battened down. It was no joke to stay on deck, and so I turned in early, but I rolled about like a barrel in my bunk, and could not sleep a wink in consequence.

About three or four o'clock in the morning I went up on deck, as I felt the ship suddenly stop. Every one of the ship's crew appeared so busy about something, that nobody cared to ask them any questions. I could see the captain peering through the gloomy darkness as if he expected to see something. Then we commenced to take soundings, and a little while thereafter the ship started ahead again. There was nothing wrong with the ship herself, and the reason of her stopping was the foul night; and as they had not been able to take observations since the weather got so thick, the captain was getting afraid of approaching too dangerously near some islands lying immediately on our port side. Next morning we arrived in Hong Kong, and by that time the gale had abated.

When we reached there we found that the same gale had passed over the city and done considerable damage, driving some Chinese junks ashore and drowning a few people. The newspapers of that day commented severely on the meteorological department in not giving any warning of the gale, for the weather

prophets seemed to think it all serene till the very bursting of the blast came on.

Hong Kong is a picturesque place, and is not unlike Aden in its general appearance, though it is not so parched and burnt up as that latter paradise. Mount Victoria is about the same height as Shumshum in Aden, and is used as a signalling station as well as for meteorological purposes. Like Aden, too, Hong Kong is a great place for the transhipment of cargoes, and I believe that in trade of this kind it comes second or third of all ports in the British Empire. The streets are generally very narrow, and there appears to be a dearth of space for building purposes, while the heathen Chinee is supreme in numbers, and the jaunty rickshaw is the prevailing means of carriage.

I climbed Mount Victoria to have a look round, going up two-thirds of the way to Victoria Place in a steam car. It is from this place that the cars are worked up and down at an angle sometimes of 45°, and the system of working is by wire ropes running on rollers, so that when one set of cars is being pulled up the hillside, another set is at the same time going down, and so helping by its weight the other one to climb the hill.

The richer people of Hong Kong have fine houses scattered in odd nooks and corners in the vicinity of Victoria Place, which is much cooler and quieter than the busy town below. I then climbed to Victoria Peak, where the signalling and meteorological apparatus are. These were the instruments, or the men in charge of them, which were said to be at fault for not predicting the gale that had raged a little while before, and I may therefore mention how I found the instru-

ments on the following day: Wind strong from the south-east; sky partially clouded with *cirri* and *cumuli* from the east and north-east; barometer 28·45 inches; thermometer, maximum in shade 72°, minimum 59°, dry bulb 71°, wet bulb 69°. The very low barometer of itself would almost foretell a storm under ordinary circumstances, but due allowance must be made for the height of elevation, and I had no means of knowing how the barometer read before the gale whose approach it was its duty to foretell.

Great mountain climbers may smile at such mountain heights as that of Mount Victoria in Hong Kong, but at the same time they know what a difference it makes in the heat of a tropical locality, as well as in the look of the surrounding country. And Victoria Peak is not only much cooler, but also commands an extensive view of sea and land, such as the various hills and hollows of the mountain itself, the great mainland of China here, the ocean and islands there, the city swirling below, but quiet and calm from your elevated standpoint, and last, the harbour teeming with great ships, the greatest of which look to you as mere crows in the distance far away. Such is the panorama that meets your gaze from the top of Victoria Peak of Hong Kong. No sooner I came down than I met P. gaily riding in a rickshaw, and we went together to the Happy Valley and the European cemetery, and then dined at the Hong Kong Hotel.

When I left Singapore it was my intention to leave the ship at Hong Kong, go on to Canton, work my way along the coast to Tientsin, and then make for Pekin and the Great Wall of China. From information received on board the vessel from people who

knew China, I concluded that if I followed out this programme I should not be able to reach the Great Wall of China at all, as the harbours of the north would be frozen up long before I reached Tientsin, from which I intended to make a start inland. But the Great Wall of China was one of the wonders of the world that I was determined to see, if possible, and so I abandoned the secondary considerations of Canton and the China coast to Shanghai in favour of the other alternative, and kept on with the *Djemna* straight on to the latter port—an arrangement for which I had to be thankful afterwards, as I should not have been able to reach the Great Wall without it.

P. from the first did not intend to go to the Great Wall, his purpose being to travel together along Canton and the coast as far as Shanghai, then part with me for Japan and return home *viâ* British India. And so after dinner I went on board my ship, and P. and myself parted with mutual good wishes and hoping to meet again; and how we did meet I shall relate in a future chapter.

Hong Kong differs from Aden, at any rate, in the important point of being a complete island, whereas Aden is fastened to the mainland of Arabia by a narrow strip of land. It was through the narrow straits that separated China from Hong Kong that we proceeded on our way northwards, passing to the left the Chinese town of Kowloon, on the very verge of the mainland coast, and we soon found ourselves in the Formosa Channel, with lots of islands visible between us and the China mainland, the most important of which was Amoy, which we could see in the distance

with a pagoda on the top of a hill, and the town of Amoy hidden in a nook behind.

We were now approaching the mouths of the mighty Yangstekiang river, and from the colour of the water in this region it was easy to conjecture why it should be called the Yellow Sea. There is so much silt poured out by this river, that the sea far away from land acquires quite a pea-soupy colour; and by reason of the great amount of fresh water in it the Yellow Sea is also much more brittle than more briny oceans. As the weather was still boisterous over this choppy sea, the waves were breaking in one continuous foam, and nothing could exceed the brilliancy of the phosphorescence at night-time, the sea looking like one flickering sheet of driven snow. It was the finest exhibition of the kind I have ever seen. I have already alluded to this peculiarly bright degree of phosphorescence during one of my night wanderings in Java, and as I have never seen anything before or since to compare with these two nights, I must come to the conclusion that the mingling of muddy fresh water with the salt water of the sea favours the display of this phenomenon.

But before we reached Shanghai the weather had got quite calm, and on the morning we intended to make the port, we found ourselves surrounded by a dense fog. It was very thick after breakfast-time, and we had been anchored off the shallow coast since daybreak. The pilot on board was a Dane, whom we had brought with us all the way from Hong Kong, and I remember him saying that when we dropped anchor in the early morning he had calculated the ship's position to be near the lightship, and

wondering we did not hear the lightship's foghorn. None had heard any foghorn, but to the credit of the pilot's precise navigation, some one at about noon picked out the sonorous sounds of the foghorn in the distance. Whether the pilot was skilful enough to place his ship with such remarkable precision, or whether he had been able to see the light in the early dawn before the fog got so thick, I am not able to say, but all gave him the credit of being a great navigator to travel with. The fog did not clear till the next night, and so there we lay all that day in the Bay of Shanghai, oh!

During the night, as I said, the fog cleared away, and we found ourselves in the morning off Woosung, which is the coast port of Shanghai on the mouth of the river. The French mail-boats do not go up to Shanghai itself when outward bound to Japan, though they do so on their way home, and as the great majority of the passengers were landed here, including the priests, there was great stir and confusion about people's luggage. We got started at last, and I said goodbye to the pleasant *Djemna*, and was up in Shanghai in time for a late breakfast, placing my footsteps for the first time on the mainland of this ancient empire.

The weather was then cold in Shanghai compared with the countries I had lately visited, and as more cold was expected to follow, I had to provide myself with fresh warm clothing. There was no lack of Chinese tailors about the hotel, for my new raiments were intended to be more useful than ornamental. "Johnnie," said I to the tailor, "you must make it good, or you get no dollars." "No," replied

John, "me no make no good, master no give no pigeon." Pigeons! how on earth was I to give him pigeons, whether he made my clothes good or bad? Did he expect that I carried pigeons in my pockets or sleeves, like a conjurer in a travelling caravan? No, no, I could not supply him with pigeons, but I could give him a reasonable number of dollars wherewith to buy them for himself.

However, when the work was ready it was very satisfactory, and I gave Johnnie his "pigeon" all right, which in this instance must have meant pay or reward, for Johnnie uses the word "pigeon" to every conceivable thing under the sun, from a needle to an anchor, and from the purest parts of speech to the "pigeon" English he makes use of himself.

I have just turned up this expressive word "pigeon" in the Slang Dictionary, and find it only the corrupt Chinese form of our very ordinary word "business." There are no people whose English is so difficult to understand as the "pigeon" English of the Chinese. Their own language appears to be a soft one, and in a language in which a letter generally means a whole word it is natural to suppose that a word means a whole sentence. And indeed John Chinaman learns his English in phrases and sentences, and not in the minuter subdivisions of letters and words, and neither knowing nor caring where the punctuation comes in, he spouts out his long rigmarole with truly fatal facility.

I rather liked Shanghai, as it felt so bracing and cool after my roasting in Java, Singapore, and Saigon. Except that it has so little back country, where to go occasionally, Shanghai is a very fine place. The piece

of ground on which it is placed is only a mere local concession from the Chinese to various Governments, and the surrounding country, like all the rest of China, is still an unopened country for easy communication. It does not pretend to the picturesque, like Hong Kong, but I should prefer to live in it, as Hong Kong is altogether too confined, and we cannot always be gazing on the hills, even when they are more engaging than the Mount Victoria of Hong Kong.

There is one passable drive of a few miles outside the town, and as you go along it you will observe peculiarly-looking boxes covered with matting and lying on the ground. You will naturally inquire what these queer concerns are. Well, they are the coffins of defunct Chinese. The inhabitants of the Flowery Land do not approve of regular cemeteries, where the good and the bad may lie quietly side by side. Oh, no; to find a proper orthodox grave for a real orthodox Johnnie is a work of great importance and punctiliousness. As they worship their ancestors, the proper burial of the dead is an item of great concern for the living. The stars, of course, must be first consulted by the yellow priests, and the stars or their interpreters are not always propitious, and do not choose to come to the proper conclusions in a mad hurry.

Till the combination of the stars become favourable poor Johnnie's remains must remain above ground. Perchance the liberated soul cares little for the earthly tabernacle left behind it. But if it does, and cannot rest till the dust returns to the dust whence it came, then the unseen spirits of the Chinese must often be in a very bad way. In this respect in China the poor have an immense advantage over the rich. It is

always to be observed that the sacerdotal astrologers find rest for the poor much sooner than for the rich, and thereby bury their dead out of their sight. Not so with the rich, and the reason is obvious. As long as the stars are being consulted the priests receive reward for their star-gazing. The reward from the poor can only be a mite, and not worth watching for, and so the constellations arrange themselves peaceably and without delay. But it takes a much longer period for the rich to find the conjunction of stars necessary for a suitable resting-place, as an early interment would cut short the fees of the pious priesthood, and so there they remain above the ground, and the priests pocket the money.

In this way the whole of this great country is dotted over with mounds of the dead, without the remotest idea of any arrangement; and this is one of the difficulties in promoting Chinese railways, for it would be the height of desecration to carry railways over graves, and it would be impossible to avoid them, as these mounds are strewn through the length and breadth of the land.

CHAPTER XV.

Letters of introduction—Lost in Cheefoo—Murder of Mr. Jamieson—Gala day and man-o'-war bunting—Chinese junks and their painted peering eyes—Description of hull and rigging—Typhoon in the Gulf of Pichili—Breaking of the main cable—Drifting on the fatal lee shore—Engines to the rescue—Fog again—Arrive at Taku at last.

THE head at Shanghai of the famous firm of Jardine, Matheson and Co. was a namesake of my own. It was with one of their steamers I intended to proceed to Tientsin, but the weather had been very rough of late, and the steamers on this line had been all storm-stayed in the northern ports. The season was setting in fast for the freezing of the north Chinese harbours during winter, and I felt a little anxious as to whether I should be able to reach the Great Wall of China at all, although it was one of the few places in my original programme as bound to be seen on this rambling voyage.

When I called at the office he gave me letters of introduction both to Tientsin and Pekin alike. Letters of introduction are almost invariably kindly intended, but they are not always without their drawbacks, as they often hamper the traveller by following the advice of his new friends against the dictates of duty, while but few residents in foreign countries know sufficiently about them to be of any very material service. The swarms of tourists who crowd to India during the

pleasant, cool season may see more of the country than many a resident of long and toilsome exile, but little do they know of the latter's sweltering experiences in his own circumscribed districts. To travel as he ought, the traveller should always prefer fasting to feasting till his work is done, for see in "Oceana" how Mr. Froude was hampered by his feasts, and how much he talks of great folk and banquets. If he had feasted less and travelled more, his book, with its great circulation, would be much less nauseously pedantic.

As a matter of fact, people not unfrequently know but little, and care less, for many things of interest lying under their noses, and for the simple reason that they happen to be so near. The charm of distance is often a wonderful enchantment and incentive motor in the acquisition of knowledge; and the whole object of my rambles was to see the mountain and the flood as God created them, and to watch John Chinaman on his native heath, and the Japanese riding in his rickshaw.

But letters of introduction are occasionally very useful to be brought out when required, and I should never, for instance, have managed to go through Java in the way I did without the letters of introduction, of which I myself could not understand a word. So, armed with these letters, I proceeded, confident that if the harbour of Tientsin would not be frozen up before I came there, I should be able to reach the Great Wall of China some way or other.

With this object in view I duly embarked on board a small vessel called the *Hae-an*, belonging to the China Merchants Company. Mr. T., who was

joining the Chinese Customs Department, and myself were the only European passengers on board, and the ship's crew were all Chinese except the captain and two or three officers. We were bound to Tientsin *viâ* Cheefoo. I do not know the meaning of the word "Cheefoo," but "Tientsin" in Chinese means the "Ford of Heaven," and "Hae-an" means "smooth waters." The Chinese are, of course, very superstitious, and as the ship had a good captain and such a very fine name, she was, I believe, a favourite passenger ship, as she is supposed, on account of her name, to get on smoothly with the watery elements, and so make pleasant voyages—but did she, this journey?

There was a stiff breeze on when we cleared into the open sea, and it increased as we went along. Cheefoo is situated near the extremity of the province of Shantung, which stretches out far into the Yellow Sea, and forms the southern boundary of a portion of the same known as the Gulf of Pichili. This province of Shantung, by the way, has the reputation of producing the strongest inhabitants of all China, north and south. When we reached Cheefoo we found quite a large fleet of men-o'-war in harbour, all decorated in the full bloom of bunting. The bunting was displayed not exactly, I believe, to salute the *Hae-an*, but to celebrate the birthday of the Empress Dowager of China, who was, till very lately, the Empress Regent during the minority of the present reigning emperor. We counted no less than fifteen of these men-o'-war decked in all their bravery, of which nine were Chinese and four Japanese, as well as one British and one German gunboat.

Besides these, there were at least one or two hundred Chinese junks celebrating the happy day in their own rude, rag-tag fashion, and the *Hae-an* hoisted her own colours to keep them all company. These Chinese junks are as clumsy-looking crafts as the eye can well rest upon, but they are not so in reality. There is no attempt at having an upright cut-water, the junks having to sail the seas more on the principle of an incline plane, or the ducks-and-drakes of schoolboys, with their bows cut across slantingly downwards and backwards. There is no keel, and the rudder is proportionately so monstrous, and the stern so high above the prow, that the man at the helm is in a very exalted position indeed, and the whole turn-out, some distance away, looks as if the junk were going down to the bottom head foremost. Not only this, but the sails, which are shaped like those of a lugger, have not only each the usual spar at the top, but a series of spars all the way down. These secondary spars are made of light bamboos, which, while offering little surface to the breeze, prevent the sails from bulging out too much, and thus enable the junks to go closer up to the wind than they would otherwise be able to do, devoid of a keel as they always are. Add to this a sly, slanting eye rudely painted on each side of the prow, and you form in your own mind's eye a fair picture of what a Chinese junk is like. They are of various sizes, from a few tons to two or three hundred, and with one or more masts, but in all cases they present a very crude and unwieldy appearance. Yet, in spite of all this, these odd junks are easily handled by those who know them, and are capable of riding over

tremendously heavy waves. Johnnie will tell you that they have got the imitation eyes printed on their prow to "savy" where they are going to; for how otherwise would they be able to keep their course if they had no eyes to see with? But he is fond of figurative language, and, as regards things nautical, we must not forget that the heathen Chinee claim to have first invented the compass that guides the mariner over the angry waves.

As the ship was to remain some hours at Cheefoo, T. and myself went ashore in one of the native boats, the captain promising to whistle for us half an hour before the ship would be ready. Cheefoo is a kind of watering-place for the played-out people of Shanghai, who come here to pass a week or two in the hot summer, although Cheefoo must be as hot as Shanghai itself, except that it is immediately on the sea-coast. After visiting the various nooks outside the town frequented by these gentry, we dived into the native Chinese town itself. But it is one thing to get into a Chinese town, and quite another pair of shoes to get out of it again, and the native town of Cheefoo, though not very large, rather puzzled us. It was neither savoury nor clean, and it proved such a labyrinth of narrow lanes, that we devoutly wished we had not gone into it at all, for neither of us could speak the language or inquire our way about. But at last we found ourselves emerging on the extreme further end of the town towards the beach, and as we were now in sight of the sea, we would not lose it again on any account.

Almost immediately after our disentanglement we heard the "Whistle-and-I'll-come-to-you-my-lad" from

the ship, and we hurried therefore as fast as ever we could across the muddy beach, over rotting junks, logs of wood, and drifted seaweeds promiscuously heaped here and there, and were thus by the ship's side just before she was ready for sailing.

Mr. Jamieson, the Commissioner of Cheefoo, had been missing for two or three days before then. He was a stranger to his new charge, and had relieved his predecessor only a short time before. Great fears were entertained of his safety, and minute search was being made everywhere and in every direction. His body was found a few days after our visit buried on this same beach, probably murdered by the Chinese, though the result of the inquest I have not afterwards heard.

By the time we sailed again the weather was becoming very cold, with showers of hail and boisterous blasts; but there was an excellent stove in the saloon that kept us warm enough when down below. On a certain morning we found ourselves anchored ten or twelve miles off Taku, the coast port of Tientsin, which is itself fifty miles up the river Peihó, on which Pekin, the great capital of China, is also situated.

It was then blowing a strong gale, which increased in intensity, and attained its climax about noon. I have often seen much heavier seas, for the Gulf of Pichili is too narrow, and contains too much fresh water to give rise to the largest of long, heaving billows; the sea being, on the contrary, like the similar case of the Mediterranean, short and choppy, and breaking easily into froth and foam. But the wind blew occasionally in such terrific blasts, enough almost to tear one away from whatever he might be

laying hold of. The Gulf of Pichili being but a part of the Yellow Sea, looked yellow enough at this time, for the coast is so shallow for miles and miles, that a storm like this shakes it from its very foundation. The weather had been previously so bad that the Chinese passengers had been put down in the hold for safety, and there they were kept prisoners for a long while till the gale blew over.

The *Hae-an* was a smart-looking enough little craft, but she was very small, and had been built originally as a paddle-wheeler, though now converted into a screw, and she was also not quite so young as she was. Her "protectors" as a paddle-steamer had been still left on her sides, and now and again the sea caught the ship so plump on these protectors that the little vessel trembled from stem to stern, and I saw that the captain was getting to look rather anxious as the gale went on. Now, if there were priests on board this ship, as on board the *Djemna*, we should have felt inclined to cast lots to find out the runaway Jonah, but of priests or parsons there was none. During the height of the gale the barometer in the charter-room read 30·45—a very extraordinary reading of a barometer in the presence of such a storm, but the captain said afterwards that the barometer was not always to be relied on in the Gulf of Pichili.

At last one of these seas caught the vessel once again: there was the usual tremor, followed by a grating sensation, and the vessel raised her head high out of the water, for our cable chain had broken!

It was blowing a landward wind at the time, and we were now rapidly drifting on the fatal lee-shore. But though the ship was at anchor for some time, the

fires had been partially kept up, and well for us that they were, for shortly after the cable gave way the engines commenced to work. By the time we had drifted three or four miles in this way on to the shore the gale seemed to have spent its fury, and the vessel commenced slowly but surely to make headway against the waves, and so by dint of perseverance we were able to stand it out till the gale was considerably abated. The captain said that during an experience of some forty years at sea it was the first anchor he had seen lost by the cable actually giving way.

Next morning we had got over the bar at the mouth of the Peihó, but this time, instead of a gale, we found ourselves surrounded by a deep fog. From my late experiences it would appear that fogs love to travel in the trail of typhoons; witness, for instance, the fog off Shanghai after the preceding heavy weather.

Being in this way so surrounded with fog, it was indefinite when the ship would be able to make the next move. There are only fifty or sixty miles of railway in the whole of China, the most populous empire in the world; of these about the half or some thirty miles are taken up by the railway between Taku and Tientsin. T. therefore and myself went ashore here at Taku to go up to Tientsin by this train; but we had no idea when we landed that we should have to tramp it so much over muddy foreshores, for the railway station was two or three miles from where we landed. At last we got there, and had to wait for a long while before the train went off. Though the Chinese boatmen did not choose to row us up all the way to the station we afterwards saw that they could

have easily done so if they had taken the trouble, for it was only a couple of hundred yards from the river side. Just as the train was clearing out of the station at last, what suddenly hove in view but the *Hae-an*, the fog having meantime cleared away. For a short distance the train and the ship were going, as it were, neck and neck, till the train increased its speed, and the *Hae-an* turned off in a winding of the river, after which we saw her no more.

CHAPTER XVI.

Salt a luxury—Germans in Tientsin—Police sandwiches—Sikh police and Home, Sweet Home—The Chinese pigtails—Chinese women and their tiny feet—The deformity and Darwin's theory—"Is not this great Babylon?"—Chinese characters and learning—Physical efficiency—Start for Pekin—Company for the march—Chinese caravanserai—Cold beds of clay.

TAKU itself is a wretched little place on the mouth of the Peihó, and defended by a fort bristling with Chinese cannons. There is nothing to be seen around it but one irregular series of mounds, interspersed with lagoons and canals, all directly or indirectly communicating with the sea. These shallow, artificial lagoons are where John Chinaman prepares his salt in the hot summer, and the mounds are where he wisely garners it up on the approach of the severe winter, as sleet and rain are somewhat detrimental to this commodity. But, common commodity as it is in our country, it is a luxury in China, where it is a Government monopoly, the same as I have already described it to be in Java; and there seemed to me to be enough salt heaps and mounds around Taku to make up many millions of tons. When these immense mounds that look like hillocks are eventually finished, they are roofed and protected from the rain, and so present to the stranger a somewhat odd spectacle on first seeing them.

When we arrived in Tientsin it was very unpleasant

weather, and had been so for nearly a month, snow covering the ground in patches, and ice already forming here and there along the banks of the river. Half-and-half sorts of things are always unprofitable, and there is no more disagreeable weather than that connected with sleet and rain. Fine, dry weather is bracing and delightful, still more are frost and snow; but the slush and the sleet are neither the one thing nor the other, and when the cold, sulky wind blows over it, as it did here from the mountains afar, it is far from being agreeable in any way; and such was the weather that welcomed us to North China.

Tientsin, as I said, is some fifty miles up the river Peihó, and another hundred miles brings one up to the ancient city of Pekin. Tientsin is one of the largest towns in North China; but it would be as easy to describe a Cretan labyrinth as the shape and semblance of a Chinese town, with its swarming inhabitants. Considering its size and its being a treaty port like Shanghai, there are comparatively few Europeans living in it. The majority of these would appear to be Germans, who are said to flourish wonderfully throughout China, and to be ousting the British out of all forms of enterprise.

A great number of the police force of Shanghai consist of tall bearded Sikhs imported from India. Judging from their well-favoured condition, the climate of China appears to be agreeing with them, and as they are more amenable to discipline from being mostly retired sepoys, they make a very efficient force in a country like China. I took a notion of once going to speak to one of them and asking him how he liked the country. He did not seem to dislike it at all, but did

not think it equal to his own far-away home in the Punjaub; and he properly concluded his remark by saying that "*Logka apna múluk sub mulukse accha hai*," that is to say, that one's own country is better than any other, or, to put it in more classical English, "Home is the land of every land the pride."

But though Tientsin is a treaty port like Shanghai, almost all the police are recruited from the Chinese themselves. These police look anything but dandies in their loose garb, and resemble the advertising sandwiches of the London streets, with their badge of office imprinted both in front and behind. At this time of the year, as the weather was cold and unpleasant, the inhabitants in general were clothed up to the eyes in stuffed garments that gave them the appearance of walking sausages, and made them also look very big and bulky indeed. Another thing that made them look more imposing was the thick wooden soles of their clogs, that went rattling about the streets with great noise. But, on the other hand, John Chinaman is seldom erect, and though many of them are big and bony, they generally have round shoulders and a stooping gait, which are aggravated by their clogs.

Their oblique, almond eyes have something both slanting and sly about them; but, above all, it is by his pigtail that John Chinaman rises to one's memory in the dim future years to come. The observer must not suppose that this long rigmarole of a pigtail, nearly trailing on the ground, is always and altogether a *bonâ-fide* part of John's own personal hair-growth. Oh no! like all the other sons of Adam, and, for that matter, daughters too, John is fond of artifice and deception. In that pigtail before you there is but a

tinge of truth lost in a tissue of falsehood. Whether or not John expects to be hauled to heaven by this pigtail of his, it is certainly an appendage that he will not willingly part with; and yet tradition says that it commenced as a badge of inferiority, imposed on Chinamen by some of the ancient conquerors of the country. However this may be, both the conquering Tartars and Manchurins from the north, as well as the aboriginal Chinese themselves, wear this badge of the country.

Yet, curious as John Chinaman looks, the women folk look more curious still. Their tiny little feet give them such a helpless appearance as is pitiable to look upon. In order to secure this devout consummation their feet are cruelly crushed and bandaged since they are a few years old till they arrive at mature age, and I believe the agony endured is something terrible. When the deformity, or beauty, as they call it, is complete and successful, the bones of the feet are so mangled and displaced that the lady of fashion eventually walks on the very tips of her toes.

The origin of this deformity is variously stated, and it is said not at all to date from the very remotest epochs of Chinese history. Some ten centuries ago the emperor of that time had a favourite wife who had very small feet, probably what we call club-feet, and which we do not esteem as possessing any remarkable beauty; she was the belle of the show of course, to be aped and imitated in everything. So the poor womankind, ever the subjects of delusion and fancy, inflicted on themselves this terrible deformity to gratify their vanity and love of imitation.

Those interested in Darwin's theories have here an

excellent example of putting his conclusions to the proof. For if his theory of Natural Selection and Origin of Species is at all correct, then Chinese feminine babies should be born with very microscopic feet, for want of use through so many generations. At any rate, these poor women looked miserable enough, as you saw them hobbling about the streets of Tientsin as if they were walking on stilts, and their arms all outstretched in front of them in order to balance themselves. Their poshteens also, being very wide in the sleeves and rather longer than their arms, helped to make these ladies look like wabbling scarecrows.

They were then finishing a handsome building of the castellated style, which was intended to be opened shortly as the Tientsin town-hall. The building being rather striking in itself, and altogether a triton among the minnows surrounding it, I went there to visit it. I met an affable stranger who spoke English fluently, but with a foreign accent, and who appeared quite familiar with the place, judging from his description, which however was rather thrown away on me, on account of my ignorance of building technicalities. I inferred of course that he was the designer and builder himself, and think he told me so. After I had parted with him and gone a little way down the street, I turned round to have another look from a distance, and there was my friend, with legs apart and arms akimbo, gazing lovingly and earnestly at the fruit of his own labours, and reminding me of Nebuchadnezzar's vainglorious admiration of Babylon—"Is not this great Babylon, that I have built for the house of the kingdom by the might of my power, and for the honour of my majesty?" But on asking afterwards

I found out that this enthusiast, who was so lost in admiration, had nothing to do with either the building or planning of the handsome edifice.

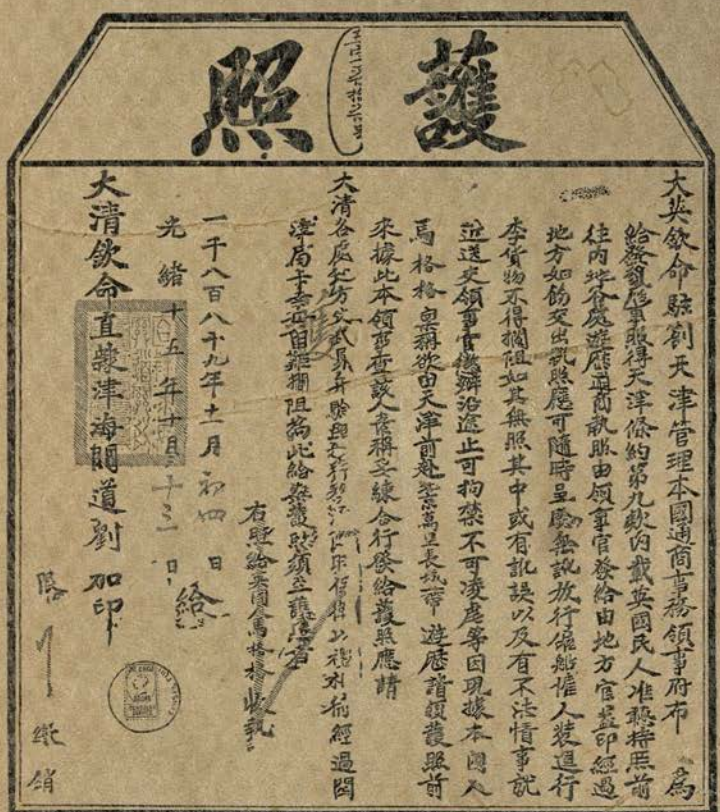
The only circumstance that varied the ordinary humdrum of life in Tientsin while I was there was a mighty fire of kerosine oil stores. There were whole cargoes of these tins lying on the low bank of the river. A tinker, it is said, had gone down to solder a few empty cans among them, and accidentally set fire to the whole mass. There was a general clangour of ringing bells throughout the town that day, and a strong body of police sandwiches kept guard round the blazing material that sent huge volumes of dark and dense smoke far away into the sky. Dark and dense indeed the volumes did look during the day; but as the evening waned and the nightshades fell, the dark and dense volumes became masses of curling flames. I suppose the heat rays from such very fiery combustibles as kerosine oil penetrate farther and fiercer than those of ordinary materials. The cargoes were in two separate heaps, but few tins could be saved from either before the fire caught hold of both, and poured forth its lurid masses of flame in such a way as to prevent any one venturing anywhere near them on account of the great heat evolved; while, worst of all to the poor owner, not a single tin had been insured of the whole four or five thousand.

It was now high time to proceed on my inward journey toward the way of Pekin and the Great Wall of China; and for that purpose the first thing to do was to provide myself with a passport, which I had no difficulty of obtaining through the British Consul there. As this document is rather a curiosity, and as I could

never read a letter of it myself, I submit it to the reader for his more learned perusal, premising only that he must hold the paper—so, and read it from—but of course the reader knows all about it. This kind of writing, to say the least of it, is very like the imprints of duckfeet in the snow, for both Chinese and Japanese characters are pictorial in design, and therefore complicated to a degree, resembling bunches of keys promiscuously thrown about. According to this pictorial system, if you are going to write about a ship you must not spell it s-h-i-p, but rather draw a rude figure of a craft; and as artists have different conceptions of a ship, and ships vary among themselves, the difficulty of the Chinese character becomes at once apparent.

In this way, as you cannot send pictures of ships and bunches of keys through the wire, it is impossible to telegraph in Chinese in the ordinary way, and a separate code had therefore to be invented for the purpose. It has also defied the best grammarians to reduce the language into any proper parts of speech, and every expression and symbol must be learnt independently and on its own merits; and no wonder, then, that the Chinese language to the uninitiated is one jarring jumble, and a stumbling-block in the way of would-be Chinese scholars. Hence, also, the reason why Johnnie learns English, not by individual letters and words, but by wholesale phrases and sentences; and it requires the study of a lifetime to become fairly familiar in all its details with a language so very complex and irregular.

So difficult is this language of theirs that the Chinese authorities themselves recognize it, and the



護照

大英欽命駐劄天津管理本國通商事務領事官布
為給發護照事照得天津條約第九款內載英國民人准執持照前
往內地各處遊歷商販照由領事官發給由地方官蓋印經過
地方如係交出此照應可隨時呈驗無論放行偪船偪人裝運行
李貨物不得攔阻扣其無照其中或有訛誤以及有不法情事就
近送交領事官懲辦沿途止可拘禁不可凌虐等因現據本國人
烏格格 奉諭欲由天津前赴 紫禁城 遊歷請發護照前
來據此本領事查該人 查稱 等練合行發給護照應請
大清各處地方文武員弁照約放行勿得留難須至護照者
津局十五年四月 日 給

右照給英國人烏格格收執

一千八百八十九年十二月 初四 日 給

光緒十五年十月 十三 日 給

大清欽命直隸津海關道劉 加印

CHINESE PASSPORT.

(Reduced about six diameters.)

highest honour in China obtainable by learning is the degree of Doctor of Literature of the University of Pekin. Like everything else in China, it is only obtainable by the most searching examinations, and so hard is it to come up to the required standard, that the names of all who pass it are duly engraved on marble pillars in the Hall of Learning at Pekin, and there remain a lasting testimony of their ability. On these pillars, therefore, may be seen the names of all the Chinese who have been so fortunate as to pass this examination for the last five hundred years.

But the Chinese, while thus mindful of mental superiority, which must always hold the first place, have not altogether neglected the physical forces. There is a sort of silly idea that brains and brawn seldom go together, but the Chinese appear to believe in the classical maxim of "*Mens sana in corpore sano*," and that a sound mind in a sound body is worth a heap of mere monkish learning without it. And though the history of the world's heroes is by no means the history of mere awkward giants, yet it would go far to show that brains and brawn are frequently mutual and lifelong companions. So the Chinese, indeed, seem to think, and their examinations for admission as officers of the army and navy are as strictly physical as of those in the ranks.

I mention this because great commotion was then going on whereby a high Chinese official was dismissed, and perhaps beheaded, for wilfully smuggling a youth into the service who had repeatedly failed to pass this examination, and also because our own Government are at last waking up to countenance the same idea in passing officers into the various

public services; so that physique should count in examinations for something, which in our country it never did before.

Armed with the warrant spoken of, I proceeded to Pekin forthwith. There are two ways of going: either by river in native boats, or by riding across the country. A third way is by going in native carts, which I only mention, but by no means recommend, as the jolting of these springless carts must be very trying over the deep ruts of these most irregular pathways. Having, then, provided myself with whatever was necessary for the journey, I took my staff and departed.

Among my goodly crew was of course my good guide, Mung Dhó, and also my good cook and manager-in-chief, Wung Sung—both of them characters in their way, and who materially helped to while away the ten or twelve days I was thrown among them. Wung Sung accompanied the cart-driver on the previous evening, and Mung Dhó and myself started after them early the next morning. The north wind from the snow-covered hills blew straight in our faces, piercing and cold; while the ruts along the road were full of slush on the surface and frost down below, which made them very unpleasant to ride along. I was fortunate in getting an excellent, hardy pony, and as he had no name, I called him "Mungo," partly in compliment to my guide, Mung Dhó, and partly to Mungo Park, the celebrated traveller. Mung Dhó, my guide, was by no means a beauty; he was very much scarred with smallpox, and had rather a dull expression of countenance, rather intended to conceal than reveal the emotions going on behind it.

But handsome is that handsome does, and I found Mung Dhó quite a pleasant companion during the short time we were together. And as for Wung Sung, his face was always wrinkled with ripples of laughter.

The roads were so slippery and broken up with country cart wheels, that it was only now and again we could travel fairly fast. Mung Dhó's "pigeon" was at first difficult to understand, but I gradually got used to it, and I found him very fond of picking up expressions and repeating them to himself like a parrot, for this, as I said, is the way the ordinary Chinese learn English. But there was no expression he was so fond of using as that of "pull up." He used this expression not when really pulling up, but rather when going on. He had evidently got a hold of the wrong end of the stick from some previous traveller, and I encouraged the mistake by shouting it to him before starting, till at last I got tired of its monotonous repetition.

That night was my first in a Chinese caravanserai. These rest-houses, as I afterwards saw, invariably consist of a square enclosure, with the rest of the house ranged around it. The bed occupies a considerable portion of a room, and consists of a solid block of hardened clay, built up against the wall to a height of three or four feet, and so wide that the sleepers have their heads directed towards the wall, and their toes pointing outwards. In this way the beds of course can accommodate a good many sleepers. Of bedding of any kind they are quite innocent, and the wayfarer has to provide these things for himself, and carry them with him. The doors are very flimsy,

and the window-panes always consist of grey-oiled, Chinese paper, the light through which gives a weird, melancholy kind of look to everything inside.

The portion of the country I was now passing through was singularly destitute of trees of any kind, so that fuel is an item of serious consideration, and during all the journey I did not see a single blazing hearth such as would warm one's toes in such cold and trying weather. The little fuel that there was consisted of coke, and it was so valuable as to be always reserved for cooking purposes alone. How I would have enjoyed a good fire on this tour, but I might as well cry for the moon. On account of the cold and this absence of fire, the Chinese at this season become mere shapeless bundles of clothes heaped on anyhow, while many of them, on the other hand, looked only too destitute of protection from the rigours of the season. They occasionally have a quaint way of warming the beds by placing burning coke in holes left in the clay beneath the bed, like the chambers of a furnace; but such a mode of heating at night is by no means a commendable one, and I avoided it after my first experience.

At half-past two in the cold morning the wicked Wung Sung woke me up to take away my bedding in the cart. It was very hard, but this was the only way of doing business, and could not be avoided. I therefore had to huddle myself up in my great-coat, and with Mung Dhó waited for the break of dawn, and slumbered the best way I could under the circumstances. When the morning broke I missed my watch, and was very much puzzled where it had gone to. I knew that I had told the time to Wung

Sung when he woke me up, but what had become of the watch since, I had not the faintest notion. It was my first night in a Chinese caravanserai, and I was already growing rather suspicious.

CHAPTER XVII.

Approach to Pekin—Filth of the same—Wung Sung and his burden—Is this the Tartar City?—The Temple of Heaven—Fright of Mung Dhó—The Forbidden Town—Catching a Tartar—Marriages and funerals in Pekin.

We approached the south-eastern gate of Pekin on the next evening, just as the sun was setting in the west over it, and imparting to this ancient heathen city an aspect of touching solemnity. Here was old Pekin, and herein dwelt the Khan of far Cathay. It was a beautiful though cold evening as the lurid sun slowly settled down over it, as it had done for many centuries before, while the inhabitants within were mere passing puppets on the stage of life.

But it was quite a long way yet to our destination, which we reached after it had got quite dark, riding through the most unsanitary and unsavoury streets I ever saw. And here at the door was Wung Sung to receive us, and in a great state about the watch, as he had taken it with him in mistake by rolling it up with the bedding that same morning. Travellers' tales are seldom taken for gospel, or as capable of imparting to the reader a fair idea of what he is reading about. And there is a good deal of truth about this, as it is not at all an easy matter to describe graphically the personal impressions of individual

observers, and we are also subject to preconceived notions of places before we see them. Hence the disappointment of travellers in trying to reconcile what they see with what they had previously supposed, and the frequent use of "the only thing that will *not* disappoint you." Well, be it far from me to attempt an exhaustive description of the city of Pekin, for I also had formed preconceived opinions about it, which were not altogether realized by experience. But all travellers describe Pekin as extremely filthy and I can assure the reader, who may have thing about it, that there is at least one thin that will not disappoint him, and th The city was in its very worst co arrived there, on account of the slus in which offal of all kinds was promisc about the streets made it look an veritable sink of corruption.

Later on the same evening Mana wanted some money for petty curren I gave him seven dollars. Shortly aft came into the room puffing and pant looked like pieces of great wire rope, down on the floor with a jerk of Sung," I said, "and what have y "Cash, master," was the simple re Sung looked intensely pleased with hir in fact, converted my seven silver c brass currency of the country, and th China under the name of "cash." T different sizes and value, but all of the in the middle so as to string them toge of them at all approaches in value to

the value of our copper farthing. I am not familiar with the various values of these Chinese coins, so bulky and ponderous, but if I remember well, something like twelve hundred of those I mention go to make up one dollar, and when the reader remembers that Wung Sung was therefore carrying eight thousand four hundred of them on his shoulders, he will not be surprised that he felt considerably relieved when he flung them down on the floor before him.

The first thing to do in the morning was to climb
top of the wall at one of the gates called
" where the best single view of the city
d, and more especially of that part of
rbidden Town, where the great Khan
That portion to the south, and which
r from Tientsin, is the Chinese city,
ates; while that to the north is the
vith nine gates, in the middle of which
n Town is placed.
g Dhó was making arrangements with
r for permission to go to the top of
e women came out of a house close by
ep at the stranger. Pointing with my
wall—"This," I said to Mung Dhó, "is
ity, and that over the wall is the Tartar
ot?" "No," replied my guide; "this
other Chinese city; look at womans'
d look at the "womans' foots," and
they were like those of ordinary folk.
ill then that I came to know that the
n of the population of China do not
women by deforming their feet, the same
e proper do; and yet the Tartar women,

as belonging to the superior race, look upon themselves as vastly superior to the ordinary Chinese, in spite of the stilts on which they are pleased to wabble about.

After this general view of the city, one of the foremost sights to see is the Temple of Heaven, which is supposed to be one of the most sacred places in all China, and where the great Khan himself worships once or twice every year. It is surrounded by two enclosures, covering several acres in extent. Some time ago European travellers were allowed to visit this temple, or at least the least sacred portion of it, but of late years there is no admission whatever. I believe since the late great crusade against Chinamen and their cheap labour in Australia and the States, that the authorities in Pekin are inclined to be much less complacent to the few Europeans who visit their ancient capital, and that many places that were accessible in former years are not accessible any longer.

I saw that Mung Dhó was not at all anxious to visit the Temple of Heaven, for most of these institutions are in the hands of Tartars, who rather disdain the ordinary Chinese, especially if they happen to come from the southern portion of the empire. As we reached one of the gates of the vast outer enclosure, it was just being opened to give exit to a couple of donkeys loaded with hay—a peculiar kind of export, one would think, from a Temple of Heaven. Once or twice on our way there Mung Dhó gave me to understand that they would cut our throats, making the sign-manual of the way in which they would perform that somewhat severe operation. But had I not read my guide-book carefully early that very morning?

When we reached the gate I saw at once that we could not gain admittance by pay or bribery, and that Mung Dhó was far from anxious to go inside if he could. Two or three times he drew his hand across his weasand to remind me of the forthcoming operation in front of me, and the man that held the gate was inexorable. I did not know what was passing between himself and Mung Dhó, but I knew that in doing things of this sort in the East the surest road to success is not to stand on the order of doing a thing, but to do it at once. So I suddenly spurred my pony, Mungo, to pass the gatekeeper by surprise; but this time I literally "caught a Tartar," for the Tartar gatekeeper slammed the gate in my face with such indignant ferocity that Mungo turned the right-about in double-quick time. Revenge is sweet, but there was no opportunity for it here, for the Tartar was behind the gate, while we were left lamenting outside it.

Mung Dhó looked livid with fear at this time, but I could not understand it, as my guide-book distinctly said that access was not prohibited to some parts of the Temple of Heaven, with the aid of a little corruption in the bargain. As we could not get to the temple itself, the next best thing to do was to get a view of it from the top of the nearest portion of the wall. When we got there the temple was a little distance away, but the look of the place rather surprised me. "Mung Dhó," I said, "if this is the Temple of Heaven I don't think much of it." Why, the Temple of Heaven had been burnt down by lightning more than a month previous to my visit.

Mung Dhó, my respected guide, philosopher, and friend, never told me about this, for the very simple

reason that he did not know himself. There was hardly anything standing then except structures that they had erected as a temporary measure while consulting the will of the stars on such a sacred occasion. Indeed, the destruction of this celestial temple by a fire descended from the celestial regions, whence it took its name, had cast quite a gloom over Pekin and all the pious Chinese who had heard about it. The young Emperor of China had only that year ascended the throne, and the destruction of this holy temple in such a way, combined with the terrible floods that had recently ravaged the land, was in the eyes of the Chinese sages anything but a happy omen for the new monarch's future reign.

I was now anxious to get as near the Forbidden Town as I possibly could. Mung Dhó was never well at ease during the whole of this day's explorations. At one of the gates of the Forbidden Town there was a group of Chinese, or rather Tartars, standing on guard, and I could see a fine marble bridge, and what appeared like the Khan's residence in the distance. I had my passport in my pocket, so we rode up to where the group was standing. I now came off my pony, threw the reins to Mung Dhó with great composure, and with due ceremonial presented my passport to one of the officials; and then I walked through the gate as if I were at least one of the Khan's privy councillors, and quite acquainted with the ancient precincts.

The men were puzzled for a moment by the mighty document and the consequential way in which I had walked in. But before they could have read my permit, and before I had quite reached the marble bridge,

three or four of them ran after me with angry gesticulations, and would not allow me to proceed further on any account.

Being turned out in this way, we followed another route, with soldiers' guard-rooms at short intervals, immediately by the side of the wall. Mung Dhó by this time was getting very fidgety, and he fairly forsook me at the opening of this lane. I saw a Tartar horseman riding in front of me, and I thought I would follow him, Mung Dhó declaring again that they would cut off my head if I did not turn back. But I did not return, and indeed the lane was so narrow that it was only here and there that it was possible to turn the pony round. Then, seeing that I would not turn back, Mung Dhó after all proved true to his salt, and, riding after us, spoke to the Tartar, who nodded his head approvingly, and spoke a few words to Mung Dhó as we went along.

By and by the narrow lane was ended, and we came on another fine gate in the wall, and I could see a beautiful lake in the interior. I tried the same pass again, but with the same results, and I was turned out once more; nor would prayers nor bribery move the gatekeepers to let me in for a private meditation on the banks of the lake in front of me.

I gave over the enterprise in disgust at last, for the Forbidden Town of Pekin is a veritable Cave of the Forty Thieves, and not even "sesame" itself would charm the doorkeepers to open it. Going home late in the evening after our prowling, and seeing Mung Dhó becoming himself again, I asked him why he was in such a dreadful funk of the Tartars, who were just like himself, and nobody could tell the difference;

when he replied that "Tartars and Chinese mans the same, only the womans," meaning that Tartars and Chinese men were alike in wearing the pigtail, but that the women were different, as the Tartar women wore their feet as God Almighty gave them, instead of walking on stilts like their Chinese sisters.

In these ramblings I was fortunate enough to see two marriage processions and the funeral of one mandarin. It is the custom in Pekin to parade the marriage presents in the streets, with a loud flourish of trumpets too from a Chinese band marching in front of the procession. The majority of the presents cannot certainly be said to be on a small scale, and they were decidedly more useful than ornamental. Beds, chairs, almirahs, Chinese rocking cradles, and general household haberdashery comprised most of the marriage presents that I could see.

I asked Mung Dhó if they always had these marriage and funeral processions in Pekin, when he replied that such was not always the case, and that "Master see plenty much."

I was the only lodger living at the small Hotel De Pekin, and I told the landlord the tale of Mung Dhó's terror. But he said that no Europeans were ever admitted into the places that I had been that day attempting, and as regards weasands, the Tartars would not think much of cutting Mung Dhó's at any rate, and that he had every reason to feel a little nervous.

So unapproachable, indeed, are these precincts guarded, that I doubt if any, even in the legations, has ever been admitted into the Forbidden Town, or if any of them set eyes on this mysterious Khan of far Cathay. Indeed, the highest honour that the

highest Chinese dignitary himself can receive is to be permitted to enter the Forbidden Town on horseback! But I did not know this at the time, and where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Start for the Great Wall of China—The Nankow Pass—First sight of the Great Wall—Down went the donkey—The Ming Tombs and difficulty of entrance—The Bell Temple and the fair Alheed—Funeral of a mighty mandarin—Were they all wives?—Curiosity of the crowd—London and Pekin—A nation of gamblers.

AFTER writing the last chapter, I notice a Chinese Imperial edict quite recently issued at Pekin, whereby His Majestic Awfulness proposes to make his presence visible once a year to a few mortals to whom he was unapproachable before, and as the decree is somewhat interesting, I may quote it here:—

"WE have now reigned over this Empire for two years, and have lived in harmony with all the Treaty Powers, and WE declare that henceforward the Ministers of these Powers residing at the Capital shall have audience with Us. In the twelfth year of the reign of the Emperor Tung Chih the Foreign Ministers had audience with that Emperor, so that now when the present Foreign Ministers apply for audience with Us, that precedence shall be followed and audience granted."

The audience is to be granted them on every Chinese new year, and I presume it will be within the precincts of this very Forbidden Town, of which I have made previous mention.

After wandering in this way about Pekin, it was now drawing near the time that I should start for the Great Wall of China, the object in particular that brought me so far in this direction. As the evening wore on we found ourselves approaching an amphitheatre of snow-covered mountains, in the middle of which the ancient town of Nankow happened to be situated.

Mung Dhó showed great solicitude about the ponies on account of the rough roads in front of us, and so we left them behind in Pekin to get fresh for our journey back to the coast again, and engaged donkeys for this portion of our journey. But my donkey was not of its kind so good as my pony Mungo, although I gave it the superb name of Yungló, the most celebrated Emperor of the Ming dynasty.

The town of Nankow is not different from other towns of the same class throughout China, and is only noteworthy on account of its geographical situation, placed as it is at the inner or Chinese end of the historic Nankow Pass, the most famous pass in the whole of China, and which is even unto this day the common highway to Mongolia, unchanged in aught, and just the same now as it was centuries and centuries ago.

The highest part of the pass here is about 2,000 feet above Pekin, which itself is only a few score of feet above the level of the Gulf of Pichili. After passing, then, the night at Nankow we sallied forth in the early morning to reach the Great Wall of China. The road from Pekin to Nankow is by no means smooth—far from it—but that leading through the Nankow Pass is simply dreadful. Here we had

to go for some considerable time in the bed of a dried mountain torrent, strewn with great boulders of stones, and quite impracticable for anything but camels and donkeys. But in due time we reached the Mongolian Gate, and there at last was the Great Wall of China in front of me!

Judging from discussions that had lately been going on, it would appear that this ancient wonder of the world was only a myth, without any real and substantial existence. But there it majestically stood before us in all its solidity and great dimensions. On either side of the Mongolian Gate in the Great Wall the mountains ascend, rising higher and higher as they spread along. And on each successive eminence over which the wall passes is erected a square tower for defensive purposes, and the towers vary considerably among themselves as regards their state of preservation, for even these great walls have not escaped the ravages of Father Time, as well as of the Vandals with whom a brick from the Great Wall of China is quite a rare curiosity. Indeed, I was once before quite innocently offered a brick from the Great Wall of China as quite a valuable present. Fancy filling my boxes on this rambling voyage with red bricks, and I wonder what would be the import duty on them in the various countries that I afterwards visited! It is not called the Great Wall of China by the Chinese themselves, but *Wan-li-chang-cheng*, meaning the wall of ten thousand *li* long, or, roughly speaking, three thousand miles.

Leaving Mung Dhó near the gate to get luncheon ready, I climbed to what I thought was the highest tower in the vicinity; but when I reached that tower

I could see towers in the distance on hills still higher, though this was enough for my purpose, as it gave quite a commanding view of a great portion of the wall itself, the Nankow Pass through which I had just ridden, as well as of the plains and mountains of Mongolia beyond the wall, with Chatao, a veritable village of the plains, lying in its lurid atmosphere of dust and sand a few miles outside.

It was curious to watch how the wall wandered indifferently up hill and down dale as if nothing could intercept its serpentine progress. To fancy this massive wall wending its weary way over all sorts of obstacles for thousands of miles leaves one wondering at the greatness of the undertaking; and how many millions of people, and how many years must have been required for this by far the most massive monument of past history! It was so steep to climb on the top of the wall from eminence to eminence, and from tower to tower, that I sometimes was forced to climb on my hands and knees, as the ground was so slippery by the thawing snow, but I was well rewarded by the view from the top for all the trouble I had undertaken. It seems hard to conceive how such a wall could be successfully passed over by invading armies; and yet it was not always sufficient protection even against the barbarian hordes of Mongolians, against whose ravages it was built many centuries ago, for some portions of this famous wall was built as far back as two or three centuries before the Christian era.

After rejoining Mung Dhó we resumed our march along the rugged pass to Nankow back again. Though I had spared Yungló, my donkey, as much

as I could, yet he got very tired on the journey, and before the end of the day he came down over the rugged stones, while I rolled over his head; and there he laid so comfortably that it was only with a little gentle persuasion we got him up again to march at ease, as we were now so near our rest-house that I walked the rest of the way home.

Next to the Great Wall itself, the Ming Tombs are far the most interesting monuments to be seen in this the most interesting part of all China, and to these we proceeded from Nankow early the next morning. Thirteen in all, they represent the tombs of all the Ming dynasty of emperors except three, the first two emperors being buried somewhere else, and the last emperor having hung himself in Pekin, in the city, being captured by the Manchurins, who possess the ruling power ever since.

The most magnificent of these tombs is that of the Emperor Yungló, who is said to have been by far the most powerful and greatest of the Ming rulers. The other tombs are scattered here and there in cosy nooks among the hills, extending over an area of a mile or two, and almost all of them visible at one time from the road we took in approaching them. The tomb of Yungló is on a larger scale than the others, but in other respects the various tombs are very much alike, and by seeing one you practically see them all.

On the way to the tombs you pass through a remarkable arch supported on four fine marble pillars, covered over with Chinese writing, and resting each on a crocodile's head. This arch is the commencement of what is known as the "Avenue of Animals"; but the reader must not expect to find either animals

or shaded arbours in this avenue, but, so far as it is an avenue at all, it is as well to call it an avenue of animals, as this portion of the country is entirely destitute of trees. The avenue, in fact, is nothing but an open piece of grass-grown road, with statuary figures of men and animals ranged along on either side.

By and by we reached the outer enclosure to the saintly tomb of Yungló, and the keeper, of course, made the usual objection to admission. But when I showed him something which he liked he became quite pacified. When we came to the inner enclosure the key would not open the lock, alas! and there we stood impatiently champing outside. We tried again and again, but the key would not do, for Chinese keys consist of a barrel only, and without the end appurtenance that serves so useful an end for keys among ourselves. This was very aggravating, but it will give the reader an idea of the close-fitting folds of this gate when I mention the happy thought that struck us at last. There was a young boy of six or seven years accompanying the gatekeeper, probably his son, and we found that by violently pushing the folds backwards we could squeeze this young laddie under it, which we did, and so got one of the other gates opened from the inside.

In one of the passages going up to the tomb the guide gave a shriek, which is repeated with great precision by the echoes inside. It may be a matter of accident or design, but this echo is very complete, and increases in clearness as you go along, till towards the end it suddenly vanishes altogether. It would be vain and unprofitable to give a description of the grotesque building itself, and I shall not attempt it.

It is not in the building itself that the great emperor is buried at all, but in a mound immediately behind it, and seeing that this mound is several acres in extent, and over a hundred feet high, the emperor's "narrow house" may well be said to be on an exaggerated scale.

Our next visit was to the Spring Baths, as I was anxious to compare them with the hot springs of New Zealand. But though I went a great deal out of my way to visit them, no blandishment or anything else could gain me any admission to see them. However, outside the walls that enclose the baths proper there were a couple of rude structures, consisting each of a bath or receptacle dug out of the ground and filled from the springs inside, as the water passed along to its destination. I found the water in these reservoirs tepid or almost bordering on hot; while Chinese, both male and female, were flopping like seals inside them, or sitting on the brink monkey fashion, and looking not at all unlike these their supposed ancestors both in postures and their unabashed nakedness. That night I reached Shahó, a small town situated on a river of the same name that falls into the Peihó, a little above Pekin.

Among other objects of interest on my way back I visited Wangashan, the Summer Palace, the Bell Temple, and finished with the cemetery outside the Wall of Pekin, in which, among others, the few British that fell in the Chinese wars are laid to rest. From the hills about Wangashan and the Summer Palace a varied landscape of the country around is laid out before one, all dotted over with temples, palaces, and pagodas without number.

The bell in the Bell Temple is one of the finest and largest to be seen anywhere. The largest bell in the world is, I believe, the Great Bell at Moscow; the second largest is said to be in Upper Burmah, and I remember once creeping inside it. The Burmese bell is eighteen feet high, and the one at Pekin fifteen feet, but there is no comparison as regards the excellence of their respective workmanship, the Chinese bell being the better cast of the two. It is covered both inside and out with various Chinese inscriptions, being copies of texts from the precepts of the pious Buddha and the life that he lived.

There are other two or three bells in Pekin nearly as large as this one, but this is the best and most notable of all, and there is consequently a tale in connection with the casting of it which is as likely to be as true as many other travellers' tales that people are in the habit of hearing.

Repeated experiments then were taken to cast this bell over five hundred years ago, but all without the complete success it was so desirable to obtain, till at last a soothsayer declared that the effort would always fail till the life of a young maiden was mingled with the metal. Alheed, then, the beautiful young daughter of the maker, conceived the brilliant idea of removing the stain from her father's crest, and so prayed him to cast the bell once again. When the bell was in the casting-moulds, Alheed, the beautiful virgin, jumped into the boiling liquid head foremost, and so disappeared for ever from among her friends, with only one doleful cry. Her father made a desperate effort to save her, but all he could do was to catch her by the heel, and the embroidered sandal of Alheed

remained in his hand, but his beautiful daughter was gone for ever. I need hardly say that the success of the bell was at once assured; for is it not down in the Book of Chronicles of Chinese wonders to this day, that if you strike that bell with a shoe you will still hear the lamented Alheed's last dying moan in the cause of duty? I struck the bell lustily with mine, but I am sorry to confess my inability to recognize the voice of the beautiful maiden.

Passing through one of the suburbs near Pekin on our way back, we were very fortunate to witness the funeral of a great mandarin, out of all proportion to the mandarin funeral I had seen a few days before at Pekin itself. If the importance of the dead when living was anything like the pomp and show of the hearse and followers, then this mandarin must have been great indeed; for in the procession I could count not less than thirty-five carriages, such as carriages are in the imperial city of Pekin. Nay, more, almost all these carriages were filled with women, probably the mandarin's wives, which made me seriously reflect that however great the mandarin might have been, yet what a hurdy-gurdy kind of life he must have had of it!

Chinamen are so different to us in everything that they even mourn in white as we do in black, and the first thirteen carriages in this procession were covered with white, and perhaps contained the mandarin's wives only, while the other twenty-two contained only the concubines.

The great gorgeous hearse itself was being borne on the shoulders of forty-eight men, twenty-four being in front and twenty-four behind, while a group of

yellow-robed Thibetan priests marched in front of the entire procession as it moved slowly along. Many of the mourning processionists wore a kind of cap that looked exactly like a tam-o'-shanter with a big red plume sticking up in the top of it. I bought one of these from one of the mourners for a dollar as a curiosity, but on examining it more closely afterwards I found it consisted of coarse felt so loosely pressed together that I could put my fingers through it with ease, and so I gave it as a present to Mung Dhó, who did not at all seem to appreciate the gift, as he would probably have bought it himself for only a few cash.

Mung Dhó and myself meanwhile stood at the wayside till the procession would pass, and then rode to the front again to obtain a repetition of the scene. But by this time some of the crowd were becoming more curious about the strangers than they seemed to be about the mandarin's funeral, and such a vast crowd of them gathered round us that I once thought we were to be mobbed, when a few words from one of the yellow priests made them open up again, and so we rode on without further molestation.

There is much traffic going on in the city of Pekin itself, and as the roads are seldom looked after, and the streets are very narrow, repeated obstruction to traffic is what might only be expected among the country carts of the period; and in the throngest parts of these roads it is impossible to get on at all for long intervals. The Chienmen Gate and immediate vicinity may justly be called the heart of the city in this respect, and when writing this book in one of the quietest corners of bookless India I can call to mind the immense difference in throngs and traffic

between the city of Pekin in the Far East and the city of London in the Far West, which I was to reach later on; and how different are both from the Desert of Gharmsala. When I call back the blocks in London, with the tall overcrowded omnibuses, the great heavy dray-carts, the swarming foot-passenger bees, and the 'Arries in the 'ansom cabs, and compare it all with the rickety country carts of Pekin, the ruts in the roads, the mild-looking bactrian camels, and the languid Orientals in general, the contrast is as great as if these places were in two different planets.

While all this is going on, or rather not going on, groups of Chinese are quietly squatting here and there, and gambling as usual, for no nation is so addicted as the Chinese to this degrading vice. Whether you see them on board ship, squatting in groups about the hatchways, congregated on the way-side of country villages, or in their shops and opium dens, there the heathen Chinese will be found at their favourite game, if they can possibly manage it.

The masses of the people literally live by gambling —that is to say, they may possess the few cash to buy a meal acquired by more honest labour, but to buy anything without a "tosh" and the chance of getting it for nothing would be culpable indeed. And in this way, whether in the streets of Shanghai or bazaars of Pekin, the vagrant vendors of everything in general are always provided with what look in the rough like quivers full of arrows; but the arrows consist of small splits of wood, and according to the sort of stick that falls to your lot, so will your bargain be favourable or otherwise. The eternal rattling of these sticks and the vendors crying their wares are

among the most pronounced characteristics of some of the busiest streets in Pekin.

Their habits of opium-eating but too surely strengthen their love for gambling, and notwithstanding what medical authorities like Sir William Moore may say to the contrary, gradually doom the poor Celestials to physical, moral, and intellectual degradation.

At night the streets present a strange appearance. The shops are lighted inside and out by Chinese lanterns of various forms and divers colours, and as the Chinese language reads perpendicularly, the shop signs present the peculiarity of hanging from poles jutting out sometimes as far as the middle of the narrow streets. And if you happen to be riding and taken up with the sights before you, you must not be disappointed if you find your hat occasionally knocked off by these dangling terrors.

There was nothing now remaining but to return to Tientsin by the same route as I had left it. The valley of the Peiho river is so low as to be subject to frequent inundations, and much of the journey is consequently over rough ruts and elevated causeways along the banks of the river; but anything in the way of made roads, or superior to mere mud embankments, need not be expected out of the very largest towns of China, and the few made roads I saw in and around Pekin itself were in such a dreadful state of negligence as scarcely to be at all better than the common country pathways.

At the time I started from Tientsin I had contracted a very nasty sty on one of my eyelids, probably on account of the great changes of seasons I had been

coming across lately. But it was impossible to take any rest for it, as the trip to the Great Wall could not be delayed, as the season was setting in ; and though the inflammation gradually subsided, that sty still remains on my window-lashes like Edgar Allan Poe's raven, as a rather unpleasant souvenir of my stormy trip to the Great Wall of China.

CHAPTER XIX.

Away for Corea—The harbour of Chummulpō—Stowaway for Vladivostók—Confession and apology—Whales and their gambols—First dinner *á la Russe*—Black-eyed Susan and Russian officers—Billiards and shirt-sleeves — The frozen harbour — Entertainments — Dinner on board ship—The fair strand of far Japan.

WHEN I arrived back at the port of Tientsin, I found that the steamer *Owari-Maru*, belonging to a Japanese company, was to sail in a couple of days to Corea and Japan, calling on her way at Cheefoo. So I took my passage on board this ship, as she was likely to be about the last to leave Tientsin before the port would be frozen up for some months, and I did not care to have to stay there the whole of that period. H.M.S. *Firebrand*, the only man-o'-war there, had already taken down her spars and sails, and had regularly gone into her winter quarters before getting locked in by the inevitable ice, while the native junks also were fast gathering in for the same purpose. And so I said good-bye to Mung Dhó, my guide, Wang Sung, my manager, Mungo, my pony, and all the rest of them, excellent companions according to their lights, and I was once more on the briny ocean, and steaming again back to Cheefoo before finally quitting the shores of China for those of Corea.

By the time we returned to Cheefoo this time, the

body of Mr. Jamieson had been dug out of the beach, but the murderers had not yet been found out, and a committee of inquiry had just been sitting as to the cause of death. We now stood almost right across the Gulf of Pichili, and I stayed on deck till the Promontory Light sank below the waves, and with it every vestige of China finally disappeared from view.

When we sighted the coast of Corea we waited for the turn of the tide to enable us to get into the port of Tinsen, or Chummulpō, which has got a very shallow harbour. There is a large number of islands on the Corean coast in this direction, and as it was blowing rather hard we sighted four men-o'-war sheltered among the islands, with all their topmasts hauled down and apparently expecting foul weather.

The word Chummulpō means muddy harbour in the language of the country, and it is therefore a very appropriate appellation, for Chummulpō is as muddy a harbour as can be seen anywhere. We could not see this on arrival, but during the ebb-tide next day the greater portion was left as nude as mud and mire could make it. I went ashore here, and climbing to the top of a low eminence over the town could see far and wide along the coast, which was now left exposed for miles and miles by the receding tide.

The day after we left Chummulpō was cold and blowy, the temperature going down 10° Fah. below freezing point. We had taken on board an American mining engineer, who had been prospecting in Corea for some months without success, and who was very ill coming on board; and when we arrived at Fusan at nine o'clock at night, we anchored near another

steamer, which was the only vessel in the harbour. Our captain said that this was the *Tackachihó* on her way to Vladivostók, the Siberian naval port on the Pacific. Here then was an excellent opportunity—but I was running short of funds.

I had asked for some money to meet me in Japan, and I was confident it would be there waiting my arrival; but that was in the future, and for the present I had only a few dollars in my possession. However, it would never do to be squeamish when a thing like this was on hand, for he who ventures he who wins. I was bent on going to Vladivostók, and there I would go if at all possible, for here was a first-rate opportunity without any delay or loss of time whatever.

Moneyless though I was, I had some hopes of being able to satisfy the captain, and if he would be at all a true-born British sailor, I knew he would not maroon me on a desert island. My purpose, then, was to get out to sea before any questions were asked. Shortly after ten o'clock at night, then, I went on board the *Tackachihó*, bag and baggage. I could not see any Europeans on reaching the ship, and, indeed, the captain was the only European on board the ship I had just quitted. A polite Japanese steward showed me my cabin, and when meditating there on the world in general and this adventure in particular, there was a knock at the door of the cabin, and a European suddenly popped into it.

I understood that the ship was sailing at daybreak, and I wanted to see nobody till then, for not to put too fine a point on it, I was literally performing the part of a mild stowaway, though I sincerely hoped to put everything right in due time. "Have you found

me, oh, mine enemy?" I thought to myself as this stranger interrupted my meditations; and as the guilty conscience will always blunder, the first thing I asked about was the return fare to Vladivostók, although I would immediately after have bitten my tongue for making such a stupid remark. But he did not know; this was his own first trip to Vladivostók, but he would go and see at once; and with this he made a movement to leave the cabin for that purpose. "Oh, no; thank you," I said, "it will do all right to-morrow." To-morrow! I knew that by daybreak to-morrow we should be on the wild ocean waves, there to abide the consequences of my folly.

So we talked away for a while, and I discovered that my interviewer was a wandering Australian, all the way from Melbourne, that he was the head clerk of the ship to boot, and going up to Vladivostók for the first time in that capacity.

I went to bed that night to dream of Vladivostók and stowaways, and woke in the morning to find the ship, as I expected, tossing on the open sea. We called at Ginsen, another Corean port, and here we took on board an enormous quantity of oysters, which I consumed for days afterwards with great relish. There is a great contrast between the east and west coasts of Corea as regards their outlines and tides, for while the latter is very much indented, with shallow shores and enormous tides, the former is mostly an elevated, rock-bound coast, with scarcely any inlets, and with comparatively weak tides flowing into them.

As the *Tackachihó* was a large ship, nearly 2,000 tons, all her officers were Europeans, but they were mostly asleep or ashore when I joined the ship at

Fusan. Of our two European passengers one went ashore at Ginsen, and the other followed on to Vladivostók. The captain of the ship was very amiable and full of stories about old Japan. The day before we reached Vladivostók I was talking to him when the Japanese clerk of the ship put into my hands a return passage warrant signed, sealed, and receipted in full. I then felt it my duty to make a confession and apology. But the captain, like the true British sailor that he was, turned round and thanked me for coming on board his ship, saying that he would have given me a passage for nothing rather than have left me behind. This reply was very chivalrous on the part of the captain, and highly gratifying to me, and as soon as I arrived in Japan I put everything all right at once, so that I hope Captain W. will have no reason to regret his kindness on this particular occasion.

It was on this day also that we sighted an enormous play of whales in the distance, but we could not make out whether they were bottle-noses or the right so-called Greenland whales. At any rate they seemed to be enjoying themselves immensely, as if they did not care a bit for the cold of the Siberian seas. There are large shoals of whales said to be off and on in the latitude of Vladivostók, and they were just then experimenting for the first time with a whaler from that port to see if whaling could be made to pay.

But this is anticipating, though not by much, as we were on the very eve of dropping anchor in that distant harbour, for it is a far cry indeed to the harbour of Vladivostók. The captain of our ship was well acquainted up here, as he had been trading between

Japan and the place for a long, long time; so long, indeed, that this very trip I had the pleasure of sailing with him happened to be his real jubilee voyage. And so I came to know a few people in this distant corner of the world.

The ground was covered with snow, but it was so lumpy and patchy that sleighs had not yet been adopted for the season. We arrived in port in the evening, and went immediately ashore to dine at one of the hotels. At the first hotel we went to we met two Japanese servants who obviously pretended to be Russians and not understand the captain when he talked to them in their native language. Anybody could see that they were unadulterated Japanese from their dapper size and the cut of their features. The Japanese, as a rule, are a jovial race, and fond of their mother country, but this was a typical example of the way in which Orientals will sometimes try to personify Europeans at the expense of their own self-respect and the respect of their country. The captain, who is an enthusiastic philojap, was naturally very wroth with these turn-coats, and roundly rated them in their own language in a way that, I hope, made them humble enough and manly enough not to be ashamed of their own beautiful country in the future.

These Japanese servants disgusted us away, and so we went to another hotel, which appeared to be the leading hotel of the place, and where we had a pleasant dinner with plenty of *vodka* and profound dishes, whose contents I could not altogether comprehend. There was quite a number of Russian officers here, all arrayed in uniform, and there was also a good-looking, black-eyed Susan at the bar, to whom many

of them made love with great earnestness; but somehow or other there is no accounting for tastes, and Susan seemed to prefer the attentions of a young, smart lad, who appeared to be one of the waiters.

My young fellow-passenger went with us under the sobriquet of "Copeck," he having come from Kobe, in Japan, which is nearly the same as *copeck*, the prevalent copper coin up here. After dinner, then, Copeck and myself went to play a few games of billiards. Though the weather was cold without, it was warm within, for these dwellings in Vladi are amply provided with powerful heating stoves, to keep out the frosts of winter.

Communicating with the billiard-room was another large apartment, in which were several Russian ladies daintily attired, and, as we found out afterwards, they were come to rehearse some theatricals which were to come off shortly after. Knowing nothing of this we took off our coats and played in our shirt-sleeves, as people will do in the billiard-rooms of public hotels. But when we were finished, a Russian went up to young Copeck and told him that the ladies were very much offended for taking off our coats! This looked very absurd in the billiard-room of a public hotel, but there is no accounting for the custom of countries.

We were hospitably entertained by several people up here, and I went once to a dance at the Naval Club, where all the beauty and chivalry of Vladi, were arrayed in becoming costumes; for the snow-bound season was now setting in, when Vladi would be shut out from the rest of the world, and this was the first of a series of entertainments intended to be given during the forthcoming season of compelled confinement.

I don't know why, but at my last dinner ashore, there seemed some sort of curiosity at the table as to how old I was. They were generously inclined to put me down as younger than I really was, except my hostess, who guessed correctly to the very year. I then declared my age, when one of the Russian officers from one of the gunboats in harbour got up from the end of the table and shook hands with me, for he was born the same year. My hostess, sitting next me, also shook hands. They and I—we three, were all born the same year! I don't exactly know how many comets and constellations announced the events, but to say that it was also a leap year would only be mentioning the most trivial of its remarkable peculiarities.

Copeck had gone up from Japan for the sake of the voyage to Vladi, but the place was far too cold for anything but the robustest health, and I am afraid he did not derive much benefit from his shivering journey. But though the weather was so cold, we roamed about considerably, even at the expense of getting a few salutary falls on the ice. The inner portion of the harbour had already frozen over, so we took a drooksi for a drive across it. One can endure great cold when the atmosphere is still, but when there is also a strong wind it pierces to the bones and freezes the marrow. And so it was on this drive of ours, for what with the speed of the wind and the speed of the drooksi going against it, we felt the cold very severe, my companion declaring that he would lose both nose and toes before he got back to the ship again.

The harbour of Vladivostók is a pretty large one, and is the only port of any importance that the

Russians possess on the Eastern Pacific. The entrance, long, twisted, and narrow, is guarded on both sides, and illuminated at night by an important lighthouse. The harbour then enlarges laterally, passing several miles both to the left and to the right. During the strained relations with Russia in 1885, when every day was expected to bring the declaration of war, this lighthouse was said not to be lit at night, so that no strange ships could come into the harbour under its guidance. But a venturesome British gunboat of the China squadron, I heard, managed the affair without difficulty, and, to the surprise of everybody, was found in the morning safely anchored in the inner harbour. The war, as we know, did not come off, or I am afraid the dauntless little gunboat would have had a hard time of it before she got out again.

The landscape about the harbour is elevated, and though not very massive it looked very well, as we left, under a bright moonlit sky and a surplice of purest snow. The town spreads itself along the harbour, but has no great depth in an inland direction. It is as yet of no great commercial importance, but very much thought of as a military garrison, and more especially as a naval rendezvous; and at this time there were more than a dozen men-o'-war all being laid up in their winter quarters. But when the contemplated railway is completed across Siberia, this town will likely become one of the most important in Russia in more ways than one.

Our ship, as she got lighter after discharging her cargo, became covered over on her sides with numberless icicles, more especially in the neighbourhood of scupper-holes and bilge-water conductors in general;

and the last night, as we were going late on board, the ice was breaking and crackling under our oars. A few days more and the Vladi harbour would be one field of ice and snow.

It was evidently then getting near time to be up and doing, unless we were prepared to winter there, which we did not at all choose to do. Had it been any other season of the year, or if I had not started from India with the full purpose of circumroaming the globe, I should possibly have attempted to reach Europe across Siberia. But my previous arrangements precluded the possibility of trying it.

And so we prepared to depart. In celebration of his jubilee voyage, the captain, gave a large party, of some thirty guests, on board his ship the night before we set sail, and everything went off joyously among speeches and toasts and wine and songs. I had given the captain a copy of the photograph that is the frontispiece to this random narrative, and as he knew that I had the same dress on board he was very desirous that I should dress in kilts on this rejoicing occasion, as scarcely any one up there had ever seen them worn before. But much as I would wish to please the obliging captain, how could I? If the ladies were so shocked at seeing young Copeck and myself in our shirt-sleeves in the billiard-room of a hotel, by the Tzar of all the Russias, what would they do if I exposed my knees!

Next evening we said good-bye and good wishes to Vladivostók, quite a number of people coming to see the ship off on her last trip that year. We now retraced our way to Ginsen and Fusan back again. The weather was bracing and cold, but not very

blowy, and the high snow-clad coast of Corea was visible night and day. We met the *Higo-Maru* of the same company at Fusan, and here the two captains, with Copeck and myself, went ashore, and rambled about the country with the avowed purpose of shooting, but we found nothing to shoot, so we two turned back, while the two captains persevered in their pursuit a little longer.

I thought the Coreans were very like the Chinese, and it would be difficult often to recognize the difference. On the whole, I don't think they are quite so broad in the cheekbones, nor so oblique about the eyes as the Celestial brethren; but they are fully as sturdy as even the Northern Chinese about Pekin. Physically they appear to have nothing whatever in common with the neat little Japanese living in such close proximity to them. They mostly wear pigtails like the Chinese, and it is the custom for lads not to wear any head-dress until they get married, when they are permitted to cover their heads with grace and decorum, in the shape of a peculiar broad-brimmed hat that looks like a truncated cone.

It had got rather rough when we were ashore, and we found it difficult to find a boat to take us back, till at last we got into one deeply laden with merchandise for the *Higo-Maru*. The boat was nearly swamped once or twice, and the boatmen, after doing their best, were unable to pull to the *Tackachiho* and had therefore to make for the *Higo-Maru* instead. Here we waited till they had discharged the cargo, after which we made a successful effort to reach the proper ship.

Late in the evening it calmed down completely, and

we got a very beautiful sunset over the hills to the west of Fusan. There are some isolated crags outside the harbour, known from their colour as the Black Rocks, and which appeared at this time as if they were raised completely out of the water by a kind of mirage. We were leaving at early daybreak, and remarked that whatever this might mean in Corea, in our own country such a phenomenon would prognosticate a storm. We did leave port at the early hour intended, and the rocking of the ship at sea woke me up early, to find, when I went on deck, that we had the wet sheet, the flowing sea and wind that followed fast, as we had anticipated. But we soon after got in lea of some of the islands to our starboard, and this was my first sight of the fair strand of far Japan.

CHAPTER XX.

The galloping globe-trotter—The beautiful inland sea—Nagasaki and Kobe—Kioto, the ancient capital of Japan—A city of temples—"Namba, namba, namba, namba"—Japanese not all Buddhists—Character of Nirvana—Sir Edwin Arnold as the New Light of Asia—Why has Buddhism left India and Java?—Visit to a crematory—"Oh, yesee, it was my grandmother-in-law."

AND this is Japan, the empire of a thousand isles, so over-ridden and over-written of late years by the galloping globe-trotter that I would fain pass by and say nothing about it. But who can pass by Japan without turning aside to see it, and remember it ever after as a kind of spiritual revelation too dreamlike to be real. I recollect it as a thing of beauty and a joy for ever when I think now and again of that far away land of sunshine and shadow, of æsthetic teapots and other works of art, of scurrying *jinrickshaws* and of bows, posturings, and Buddhas.

We left the island of Jussima in the dusk of the evening, and were soon feeling our way through a whole fleet of fishing boats bobbing about on the waves, and looking like so many fireflies, being all lighted at the stern. And then came the deservedly famous Inland Sea of Japan. The moon was on the wane at this time, rising in the early morning, and in the very early morning I was up betimes to watch the landscape. Shortly after there was a hand on my

shoulder. It was the captain, surprised at my early rising, and who had got up himself to look after his ship, the navigation of which required vigilance and care going along these narrow channels.

On going ashore at Nagasaki, one of the first Europeans that met me walking along the streets was a lady rover that I had previously met on these ramblings, she and her young companion were with me on my trip to the island of Mokoia, in New Zealand, already related. Months passed away in our mutual wanderings, but on reaching Brisbane, before leaving Australia for good, who did I find in the Belle Vue Hotel but this happy couple. Then we parted again, but only to meet a third time in this distant harbour of far Japan.

There is an old Highland proverb: "Men meet though the hills never;" and I only mention this circumstance, not only to prove how small the world is, but also on account of a rather strange coincidence in names. The rover I met in New Zealand, in Australia, and in Japan was a Miss Duncan. Several months after that, when crossing the Atlantic in the *City of Paris*, I came across the *Lady's Pictorial*, and there read an article entitled "A Social Departure," written by a Miss Duncan, and relating the adventures in Japan of herself and her companion, whom she called Orthodocia.

The surname of Duncan is not, I think, particularly prolific, and the sketch of Orthodocia in that article was so like her companion, that I thought this was the Miss Duncan mentioned. The clever book, "A Social Departure," came out shortly after, and I got a copy of it from simple curiosity. Yet I was

mistaken; for it appears, that about the same time, there were two Misses Duncan, world wanderers in the Far East, and each with an Orthodocia of her own. The real Miss Duncan who wrote "A Social Departure," was a Scotch Canadian, and her Orthodocia was English; whereas the other Miss Duncan was English, and *her* Orthodocia was Scotch.

The dim moonlight threw a kind of dreamy haze over everything visible, and imparted to the whole the appearance of a vague phantasmagoria. Here an island mountain rises abruptly out of the sea, with its base bathed in grey mist, there the feudal strongholds of antiquated *daimios*, the sacred pagodas on the sides of the hills, or spectral sounds winding about fairy islands, and stretching away far and shadowy, you know not where. There was a soft calmness and halo over the lone domain that left the mind bewildered in a maze of melancholy. And as the day dawned at length, and the first flush of early morn poured upon the scene, it looked the baseless fabric of a dream more than anything real and substantial. And here is the beautiful harbour of Nagasaki, equal to any individual scene in any harbour that I had seen. The shadows of night were falling fast as Pappenborg was pointed out while passing it. This is the island from a precipitous cliff of which the earliest Christian missionaries to Japan were mercilessly hurled down into the sea and drowned there and then; while all around are the picturesque hills and forests and vales.

I landed at Kobe, with its great crescentic bay, its waterfalls and grand mountain scenery in the immediate background; and shortly after I left for Kioto, the ancient capital of old Japan. In all the places

and countries that I had previously visited I had seldom been asked to produce my passport. But these diminutive Japanese officials, how very officious they are! One would think that they suspected you of evil designs to run away with their country on your back without further ceremony.

A local passport can be obtained from the British Consul at Kobe, which will serve as far as Kioto, but beyond that you cannot go without a passport from Japanese headquarters at Tōkyō, the present capital of modern Japan, and even then you are allowed to visit only those places specified on the passport, while you are solemnly warned to return your warrant at the end of the journey. You would think you were to be introduced into all the mysteries of freemasonry by the fuss the Japanese make over it.

I found it easier to pass the *pons assinorum* than pass myself and my luggage labelled and ticketed through the Kobe railway station. But we were off at last. It was pouring with rain, and the day was altogether very disagreeable. I was the only European passenger in the train, and the same fuss that was made over my local pass at Kobe was again repeated at Kioto by a little mannikin guard in brass buttons, who kept me waiting a long time, and whose mechanical bows and posturings to my mind deserved corporal punishment. The provoking part of it was to know what was all the fuss about, for we respectively knew of one another's language enough to make us misunderstand one another completely. There seemed to be nothing wrong with the passport, and yet there seemed there was, and glad was I at last when I reached through the rain the Yo-āmi Hotel

and laid myself down feeling feverish and uncomfortable.

The hotel was on the mountain-side of Moruyama, and commanded an excellent view of the swarming multitude of Kioto down below, which at night became illuminated with the glimmer of countless pale lights far as the eye could reach. This was Kioto, the imperial and sacred city of the Micado since ancient times, though the seat of empire has been removed twenty years ago to Tōkyō, which is the present capital. Of all the cities of Japan Kioto is above all others the City of Temples. They were here without number, but I was getting a surfeit of temples by this time, and Buddha is Buddha all over in every country in which I had seen him exhibited. I do not profess, therefore, to have visited *all* the temples of this ancient city, though I did not neglect to see those of more special celebrity.

Not very far from the hotel was one of those eminent shrines with an immense image of the pious Buddha in profound contemplation, as usual, and much adorned with gaudy tinsel, and adored by long-robed priests. The Japanese, for one thing, are not a fanatical people by any means. They don't believe in their own religion, and are said to be very much in search of a new one ; and so there was no difficulty in visiting the temple. I commenced, then, by taking off my boots, on the presumption, I suppose, that the ground whereon I stood was holy. But they supplied me instead with a pair of slippers pious enough for the occasion, and far too large for me, so that I made much greater noise than if they had left my own with me.

There was one persevering devotee clanging with a hammer on a kind of anvil, and accompanying every beat with "Namba, namba, namba, namba," till I thought he was never to stop. I watched him for a long time to tire him out, but no, as I found him so I left him, repeating his namba, namba, till the word got such a hold of me as to be ringing in my ears for weeks afterwards. The expression, I believe, is a contraction in Japanese for "Little Buddha, Little Buddha," &c., a very silly sort of supplication, one would think, with which to appeal to a god of any kind, but there is no accounting for the eccentricities of these amusing little idolaters.

It was only a layman, apparently, who was repeating this jargon, while immediately in front of the image were two live bonzes in the robes of their order, with shaven heads, and sitting down on their knees with great humility, and repeating a jargon of their own more complicate than the one I mention.

It must not be supposed that only one religion prevails in either China or Japan, for many of the Chinese are followers of the "holy ancestral teacher, Confucius," and for these to swear by the head of Confucius is as sacred as for a Mahommedan to swear by the beard of the Prophet. And so in Japan many of the inhabitants profess the faith of *Shintoism*, the ancient religion of the land, so far as it can be called a religion at all, for it consists of merely moral or immoral precepts, without any reference whatever to a life to come. This religion has temples too, which are less gaudy than the Buddhist ones, and entirely destitute of idolatrous images of any kind. The only pieces of ornament they indulge in these temples are

mirrors, as a metaphorical reminder that as you see your face in the glass so are your sins known to God. Bell-ringing also comprises a great part of their religious services, and so in one of these temples I bought a couple of pennies' worth of bell-ringing, and rang the bell lustily enough to make the heart of the most zealous Shintoist rejoice within him.

But both Shintoism and Buddhism are fast dying out in Japan, unless Sir Edwin Arnold can manage to keep alive the dying embers by becoming a second "Light of Asia" himself. Nothing took me by greater surprise than the very first newspaper that fell into my hands among the beautiful islands of far Japan. It was one of the Japan papers of the 2nd of December, quoting a lecture of Sir Edwin's in detail. It was strange to find a Christian forsaking his own religion for a mere myth, only that this is the age of education run riot. Buddhism at best is but a deterrent religion to avoid punishment in a future life, and the most pious can only hope for complete annihilation, the *Nirvana* of unconscious rest and nothingness, the individual soul becoming lost and absorbed in the great universe around. Most of us, I presume, prefer to maintain our own identity whether in this life or the life to come; for each blade of grass has its own drop of dew, and you see how merrily, merrily the dewdrop shines in its own individuality before it is dissipated by the rising sun, for it will then be merry and shine no more, its individuality having perished for ever. And so to the soul Nirvana means death; the "Ego" is gone and vanished for ever, for it can no longer be said that the soul is secure in its own existence if it can be disintegrated in this way.

This is far from the faith of the humble Christian, or even that of the heathen philosophers who maintained the indestructibility of the Ego, through the countless aeons of eternity. Excepting that it has got a recognized founder, Buddhism does not materially differ from the devil-worship of the Kachin mountaineers, for the whole object of worship there is inspired by fear and never by hope; and the great idea of adoring their *Nats*, or Devils, is to ward off their natural propensity to evil, without the remotest hope of blessing or reward whatsoever.

It is not easy to follow Sir Edwin when he maintains that Buddhism, taking hold of a country, does so once and for ever, and that its power and sway is never lost. On the contrary, one would think that of all extant religions, Buddhism is pre-eminently the one to lose hold of a country and vanish for ever. Sir Edwin himself spent the prime of his life in India, not very far from where I am now writing, and India, as is well known, is the birthplace and cradle of Buddhism. Yet how many are this day Buddhists, and what influence does Buddhism now hold over the three hundred million souls of Hindustan? Has he been in Java? Java was once what may be called the head-quarter station of Buddhism, and the Boero-Boeder there is one of the most notable monuments of a religious worship, far grander and more ancient than any of the kind in China or Japan. Yet where are the Buddhists of Java now? Nowhere; they have simply disappeared from the face of the earth before the rising star of Islamism. Buddhism in Java has been swallowed up by Mahommedanism, as in India by Hindooism, and as it eventually will be in

China and Japan by Christianity or by Agnosticism, the fashionable Atheism of modern times. Even if we are doomed to die and perish as the common earth-worm, let us die *hoping*, even so as it is said a king should die standing. But as I see from the latest papers that Sir Edwin has gone so far as to adopt the Japanese *toga*, it is as well to let him alone till he finds out the error of his ways.

The Japanese are also great advocates of cremation of the dead. The principal crematorium at Kioto was two or three miles from the Hotel Yo-āmi, quite enough for a fresh evening walk and a ride in a rick-shaw, so one of the few other occupants of the hotel and myself went there. As we were going along in the early gloaming, my companion remarked what a pity it would be if there was nothing to see after coming such a long distance, quite forgetting the fact that what would be pleasure to us meant death to somebody else. Hardly had he spoken when a procession suddenly whisked round a corner and marched on in front of us. This was a Japanese funeral on its way to the very crematorium we were looking out for. Happy and lively as the Japanese are on ordinary occasions, this ceremony of theirs was quite solemn and affecting to a stranger, with its dim lights, muttering priests, solemn bells, and periodic clashing of cymbals. Incense being burnt during the ceremony, each of the chief mourners, including a small child, contributed his own share in keeping the flame alive by pouring in a little of the incense powder. The body was crumpled up in a squarish box of a coffin, and when the ceremony was ended it was placed in one of the fiery furnaces provided for the purpose, and we saw it no more.

We mingled freely with the funeral party, and the Japanese never made the slightest objection. From some circumstances in connection with the ceremony I wondered whether the coffin was that of a man or a woman. As we were descending the slope on our way back among the mourners, I spotted a youth with a felt hat, and the other toggery of a European, which fitted him very badly, but made me think he was likely to talk English. And I was not disappointed. "Oh, yesee," he gaily said, "woman's my granmother-in-law, and leetle boy my sone." I had not noticed him at the previous ceremony, but he did not appear then particularly disconsolate for the fate of his "granmother-in-law." But he expatiated on his recent afflictions in a very interesting way, describing how he had lately lost two sisters by cholera, among other sore bereavements. I found his "pigeon" rather difficult to understand, and as my companion pretended to take more interest in his private concerns than I did, I relegated our new friend to him, and they conversed briskly till we reached the turning-point, where the very best of friends must part.

The Micado, who used to live in the imperial city of Kioto, used to be as invisible as the queen of a beehive. To his people he was a sacred myth rather than a power in bone and flesh like their own. Hence the Shogun, or commander-in-chief, was the real visible incarnation of power, and the Shoguns at various times took advantage to make the Micados the mere myths that they were, and kept all the executive power in their own hands. All that is changed now. The Shogun's authority is broken,

and the Micado is the real ruling power in the land. Even the name Micado is now obsolete in Japan itself, the ruler going at present under the name Jenshi, as in more ancient times, though we still stick to our own nomenclature, and will probably do so for a long time to come.

The Shoguns, then, being great people in former times—greater, in a sense, than even the Micados—no wonder that their graves were objects of veneration in such a venerable country as Japan. One of these Shoguns is buried high up the mountain behind the hotel, which has therefore received the name of Shogunzuka, or the Shogun's Grave, containing nothing remarkable in grandeur, but much revered by the Japanese, and much frequented by the galloping globe-trotters from the Western world.

CHAPTER XXI.

The Rapids of Nippon—A polite Japanese maiden—Christmas Eve—The wedding party—"I'm a Scotchman"—Lake Beewa—The holy and hoary pine—Perils of a passport—The order of the Primrose League—The holy mountain of Fujiyama—Yokohama and the blue Pacific—Circumlocution office and my trip to Honolulu—The demon of fever—Japanese and their holidays—Japan beauties and their magic spell.

AND I am now away to the famous Rapids of Japan. They were seventeen miles off, over heavy roads, as all the roads then were on account of the wet weather; for, if I were to judge from the time I was there, Japan gets more than a usual share of the liquid element. We halted at a teahouse by the country roadside, and here Jock and his companion-in-harness would require some rest and some breakfast. I did not at first go inside myself, as I preferred to walk up and down till they were ready. A smiling maiden came out with a cup of tea for the stranger, but I wanted none of it, and waved her hastily away. She was retiring, taken aback and astonished, when I suddenly remembered the proverbial politeness of the Japanese. Wasn't the book still in my pocket, and was it not yesterday that I was reading about inns—"'*Yoku irashimashti*' (You are very welcome, sir). In acknowledgment of this politeness the stranger makes a slight inclination of the head, and says '*Arigato*' (thank you). Any deviation from

these rules of Japanese etiquette would be considered by a native as a want of respect"? Yes, it was very sad, but I would make what reparation lay in my power. "*Gomme nassè, oksau* (I beg your pardon, my dear)," I shouted in grief after the lassie, who forgave me immediately. And there I waited till Jock and his companion were refreshed, talking to this genial damsel and her mother, and drinking Japanese green tea out of handleless Japanese teacups. Our conversation, no doubt, was rather wanting in brilliancy, but we made up in courtesies what we lacked in eloquence; and as we were going away I bent myself low down to the ground with true Japanese politeness, and waved a last adieu, "*Sayonara, oksau, Sayonara* (Good-bye, sweet maid, good-bye)," and I saw her no more.

Through a fine tea estate, up hill and down dale, on we trundled till at last we reached the moat of a ruined castle near the upper end of the famous Rapids. It was not easy at first to get a boat. We got three men together at last, but they would not go till they got a fourth, which they took a long time in doing. It had rained a good deal for some days past, and the waters rushed headlong through the narrow gorge that confined it. We got all on board at last, four boatmen, two servants, the rickshaw, and myself, and it was a rare scene as we slipped down these roaring rapids. The hills rise abruptly on either side of the torrent that sweeps you along from scene to scene in a manner that is quite exciting.

The Great Defile of the Irrawaddy, a little above Bhamo, is said to be one of the finest in the world by the few Europeans who had till lately seen it;

and I had every good reason to remember the roaring torrent, as in 1886 I had the misfortune of falling overboard there, and to be saved by the greatest good luck. But much as my narrow escape was likely to impress that Defile on my memory, I cannot help thinking that these Rapids of Japan appear even grander and more romantic still. The hills appeared to be higher, more varied, and more rapidly rising from the bed of the river.

Here and there in the course of the Rapids are some quieter corners, where the boat moves on more slowly, and which give longer opportunities to appreciate the scenery around, before being caught again by the torrent on its onward rush. The boats themselves are somewhat peculiarly constructed, looking like great grey coffins forty feet long, made of planks of pinewood without any nails, being dovetailed together, and bound with thongs. And hence the extreme lightness and elasticity of these boats in riding over the torrent.

We several times shipped quantities of tumbling waters, and two or three times struck upon a rock, but the elastic boat bounded off like a football without any apparent injury whatever. Here the old pilot, pole in hand, warded the boat off the rocks with the rapidity of lightning, showing he was to the manner born, and that every one has his own special avocation in life.

Ten or twelve miles of this tumbling and flying past the most beautiful scenery brought us at last to comparative calm at *Arushama*, and there I landed and walked home most of the way, as Jock and his companion were quite tired out on account of the heavy

condition of the roads. It was Christmas Eve, too, and I am sure I enjoyed it better than if I were in the midst of all the revelry and dissipation that luxury can yield.

Yes, it was Christmas Eve, and there were comparatively few people staying at the hotel—for this was not the season for the pretty butterflies that swarm to Japan in summer—and almost all those present dined separately at small, isolated round tables. The only exception to this was a party of half a dozen, who made a merry Christmas together at one of the larger tables. It was still cold, changeable weather, and when the excitement of the Rapids cooled down, I felt rather weary and languid. In the middle of the dining-room was a large stove with some of this party ranged round it when I went in to dinner. Presently one of the strangers came up and spoke to me with the quaint form of introduction of "I'm a Scotchman." "So am I," I said, not well knowing what else to say, and shortly after the eldest of the party came and graciously asked me if I would care to partake of their Christmas dinner, as I might possibly prefer it to dining alone. The invitation was as kind as unexpected, and I accepted with many thanks. My last Christmas had been spent among the Himalayan mountains, and my present one among the temples and rapids of Japan was by no means an unworthy successor to the one gone before. In fact, this hospitable group was nothing else than a private marriage party, and it was the father of the bride who had so kindly welcomed me to the Christmas feast. The young couple had been married for two or three weeks, but as some of the friends lived at Kobe, and

some others at Yokohama, they decided to have their merry Christmas at Kioto as a sort of romantic half-way house, where they could meet in peace and quietness. And so it was that I had the pleasure of wishing health and happiness to this young couple, who were such strangers to me, and as the incident still remains green in my memory as a somewhat pleasing episode, I wish all of them again a long life and prosperity. The reader will probably put this incident down to Scotch clannishness in foreign lands, but if he does he is utterly mistaken, as the more immediate bridal party were not Scotch. The next day they dispersed to their respective homes, and I was anxious to leave Kioto too, but I couldn't.

When I left the "Omi Maru" in Corea for Vladivostók, I exacted a promise from the American passenger that he would make every inquiry when he reached Yokohama, and let me know of any ship going from Japan to the Sandwich Islands. True to his promise, a letter from him was waiting my arrival at Kobe, with the information that a ship was leaving Yokohama about this time, and not another for months afterwards. I was therefore anxious to overtake this ship, but here I was stuck at Kioto, unable to go beyond a few miles out of it without the proper passport. The Consul at Kobe had written for one to Tokyo, to be forwarded to me at Kioto, and I had also telegraphed myself, but without avail. I had seen enough of the polite Japanese officials to know I could not get on with my merely local passport; for I should think that it is in winter they expect the real spies to be coming into their land, and not in the regular trotting season.

To while away the time I spent the next day on the shores of Lake Beewa, the largest and the most romantic lake in all Japan. The greatest curiosity about it is the Great Pine of Karasāki, said to be considerably more than 2,000 years old, and now tottering down from the sheer weight of old age. The pine is my badge, and so I felt a kind of affection for this aged specimen, probably one of the oldest trees of its kind in the known world. It is held in great reverence by the Japanese themselves, who make pilgrimages to it as to something very sacred and holy.

Its pendant branches, I found, covered an area of 193 paces round about, but some of its branches bent over the lake, and I was not prepared to pace round them, because the weather was altogether too cold for that kind of fun. The famous banyan-tree in the Botanical Gardens of Calcutta, the largest or second largest in the world, would likely cover more ground, and I remember once pacing it also, but there is no other comparison between the mere warm-weather banyan and the hardy pine. The Japanese appear to take the greatest care of this hoary patriarch of the forest, and prop up its aged branches in quite a devout fashion; and they have also of recent years planted a sprig of the sacred tree near the parent trunk, so that when Father Time will necessarily wear out the old, the new will be able to take its place; and this young pine they have carefully guarded from vandals by surrounding it with tall railings.

It was while visiting this lake Beewa and this pine that, later on, an attempt was made by a Japanese to

assassinate the Czarewitch of Russia. And it was here also that the earthquake lately took place, which killed hundreds of Japanese. I wonder what has become of my favourite pine.

I noticed that one of the strangers at the hotel was always in the habit of wearing some order, not the ribbon only, but the medal in full. People are not particularly fond of wearing their hearts on their sleeves, nor their orders in their button-holes when wandering on foreign strands, and I consequently felt some curiosity to know what order this gentleman was wearing so far from home. Who knew but he might be a duke travelling in disguise, slightly demented perhaps, but proud of wearing the insignia of his order! In the middle of a conversation, I at last asked him, in a casual way, what might be the order he happened to have the honour of wearing, as I thought that it would be at least the Order of the Garter or the Thistle. But it was the Order of the Primrose League!

But at last my passport came, and nothing could be more welcome, as I had still some hopes of overtaking my ship in Yokohama for the Sandwich Islands, and so I hurried on that same evening. The same brass buttons that gave me such trouble on arriving at Kioto now again inquired for my passport. Seeing that I possessed the proper one this time, he was all bows and posturings at once, and as the train was starting he ran up to the window of the carriage to say his *sayonara,* or goodbye, and his last words were, "You will remember me, sir," in English. Yes. the little rascal, I do remember him for the bother he gave me.

The hail rattled loudly on the panes of the window, and it was evidently a dirty night outside. But by the time the morning arrived the weather had cleared up again, and the first thing that caught my sight, as I looked out, was the famous sacred mountain of Fujiyama in all her glory, and clad in snow. Like the Taj Mahal of Agra, like St. Paul's and St. Peter's, like the Delphic Oracle, like all truly good things in general, the great mountain Fujiyama grows on one and improves on acquaintance. And so the train rushed along, twisting and winding, on its devious course, now inland, and now along the sounding sea-shore, and with Fujiyama always in sight, as if we would never get round it.

No sooner had we reached Yokohama than I rushed to the Grand Hotel and made inquiries for my ship, but nobody knew, and so I fled as fast as my rickshaw could carry me to the office of the company. But it was the old tale again—too late, too late; for the ship had sailed for Honolulu the previous evening, and I had missed her by a few hours. And there I stood, helpless, and not in the best humour, breathing indignation against the Circumlocution office that had foiled my purpose for this part of the voyage.

I returned back to the hotel shivering, and I was laid up that evening with the most pronounced attack of fever and ague, which marred my New Year enjoyment and my last days on the strand of far Japan. I had caught this fever some years before, but hoped it had entirely vanished, yet here was my old enemy back again, proving how tenacious and long-remembering it was, once it has made a decided first

visit. Disappointed though I was, it was not a little amusing to watch the thorough abandonment to mirth of the jovial little people during the holidays. It looked as if man's chief end, and his only one, was merely to laugh and play.

Shuttlecocks went flying about all day long, and as for kites, it was difficult to get about without getting entangled with their strings. Both old and young Japanese seem so passionately fond of this aërial sort of sport, that they should have every prospect of inventing the forthcoming flying ship that is to wing it along to all the corners of the world. But the Japs are too jovial and serenely happy to be of inventive genius, and the only thing they have as yet ever invented is the elegant jinrickshaw, which is quite characteristic of their disposition; and they are also, as I must not forget, great proficients in the way of vases and æsthetic crockery in general.

Chinese lanterns moved about at night in every direction, and dolls and toys were thrown broadcast over the land, while the universal bows and obeisances made you think that the only ambition in the Japanese breast is to be the most humble and obedient as well as the most delightfully happy slave of his neighbour. I have seen an amount of etiquette between clerks of two Japanese ships in the Cheefoo harbour when parting that would serve the purpose of at least as many emperors after signing an important treaty of peace and alliance. To complete the carnival the very running rickshaws seemed to reel in happy response to the merry little hearts that pulled them, which at times were a little too merry from over-abundance of *saki* on this merry-making occasion.

The whole nation of Japan appeared to consist of boys and girls, as if old age and misery had abandoned the land.

Dainty little beauties tripped to and fro on their clattering wooden clogs, and with the most charming faces, but painted up to the very eyebrows. I was thinking of awarding the apple of beauty to the fair of Japan above all other Oriental fair ones, till it occurred to me that I ought to see a few of the beauties without their paint, which I was not able to do, as the greatest beauty among them all does not possess a soul above rouge. Yet, with or without rouge, these dark-eyed sirens have magic in their eyes and in the tones of their gentle voices; and no wonder that this, with the dews of their native mountains, is sufficient to throw a spell over many strangers. There is said to be a weary wanderer in Japan who has been trying to get out of it for the last seven years, but cannot. He is half-way between a Flying Dutchman and a lotus-eater, for he can weather it as far as Yokohama, but cannot get beyond before he again succumbs. And what are the lotuses, and who is the lotus-eater?

CHAPTER XXII.

Topsy-turvy habits of the Japanese—No sorrow in their song—A vision in tartans—Farewell to Japan—Reappearance—Fast passage from Yokohama—Nationalities among passengers—Miss Nellie Bly, the champion American racer—*Blowhorn* and *Blizzard*—Adverse winds —An anxious tug—"Nellie is flying"—Ten days in a madhouse.

THE Japanese do everything topsy-turvy according to our ideas of propriety. Their alphabetical characters are as numerous and intricate as those of the Chinese, and read, not from left to right, but upside down, while their books begin at the end and end at the beginning. Many other items are on a par with their literature, for even the warrior mounts his charger from the right instead of the left, and places him in the stable with his tail towards the manger.

But the Japanese are reforming and improving fast; for they now build big ships, brew ale, and dance the polka. Articles of food that till lately were abomination in their eyes are apparently now their hearts' delight, judging from their popularity at Japanese hotels. Not many years ago, and a Japanese would not think of eating an egg or giving it to anybody else, and therefore they kept no domestic fowls. But, judging from the following bill of fare for breakfast on Christmas Day at the Ya-āmi Hotel, they seem to be duly appreciating the merits of the barn-door poultry at the present period:—

BILL OF FARE:

Porridge.

Fried Eggs.	Scrambled Eggs.
Boiled Eggs.	Black Butter Eggs.
Puffed Eggs.	Ham and Eggs.
Poached Eggs.	Omelets.

Beefsteak.
Cold Meat.
Cheese, Tea, and Coffee.

Eggs are said to be brain-producing substances, as well as invigorating in other ways too, but any lover of eggs who cannot be satisfied by the above bill of fare must be very hard to please indeed.

Sitting one day at luncheon in the Grand Hotel, Yokohama, my attention was drawn to a strange young lady, who swept into the room with that lovely air of independence that marks out the free-born American. A gay cavalier danced attendance on her with dutiful devotion, and there she sat with most graceful indifference, looking round in a half-curious, half-contemptuous way that showed at once she was no ordinary personage. She was arrayed from head to foot in dark, warm tartans; her cap, her overcoat, her jacket, her skirts, and everything, except her gloves and perhaps her hose, revelled in the richness of these variegated colours. I pictured to myself all the clan tartans in rotation, but this was none of them, and no mountain maid could claim it as her own. Who was she, then, and what was her name and station, age and race?

One comes across such a lot of extraordinary people in travelling, that they finally cease to be extraordinary any longer. The incident had entirely passed out of my memory, as I was on the eve of sailing across the

Pacific, homeward bound. And so it came to pass, as I was standing on the deck of the good ship *Oceanic*, I was having a last look at Fujiyama, towering like a marble cone up the sky, when behold a vision appeared, and with the same sylph-like form, the same elastic step, the same coat of many colours, and even attended by the same cavalier, she swept suddenly past before me. Was she to be a passenger, or had only come on board to say good-bye to her friends? But we were soon hauling up our anchors, and the *Oceanic* soon swung round and was going half-speed out of the harbour, when she passed alongside the United States man-o'-war *Omahu*, and then I suddenly saw the fair one get fairly excited, as she stood on tiptoes on the top of a box, and vigorously waved her handkerchief to the handsome man-o'-war.

And then the cheering commenced, and the band of the man-o'-war struck up "Auld Lang Syne" and "Home, Sweet Home" in a manner to touch the heart of any rover, as home his footsteps he had turned from wandering on a foreign strand. The wide bay dotted over with ships, the picturesque town of Yokohama skirting the shore, the snow-covered mountain of Fujiyama rising like a great goddess in the background, and in front the vision in tartans, combined with the music, made up a melting medley of sights and sounds not easily forgotten.

It was a particularly pleasant and becoming departure from such a strand as far Japan, and the vision in tartans was none other than Miss Nellie Bly! Do you ask who Miss Nellie Bly is? Well, if you don't know, I need not tell you, for you cannot be sufficiently advanced to believe in hero-worship.

The cheering ceased, the land receded, as the gloaming settled over us, and we were now alone on the wide Pacific Ocean. The Pacific! What a misnomer! There is no more misleading name than that of Pacific as applied to this ocean, at least, in its northern latitudes. And, talking of winds and waves, you might well ask what were the wild waves saying, as you watch these billows with their crests of foam. A gale seldom lasts more than a few days, but it was one gale with us almost from beginning to end. The wind at first blew on our port quarter, and the *Oceanic* scudded before it in right good style. The waves were some of the longest and heaviest I had ever seen, and I have just now before me a San Francisco paper, in which the captain is said to have considered it the roughest voyage he had ever made across the Pacific, and his own log would certainly go far to carry out his statement.

The purser of the ship gave me a slip of paper printed with a list of the fastest passages ever made to and fro between Yokohama and San Francisco; and that list showed that the very last voyage of this same *Oceanic* was the fastest on record in this direction, and was printed in red ink in consequence. But at the end of the seventh day out, at noon, we this time had beaten that last record by about half an hour per day, which went far to show how well the gale was driving the *Oceanic* onwards. For these are the Roaring Forties of the Northern Hemisphere, similar to the same in the Southern Hemisphere, to which I have already alluded, when treating of my voyage from New Zealand. Ships habitually go through the Roaring Forties of the South, and though it is a very

different thing to go with the wind from going against it, still it is done every day. But it is hard to conceive how any ship could make progress against the wild billows that were storming and roaring at the stern of the *Oceanic* on our way across; and, as a matter of fact, no ship ever ventures to try it.

So that any ships seriously disabled here would have no chance of help, except from the ships sailing in the same direction, and a crew could only be picked up by a miracle in the terrific seas that pursued us, and in which no open boat could possibly live. For this reason ships on the reverse course from America to Japan keep much farther to the south, to avoid these long-continued western gales against them, but which are really taken advantage of when sailing in the direction that we were going, and of course it is not always blowing so hard.

San Francisco and Yokohama are about the same latitude, so that one would naturally expect the course from Japan would be a cut across due east, on the very simple principle that a straight line is the shortest between any two given points. But it is not so. The course usually steered is several points to the north for the first half of the voyage, and then gradually changing a little day by day, till in the end the course becomes south-east instead of the north-east, with which it started. Unless to take advantage of the Roaring Forties in one's favour, I could not quite make out why this course is always taken. The passengers on board these ships, I believe, invariably puzzle their heads about this anomaly of navigation, and but few of them can get it satisfactorily explained to them.

At noon, on the seventh day out, we found that we were 13° farther north than the straight course to 'Frisco, and nearly one hundred miles in front of the fastest previous trip on record.

We were not crammed with passengers, so that I had a good cabin all to myself; and when we were assigned our places at table, the first evening after starting, who, to my surprise, turned out to be my *vis-à-vis* but the Vision in Tartans—the charming Miss Nellie Bly.

The *Oceanic* was a White Star Liner, and rather an historic ship, as she was the first large ocean liner in which the saloon cabins were placed about the middle of the ship, instead of the time-honoured but questionable custom of placing them near the stern; and any one who has travelled much on heaving billows, both in the new style and the old, must know what a difference it makes even to fairly good sailors. The innovation did not become established without unfavourable comment at the commencement, but time has passed, the *Oceanic*, the pioneer of the new departure, is now over twenty years old, and experience has proved the move to be in the right direction.

Though there were not so very many passengers on board, we were quite a varied crew; for, out of seven composing our side of the oval table, there were not less than five different nationalities—Russian, Yankee, Dutch, Scotch, and English. And so we ploughed the waves. The nights were sometimes beautifully clear, cold, and frosty, and I could once again gaze upon my old friend the "Plough," and the rest of them, shining down in all their glory. I rapidly recovered from the fever I had caught at

Kioto when I got on the open brine again, and after a little while, when we got our sea-legs on and settled down, many of us rather enjoyed this swishing voyage; and it was some consolation, at least for the greater part of the voyage, to know that we were "beating the record," which is always a pleasant thing to do in the right direction.

Hail often rattled down in great showers, and the ship was sometimes covered with snow and sometimes with the ocean's foam. It was a scene fit for a painter, to see the ship pitching through the long swell, and to watch the curling billows tossing in the rear to catch her, where they sometimes failed and sometimes succeeded, bursting with a loud laugh over the vessel's stern. We gradually got so familiar with these stern chasers, and the vessel behaved so well, that we only hoped the weather would continue, so that the ship would make the quickest passage on record, partly for our own sake, and more particularly for the sake of Miss Nellie Bly, who was at the time racing round the world, and it would be quite gratifying that the ship would aid her in her praiseworthy effort.

A happy thought struck a New York editor as he sat solus in his editorial chair. Wasn't there some familiar Frenchman, he thought to himself, Jules Vernes, who wrote romances, and did not one of his heroes, Phineas Phinn, in the author's imagination, put a girdle round the globe in eighty days? He put his editorial quill behind his editorial ear, and violently slapped his knee. "I have it," he exclaimed to himself; "we'll beat *that*. I guess and calculate we have a lady on the staff of the *Blowhorn* who will put a girdle round the globe, not in imagination, but in a

tartan dress, in less than eighty days, and beat Phineas Phinn to fits." And then he took the quill from behind his ear and chewed the stubby end of it with unconscious gusto.

The Yankees are a lively race, and make up their minds quickly. He glanced through the time-tables of all the steamship companies of all the known wide world. "The best advertisement for the *Blowhorn* we have had for long," he said. "I guess we'll beat that in 'Merica; my heroine will beat Phineas Phinn to his bottom dollar." He touched the electric bell at his editorial elbow, and was immediately attended to. "Jonathan," he cried, as the door was opened, "whereabouts is Miss Nellie Bly?" Wherever Miss Bly might be for the moment, it was not long before she was before the energetic editor. "Miss Bly," quoth the editor, "we have something nice in hand for you." Miss Bly blushed. "If you can pack up your box to-night," he continued, "and pack off yourself to-morrow on this 'ere trot round the world, I guess we'll beat Phineas Phinn and raise the glory of the *Blowhorn* sevenfold." "I guess we'll do it," said Nell, and, without a whisper more, Miss Nellie bowed her best bow, smiled her sweetest smile, and so took her departure. "There's fame and dollars in it," quoth the editor, as the door closed behind Nellie, and he chuckled to himself in intense satisfaction. It was the inspiration of the moment sent down from the gods by some invisible Mercury, no doubt, and it was quickly being acted upon; for Miss Nellie Bly was packing in hot haste that night, and before the sun rose on the next morning, she was rapidly sailing past Sandy Hook on her ever-memorable voyage round the world.

That same evening he of the *Blowhorn* met his rival brother editor of the *Bizzard*, with whom he boasted of his new venture, for Nell was already on the ocean waves, and apparently beyond the reach of competition. But brother *Blizzard* did not think so, and he would run a rival to take down Nellie's colours, in spite of her day's start. Both of them were ready to bet their bottom dollars on the enterprise, but eventually agreed to bet only a thousand dollars apiece. Miss Bisland was the second lady elect in this globe-trotting competition, and on the very next day after Nellie Bly, she started on her mission in the opposite direction. It was a strange comedy, and it was also a strange coincidence worthy of record, that the same ship *Oceanic* had the accidental honour of conveying Miss Bisland from San Francisco to Yokohama and Miss Bly, to San Francisco on her return voyage across the Pacific.

Till she joined the *Oceanic* at Hong-Kong, Miss Bly, in her eastward flight, did not even know that she was being raced in the opposite direction by an equally charming rival, and all her competition was with that mythical hero, Phineas Phinn, whom she hoped to beat by two or three days only. Miss Bisland might be very amiable, and I believe she was, but we, of course, preferred Miss Bly to win, because we had the honour of travelling with her a part of the way ourselves, for selfishness, alas! enters into the compositions and competitions of most of us.

It was greatly in favour of Miss Bly that, in crossing the Pacific eastward, she must have gained one day, as on a certain occasion we really had two

Mondays which counted only as one, whereas Miss Bisland, going in the opposite direction westward, lost that day of the week she crossed the 180th degree, because they had no Tuesday in that week at all, as it passed, by some strange mesmerism, suddenly from a Monday to a Wednesday. This may puzzle those who have not yet gone round the world, but, to us who have, it is as plain as a pikestaff that Miss Bly had in this way two whole days' advantage of Miss Bisland, besides the original day in starting; and yet it has entirely escaped the cute Yankees to account for this important item in their racing calculations!

I said that the gales were favourable, and some with weak stomachs declared that they were far too much so. But on the seventh day, at noon, we commenced to turn our ship's head by little and little to starboard, and no sooner did we commence to trifle with the *Oceanic* in this way than our good fortune commenced to forsake us; for the gales, without losing much of their violence, turned more and more against us, while we as from sheer sulks turned our ship's nose more and more against them. And so it was that when the record was made up at the end, our trip was very far from being the fastest one on record across the Pacific.

But there is an end to all voyages of whatever kind, and we were in the end making land of an early morning, and approaching the Golden Gate that leads into the San Francisco harbour. With the exception of the day we left Yokohama, this was the second day we had been able to dispense with the racks on the dining-tables, which of itself will go to show that our passage was not a smooth one.

While still many miles away on the open ocean, a large tug approached with the purpose of taking Miss Bly away from us on her rapid transit across the globe, as the ship would take some little time yet before she got moved to her berth. It was there also that we heard the joyful news that she was likely to win the race, not only over the Phineas Phinn of fancy, but the Miss Bisland of fact. That lady had done her best, and would probably have won, but for the fickleness of Fortune and the boorishness of the French authorities. By some unexpected delay of the train on the Continent, she was two hours too late to overtake the French mail from Havre to New York, and though she telegraphed, as Americans only know how to do, regardless of expense, to detain the ship for a couple of hours, the unchivalrous French managers, be it said to their shame, were not to be moved, for I am afraid they did not quite understand the romantic American ladies rushing round the world in this lady golightly fashion, and so they put out the ship on the advertised hour, and lost to Miss Bisland her only chance of winning. Still, by the time we reached San Francisco, she was on the Atlantic again, though in one of the slow ships, and it was then quite possible that she might beat Nellie after all. So there was great hurry-scurrying on board to get her away, while crowds of American interviewers were struggling to get the first words from her. I confess with a blush that for myself, I could not quite make out what was all this bustle about, but then the ways of some people are past finding out to merely sober-minded douce canny Scots like me, and so I calmly concluded that there must be something in it, of which my limited

liability could not see the joke. But all the same, we were sorry to part with Miss Bly, as she was an excellent sailor and a genial soul withal.

But Nellie was not out of the wood yet. It had been a very severe winter in the north-west, and all the railways leading across that part of America were blocked with snow. There was only one way out of the difficulty, and that was by taking the South Pacific Railway line as far as Mojave, and then, branching off to the east of the snow blocks, secure her passage to New York with the least possible delay. Under these special circumstances her route had been planned for her all the way, and this was exactly what she did. By the time we meaner mortals landed from the ship, Nellie Bly was flying at the rate of fifty miles an hour, and scarcely a blizzard, let alone a Bisland, could manage to overtake her. And so Miss Bly, through these flying moments, was the proudest woman in a country of seventy millions of inhabitants.

There were three topics of talk in San Francisco when we arrived there, and these were the Snow Blocks, La Grippe, and Miss Nellie Bly. Though not the blizzard, might not La Grippe catch her on the way? some people thought with anxious concern. But Nellie escaped both, and when her grateful country felt so solicitous about her she was for four days rushing in hot haste to her starting-point in New York.

The special placed at her disposal never stopped anywhere, except to take in coals or water, and whenever it did halt a bit Nellie was nearly suffocated with eager admirers, and once or twice, I think, she made a neat little speech, like Mr. Gladstone, from the train to those around her. Her portrait was copied in

every newspaper one could lay hold of, and I . that by some odd mistake, they made her look fat, and forty-five, whereas Miss Nellie is the slimmest and trimmest of maidens, a little over twenty years old. Her name was not only in everybody's mouth, but the telegraph wires flashed it everywhere between 'Frisco and New York, between Chicago and New Orleans.

I never heard of La Grippe before I landed in San Francisco, but when I did hear of it I found it was a very fashionable complaint indeed, much more so than if it were only called by its proper name of *malade vulgare*, or common cold. People of fashion complained if they did not get it, as if they had been left out in the cold, and they also complained if they did get it, as it was not a very agreeable kind of "affection" after all. And it must be added that La Grippe had not then become such a fatal scourge as the Influenza has become afterwards.

But for the time being Nellie eclipsed even La Grippe, notwithstanding its French name, and journalists wrote long articles about her, with such conspicuous headings as "She flies across Niagara," "She comes, Nellie comes," "Beating the record, Nellie wins"; and then came the crowning glory of all, when Nellie made her triumphal entry into New York City, and the citizens went fairly mad and tipsy to receive her. Yes, Nellie was a proud, wee woman that day; she had beaten the world in more senses than one, for she had gone round it in seventy-two days, eight hours, ten minutes, and fifty-two seconds. But what was all the fuss about, do I hear you say?—

"'Why, that I cannot tell,' said he
But 'twas a famous victory.'"

Nellie's victory was of short duration, for a little e after this an American gentleman of the appro- iate name of Trail followed in the trail of Miss Bly and—drat the boy!—beat her by a few hours, thus wrenching the palm of victory from her grasp. But let him not crow too much over it, for I have no doubt the Trail victory will in due time be trailed on the ground in its turn by some other trotting trailer of similar ambitions; while the honour must always remain with Miss Bly of being the first in fact to beat the Phineas Phinn of fiction.

One would think that the best and most complete voyage round the world would really win the prize, instead of the shortest and therefore the worst. But Brother Jonathan does not think so, as he is all sensation and dollars, and it must also be conceded that it is always easy to decide who goes quickest round the world, whereas it is a very difficult thing to judge as to which is the best and most complete voyage.

And I may conclude this short monograph of Miss Bly by divulging a secret—she is not Miss Bly at all, but Miss Elizabeth Cockrane by birth and parentage, though she is now so much associated with her *nom de plume* as almost to have abandoned the surname of her ancestors altogether. She is a clever girl of the period, and she has done smarter things than even her smart voyage round the world, for she had not long ago let in all the "mad doctors" of New York by making them believe that she was herself hopelessly insane, and so by this ruse she got herself to be an inmate of a lunatic asylum, observed how all things were carried on there, and then exposed the whole

concern. I have since read her booklet, "Ten Days in a Madhouse," which, if not over delicate in its sentiment, goes at any rate a long way to prove both her pluck and intelligence. The story of the doctor who she thought, was making love to her in the madhouse is very refreshing. *Sayonara*, Miss Nellie Bly, *Sayonara.*

CHAPTER XXIII.

The land of the Philistines—American National Anthem—John Brown's body—Snow-blocks on the railways—"The Star-spangled Banner"—On his beam-ends—"I guess, stranger"—A Yankee rover.

THE Palace Hotel, where I put up in San Francisco is said to be the largest hotel in the world, being able to accommodate some twelve hundred people; but that does not say that it is by any means the most comfortable, and as regards appearances it cannot compare with several of the largest hotels in London and elsewhere. Everybody about it is also in such a dreadful hurry, and so vastly independent, that after a sea voyage and the quietness of Japan one feels a little dazed at first in this land of the Philistines. The very custom-house officials on your landing give you your first introduction and impressions of America in the way they knock your boxes about, and tumble everything inside out, as if they all belonged—well, not to themselves. But you soon get used to it, and become a Philistine of the Philistines after a comparatively short sojourn in this vigorous land of booms and blizzards.

The physical aspect of San Francisco was anything but inviting, on account of slush and rain. The streets of American towns in general have a bad reputation for the state of their pavements, and San Francisco

cannot deny the soft impeachment. But Americans of all grades are famous for inventive genius, and I believe it was a native of San Francisco who first invented the modern cable trams; and one could well believe it on the principle that necessity is the mother of invention. Not only are ordinary hired conveyances very dear, and out of all proportion to fares with us, but the roads are so frightfully uneven that these traps are by no means beds of roses, as they go jolting along on their rough mission. So there is quite a network of these tram cables spread over almost all parts of the city, though not quite coming up to the same cable tram system in Melbourne, which I should think is the best in the world.

As I did not know my way about very well, and as I wanted to see the Cliff and the neighbouring Seal Rocks, I one day engaged a cab from the hotel cab-stand. The distance is about seven miles, and I had to pay seven dollars, or say thirty shillings, for this trip of two or three hours in a one-horse chaise. I objected, but on inquiry it seemed to be all right, and according to the exorbitant tariff laid down. I did not then know about these fancy charges in America; but I used the cable cars afterwards, not only to avoid the ridiculously high charges, but also to save my backbone from concussion, jolting over the rough roads in these uneasy four-wheelers. I inquired of my driver that day why the roads were left in such a dreadful state, and he told me it was because "the politicians stole the money!" Something like the same remark was passed by some people later on, and indeed it seemed to be the prevailing opinion freely expressed. Heaps of almighty dollars, they say, are set apart every year

for road reformations in San Francisco, yet the roads do not reform, but rather the reverse.

And how the seals roared on the rocks beyond the Cliff! Numberless great big hulking seals, with the hides of swine, and none of that beautiful fur so doted on by the millionaires' wives in San Francisco, and the cold weather wives of millionaires in general throughout the globe. It was a grey and gusty day enough, and the wild waves dashed furiously on the cliffs, and mingled their roar with the chorus of the seals, making altogether a strange spectacle to observe. On the way thither people visit Golden Gate Park, of which the San Franciscans are so mighty proud, and which is really a large and well-laid-out demesne. For it may be said in favour of all modern towns, whether in America or the British colonies in general, that the citizens much better appreciate the building of cities than people did in the olden days. In New Zealand, for instance, the public parks in this way sometimes occupy more space than the towns themselves, preparing as it were for the time when small towns will become great cities, with plenty of lungs to breathe with. The ground reserved for Botanic Gardens in the pious Christchurch, New Zealand, takes up a very considerable portion of the whole town, waiting for the good time coming, when the city will become great and rich, and the public will have room for recreation by the forethought of their predecessors.

The most conspicuous ornament in the Golden Gate Park of San Francisco is a statue to the poet, Francis Scott-Key, best known as the author of "The Star-spangled Banner." It was once a favourite song in America, and may therefore be copied in full, that the

reader may judge for himself how far the author has deserved immortality and a statue, for the fame of poet Scott-Key must live and die with this effusion of his muse alone.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

"Oh, say, can you see by the dawn's early light
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming,
Whose broad stripes and white stars through the perilous flight
O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming?
And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there,
Oh, say, does that Star-spangled Banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On that shore dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half concealed, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam
In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream;
'Tis the Star-spangled Banner; oh, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion
A home and a country should leave us no more?
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution;
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave;
And the Star-spangled Banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Oh, thus be it ever where freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation,
Blest with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued land
Praise the power that hath made and preserved us a nation;
Then conquer we must, for our cause it is just,
And this be our motto, 'Our God is our trust;'
And the Star-spangled Banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."

This at any rate is a patriotic song, and would make a national anthem, infinitely preferable to the ridiculous jingle of "Yankee Doodle," on which Yankees have laid their heart. It is difficult to conceive how Americans could have chosen such rubbish as their own, either for its sentiment or music, for the national air of a country should always be sentimental, if not always martial; and in this connection one might mention among others the "Swanee River" for sentiment, and "Marching through Georgia" for its martial spirit.

By the way, almost everybody has an impression that John Brown, the hero of "Marching through Georgia," is the same as the John Brown who was one of the first martyrs for freedom at the commencement of the late American Civil War, and I also always thought so till a Boston paper I casually picked up enlightened me on the subject. "When the Glory Hallelujah Chorus," quoth the Boston print, "struck the ears of the regiment it was at once taken up as a corps song. Private John Brown was a young man from Scotland, who had been in the country for less than six months (brother to Lieutenant R. B. Brown, of C. Company), but was very bright and always full of fun. The words of the verses were made up at random as they would rhyme, so it was started, 'John Brown's body lies mouldering in the ground,' at which he was very indignant. Alas! prophetic words for him! He enlisted in the 12th Massachussets Regiment, and gave his young life for his adopted country, as he was drowned in June, 1862, when crossing the Shenandoah River, near Front Royal, Va. Singularly enough, he met his death within a few miles of the place where the original John Brown was executed." Hence, probably,

the mistake of making the "original" John Brown the hero of this favourite song.

But the song of all others that deserves immortality as the national air and anthem of America is "Home, Sweet Home." There is a fond sentiment about the words and air alike that kindles up the bosom of any one with feeling, and this is the best proof of a really national song, for the music is so wrapt with the words and sentiment, that it might well claim a place among the archives of great national airs. Besides, it is from beginning to end a true produce of the soil of America, as it was composed by a freeborn Yankee, James Payn (perhaps a connection of the distinguished English novelist of the same name), and who, I believe, is now buried among his brother Jonathans in one of the churchyards of Washington City. This would be something of a national anthem to be proud of, and to substitute for the cheap and nasty "Yankee Doodle," for it is universal in its application to all nations, and to all sorts and conditions of men.

There were many things I intended to do when I reached America; but one cannot do everything, and on a long voyage one's performances may not always be able to follow in the groove of one's original intentions. This was the case with me, and I was not sorry for it in the end. Some of the things, then, that I intended to do in America were to visit the Yellow Stone Park, and compare its geysers with the geysers of Wakaréwaréwa in New Zealand; to visit the Yosemitë Valley, and compare it with the Otira Gorge; to visit the Salt Lake City and the Latterday Saints, to compare them in their communal polygamy with the savages of the South Sea Islands, and get a few further

wrinkles of information about that disreputable crew. But I was foiled in all these good intentions by the severe winter and the snow-blocks on the railways.

But America is a great country, and of very varied resources and alternatives, and I decided to proceed across the Continent to New Orleans instead.

And so I was preparing to leave San Francisco the next day, when I got a letter that suddenly surprised me, for it was from none else than the redoubtable P., who had been my travelling companion so long, and had only parted with me in Hong Kong, as I mentioned before in this truthful narrative. He had intended, as I said before, to reach Japan, and then turn home through British India. But when he reached Yokohama, and gazed on the blue Pacific in front of him, he was suddenly seized with the evil spirit of circumnavigation, and the idea of paying homage to painted idols on India's coral strand was thrown over to the winds in favour of this overwhelming passion of completing the voyage round the world. He had indeed travelled a great deal before he reached the Pacific at Yokohama, but still it was incomplete, for the girdle could not be worn without going all round the globe, and all round the globe he therefore determined to go, and so win the girdle when it was finished.

He was not long, though, in San Francisco when he had reason to wish he had gone to dusky Hindustan instead. He had gone through Java, through China, through Japan unscathed; but he had not been long in San Francisco when he woke one morning, and found, not that he had become suddenly famous like Byron, but that he had been most carefully and completely robbed by his "American cousins"! Such

are the uncertainties of life, and the dangers of those who expose themselves to go aroving round the planet. P. had come some time before me to San Francisco, and had seen my name among the list of passengers. He was not able to come to see me, but I was able to go and see him, which I did at once; and after doing what I was able, we had a long last ramble together that day over the city; but as he was waiting remittances, I had to proceed on my journey that evening without him. He, however, turned up all right in England later on, and as he is come of age, and can speak for himself, I shall so leave him to tell his own story.

What first strikes a stranger about American railways is the absence of railway porters. I had unintentionally sent too much luggage to the Pullman car the night I left San Francisco, and I had the greatest trouble to get any one to touch it, while I did not know where to put it myself. The *employés* on these railways, I am sure, do not mean it, and would scout with scorn any base imputation, but kindness is certainly not a part of their creed, nor is civility among their virtues.

The trains are not so fast, nor do they run nearly so smooth as in Britain, but their Pullman cars are very grand indeed. The distances there are so great, that comfort is a matter of greater urgency with Americans than with us; but whatever the reason, the difference in the rolling stock is very marked between them. Nor are the railway servants all equally uncivil. On a long railway line like the South Pacific, extending over three thousand miles, the guards of the Pullman cars go only certain lengths of the way, handing over their

duties successively to others going on. On the second or third day I noticed that the new functionary was not nearly so snappish, nor so fond of "what say" and "I guess, stranger" as the rest of them. He was sitting in the smoking-room when I went in one time, and as he probably knew the country we were passing, I drew him out into a conversation. He was full of knowledge, and equally willing to impart it. We were at the time passing along the mountains called the *Sierra Blanca*, when I casually observed that their sterile grey colour were not unlike some of the bleak mountains of Afghanistan. But why, the guard was up there himself, and knew all about it. He had, in fact, gone through the last Afghan campaign as a soldier in the British army, though an American by birth, and then I saw what accounted for the milk in the cocoanut, and the absence of "what say" and "I guess, stranger."

He talked much of Mexico as a place worth visiting, for he was a rover, and had also been there. The mountain capital city of Quito was in my original programme, so far as I had a programme at all; but Quito was now out of the question on account of the time remaining at my disposal. But till I reached America I scarcely thought of Mexico at all, although it is a city much more ancient and interesting than Quito, and only second to it as the most elevated city in the world. I had made inquiries from Mr. Mackay, the travellers' agent at San Francisco, but though he had the vast railway network of America at his fingers' ends, he scarcely knew anything at all about travelling in Mexico or the West Indies, which latter I intended also to visit.

But this guard apparently knew all about it; and it was mainly through his agency that I changed my mind on my way in the train, and made a *détour* of twelve hundred miles to visit the city of Mexico and the country round about.

CHAPTER XXIV.

The highways to Mexico—A part greater than the whole—The Land of the Aztecs—Divine Adelina—Fortress of Chapultepec—Church of Guadalupe—Myth of the Floating Gardens—Bull-fight in Mexico City—Picador disabled—A reeking spectacle.

IT was midnight when I branched off at Spoffort Junction, and hoped to get straight on to Mexico; but the train stopped at the dead of night at a place called Eagle Pass, after a noted Indian chief who lived thereabouts, and assumed to himself the lordly cognomen of the eagle. It is situated on the Rio Grande, the river that for a long distance forms the boundary-line between the United States and Mexico. Immediately on the opposite side of the river is the Mexican town of *Piedras Nigras*, a pretty name, but instead of being distinguished for its black rocks, as the name implies, it is an extremely dusty and desolate village of the plains. For this reason, or perhaps for some other, its name was at this very time being changed by official orders into Porfirio Diaz, in honour of the ruling president of the Mexican Republic. Next day I crossed the Rio Grande in a little ferry-boat, and thereby stepped on Mexican territory for the first time in my life. I proceeded to the railway station there and asked for a ticket to Mexico.

Competition is the soul of trade, and there is a good

deal of competition just now between two rival railway companies running trains between the States and Mexico. But still it surprised me, when I was told that a return ticket was cheaper than a single one. It was the first time that I had known of a part being greater than the whole; but it was all right, for on saying so, did not the booking-clerk explain it by saying that "that was the way they did things in Mexico"; and he surely ought to know all about it, and I expected of course that it was on account of the competition.

For variety's sake I intended to return by the National line, passing through a different portion of the country, and I therefore took a single ticket only; but after telling the clerk that I could not promise to return the same way, I changed my single ticket for a return one, and got ten dollars back of my fare, contrary to all rules and precedence of anything in my experience before; but of course that was the way they did things in Mexico, and a country without individuality is like a man without a soul.

And so to Mexico I went. The train, as a rule, went up easy ascents, through occasionally picturesque country, but nothing at all to be compared with the magnificent mountains further on. Travelling for a long distance over these sometimes imperceptible gradients to the naked eye, we at last reached Mexico City, over 7,000 feet above sea-level, and as I said, with the exception of Quito, the most elevated large town in the world. Mexico, in the Western hemisphere, is about the same latitude as Bombay in the Eastern world, but oh, how different in its climate and temperature! The city of Mexico is as high as the

highest mountain retreats in India, like Simla, for instance, and the rarefaction of the air even in this comparatively low altitude is so great that the climate does not at all suit every stranger who happens to live there, and many people of the plains have to leave it on this account.

The city itself is a very interesting one to see, far more so than any city in the neighbouring United States, by reason of its old age and more romantic history. The *Aztecs*, the aboriginal race of the country, built the city for safety's sake on a marsh in the middle of a large plain almost entirely surrounded by mountains. At that time it was not called Mexico, but *Tenochtitlan*, a name which the reader is not likely to remember with ease. But Cortes, the celebrated Spanish buccaneer, betrayed *Montezuma*, the native chief, in 1519, and laid the foundation of Mexico as we now see it.

When we reached Mexico there was not a little difficulty to find a place to put up in, as Mexico is notorious for its bad hotel accommodation. The *Iturbide Hotel* and the *Hotel De Jardine* are the only fairly good ones, but both these were crammed at the time. The divine Adelina was at one of them with her troupe of sixty wandering minstrels, and a long train of excursionists had come in the day before, all the way from Boston. These two parties alone took up most of the available hotel accommodation in Mexico, but I was finally able to get the share of a room in a small hotel that was once a portion of a large church, which was converting the house of God into a house of Belial with undisguised reality. And although the matin ringing of the church bells woke

one up uncomfortably early, besides a promiscuous ding-dong all day, we still were thankful to have got into it all the same.

There are many objects of interest in the city of Mexico which cannot be described here, and first of all in importance are the ancient curiosities of the Mexican Museum, which among other odd concerns contains the famous Aztec Stone, which belongs to an old period of the country, long before the discovery of America by Columbus. It is of a flat circular figure, something like a giant quern-stone, with a figure, apparently of the sun, carved in the centre, and with other allegorical figures ranged all round. Various interpretations have been given of the stone and its sculpture, and though the latter has not yet been quite satisfactorily deciphered, there is a general consensus of opinion among antiquarians that the stone was a kind of sacrificial altar on which human lives were the reeking sacrifices. The allegorical figures probably teach moral lessons according to the aborigines' ideas of morality, and may be something after the same fashion as the "Old Block" in the British Museum, allegorical of the seven ages of the life of man, from which Shakespeare may have drawn for his own description. In this museum may also be seen the state carriage, with all its glitter and gildings, of the unfortunate Emperor Maximilian during his brief rule of Mexico, and before he was shot for his pretensions not so very long ago.

I say nothing of the cathedral, as it is like any other large building of the same kind, only cracked by an earthquake, to which cathedrals appear to be rather liable. But I must mention the Church of Guadalupe,

as it was built after a miracle. The Holy Virgin wanted to build a church on that spot, but preferred to reveal her wish rather to a rustic in russet than a bishop in lawn, and so the name of Juan Diego has been canonized in consequence. It was by making flowers grow out of the barren rocks that the Virgin established her identity, and wherewith Juan Diego proved his veracity as well as the reality of the vision. I am afraid that the Agnostics of modern days would rather laugh at the vision of Juan Diego, but whether the vision was real or visionary, so to speak, the devout Mexicans took it greatly to heart, and the Madonna of Guadalupe has ever since been the patron saint of the country, in just the same way as the patron saints of other nations have been chosen. Mexico, indeed, is a city full of miracles, but perhaps one of them is enough at a time. Yet in connection with the miracle of the flowers I may mention that a fountain suddenly gushed up from where the Virgin was standing, and is still there to this day, sacred and holy. I had a drink of it once and found the water brackish and unpalatable.

To visit the Palace of Chapultepec a permit is required from the Minister of War, for this is a fortress as well as a palace. It is situated on the top of an isolated rock rising abruptly from what was once a marshy plain, and as a fortress it has been used from ancient times, though it is now the official residence of whoever may be the president of the Republic, as it has been the seat of the ruling powers for generations gone by. I went through the whole of this fine palace, which is very gorgeously decorated, most of the furniture, I believe, being there since the short reign

of Maximilian, who lost his life in his vain effort to win a throne. The view from the topmost pinnacle of the palace is a truly magnificent one, giving a full panorama of the city of Mexico itself, and the lakes in its vicinity, as well as the amphitheatre of mountains surrounding the plain, with the snow-covered sentinel of Popocatepetl rearing its head far away in the distance.

They will tell you about the Floating Gardens of Mexico, but don't believe them. The thoughts about the Suspended Gardens of Babylon induced me to go and see the Floating Gardens of Mexico, especially as I had seen from the top of Chapultepec the lakes on which the Floating Gardens were said to be both floating and flourishing. But I had a lot of toil and trouble for my pains, and that was all, for after spending the best portion of a day about what was supposed to be the Floating Gardens, I came home convinced that if there ever was anything like Floating Gardens in Mexico, they must have been hauled ashore long before my visit.

Nothing now remained but to see the great bull-fight that was just coming off, and though I am glad to have seen it once for the sake of information, I have no ambition to see any of these reeking sights again. It is not easy to describe this the only bull-fight of the kind that I have seen, or to convey to the mind of the reader what sort of gory entertainment it is. It might certainly be called "bloody," for blood squirted and scattered in every direction, through the whole of this grimy performance. These scenes of butchery had been thought so demoralizing by the Mexican authorities that they tried to suppress them by law a few

years ago, but had to be resuscitated again by the cry of the populace for fresh issues of bloodshed, which shows what sympathetic beings the Mexican populace must be.

The programme of this affair is now before me in Spanish, and I see that six *Hermosos Toros*, or handsome bulls, were announced to be butchered that day, and a vast multitude had gathered in their thousands to witness the massacre. One particular bull was proclaimed as a special *bravo toro*, and had lately come to Mexico from the famous breed of the Duke of Veragua in Spain. The vast crowds were seated round the spacious amphitheatre as the door opened and the play commenced. First in procession came six *banderilleros*, with their blazing flags, which were soon to prove what real truth is contained in a "red rag to a bull." Then came the four *picadores*, or lancers on horses, and who ever saw such bag-of-bones of horses as these were? Rosinante and Don Quixote would be fat and well-favoured in comparison to them. Last of all came in the two *espadas*, who are supposed to be the cream of the show, for it is they who give with their swords the final *coup de grace* to the infuriated animals. The *espadas*, then, who fight on foot are altogether the most distinguished of these butchers, and often require great tact and agility in pursuit of their gruesome calling. Mingled with these were a nondescript crew, while greatest among them all was the umpire in his exalted seat above the crowd.

Shortly after, a bull rushes into the arena wild and handsome, with erect tail and glaring eyes full of fear and wonder; and poor beast, he has every reason to feel alarmed, for he shall never go out alive again. He is

BULL-FIGHT IN MEXICO.

(*The* espado *despatching the* bravo toro.)

taken aback for a moment, suddenly stops and gazes curiously round the sea of human faces before him, and then plunges forward in headlong career. The *banderilleros* with their red flags are the first to put him raving mad. They tantalize him by flaunting these flags before his eyes till the poor bull does not know what on earth to do. Indeed he becomes very stupid in his fury, for when he is pursuing one *banderillero* in his rage, other *banderilleros* approach him from the sides and divert his attention to one of themselves, and so the game goes on till the bull actually gets dazed, though there is plenty of strength remaining in him still.

Then those hideous horsemen called the *picadores* come on. They are armed with lances and mounted, as I said, on the most starved-looking brutes that ever carried a rider; and while their own legs are protected from the horns of the bull, not so the hides of the wretched jades, which are also nearly blinded, so as not to see too much of the bull when coming up to them. It is not the business of the *picador* to kill the animal, but to spear him here and there, and make him still more furious. Last scene of all, the *espada* with his sword comes on to the fight on foot, and after dexterously fixing four short stilettoes, two on each side of the bull's neck, he finally despatches the animal with his sword. The bull is furious by the time these stilettoes with their little red flags are stuck into his neck, and the great and crowning act is when the *espada*, after various manœuvres, plunges his sword, sometimes to the very hilt, in the neck of the animal, and the way this last feat is performed is the *pièce de résistance* of the whole tragedy.

This first bull then rushed furiously about the arena, roused to madness by the red flags of the *banderilleros*, and once he cleared the railing, and nearly reached some of the spectators who were sitting uncomfortably near, but he was brought back again.

The frightful jades that carry the *picadores* suffer both from rheumatism and starvation on their own account, besides being blinded for the occasion by their tormentors. If they had enough legs to run away, or if they could see their enemy properly, they would not face the bull, of course. This first bull rushed at the bag-of-bones whenever he came on the scene, and the *picador* failing to spear him, he caught the flank of the horse on his horns, tore his bowels open, and tossed himself and his rider heads over heels. The whole affair was so sudden that the rider fell under the dying horse, and was very nearly killed. But up rushed the *banderilleros* with their flags to divert the bull's attention again, while the *picador* was carried out insensible. It was a good beginning, and the fun promised to become fast and furious, to say the least of it. The case of the disabled *picador*, far from raising a cry of commiseration from the crowd, rather raised a deafening cheer in favour of the bull. Then the *espadas* commenced their butchering work, fixing the darts in the bull's neck with great dexterity, and then one of them, after several futile attempts, plunged his sword to the hilt in the bull's neck. He gave one involuntary groan, his life-blood rushed violently out of his mouth, and in an instant he fell right over his head as dead as a stone.

Such was the first bull-fight I have ever seen. The description of one is quite sufficient, and this one was

a fair example of the fights that followed, though of course some of the bulls fought much more valiantly than others. The famous *bravo toro* that was imported from the Duke of Veragua in Spain for the purpose was by no means the best, there being one other bull which, though not quite so big, fought much fiercer, and he disabled three horses before he was finally despatched by the *espadas*, and carried out of the arena dead at the tails of three mules kept ready for the purpose.

On a certain occasion one of the *espadas* performed a feat which fairly brought down the house in a chorus of wild admiration; and hats, sticks, and handkerchiefs were showered down to him in thick profusion. He took no notice of this noisy demonstration till he got the bull despatched, after which he politely returned the various tokens to their respective owners. When the *espada* was being hotly pursued by the bull, he suddenly dropped motionless on his face on the ground, and the bull, after one attempt to toss him, rushed wildly along. This was the feat the spectators so much admired, and which was said to be very dangerous and but seldom performed. One only of these gruesome fights is quite enough to read at a time, and more than enough to look upon, for it was cruel sport, and I was not sorry when it was all ended.

CHAPTER XXV.

Ascent of Popocatepetl—Kenneth the stockrider—Severe weather—View of the "Sentinel"—A sleepless night—Shall we ever reach the summit?—A crater in fumes—A mockery of mountain dew—The world in a mist—A lost revolver—A night of agony—Cold at the beginning of an inflammation—Take with you your goggles.

It was at this time I got possessed with the idea of climbing Popocatepetl. It is 18,000 feet high, or nearly three thousand feet higher than Mont Blanc, the highest mountain in Europe; and it shares with Mount St. Elias, in Alaska, the proud claim of being the highest and most magnificent mountain in the whole continent of North America, both mountains being nearly exactly the same height. Humboldt was the first European who gave any authentic account of Popocatepetl by climbing it himself, and the house in Mexico in which the great traveller used to live when exploring this country is now pointed out to the stranger as one of the curiosities of the place, and I felt bound, of course, to visit it during my stay there.

This Mount Popocatepetl can be seen from various coigns of vantage in Mexico, such as the top of the fortress of Chapultepec which I have already mentioned. It is then seen in close proximity to Ixtaccihuatl (yes, say it again), a mountain nearly as high

as Popocatepetl itself, and little would the looker-on from Mexico think that the top of these two mountains are over thirty miles apart as the crow flies.

But though very keen to climb Popocatepetl, it was far from easy to see my way for doing so; for I could not speak a word of either Spanish or Mexican, and without one of these it would be hopeless to try the task. I did my very best all over Mexico, but I could not get any one to go up with me. But at last, as if by mere accident, I came across the very sort of fellow I would like for such a journey, and this was none else than the enthusiastic Kenneth Wheatley.

When at the railway office to get a ticket back to the United States by the National route, instead of the International line, with which I had gone, I discovered, not much to my surprise, that the booking-clerk at *Piedras Nigras* had made a mistake after all, and that he had charged me far too little for my ticket to Mexico. I returned, therefore, the difference, as he would otherwise have to pay it out of his own pocket, and in doing so I had the satisfaction of knowing that the old axiom of the whole being greater than a part still held true as it had hitherto done since the foundation of the world. But it was at that office that I was fortunate enough to meet "Kenneth" for the first time.

He had come to Mexico on a visit to his brother who was in this same office, and young Kenneth jumped at my proposals at once. His profession was that of a Texas stockrider, or "cowboy," as they ungallantly call it in America, and he had before now cast the *lasso* in company with the famous cowboy and breaker-of-hearts-in-general, to wit Buffalo Bill. He

spoke the *patois* of the country, and then I thought that if Kenneth and I could not climb Popocatepetl, we should know the reason why. General Ochoa of the Mexican army owned the lower slopes of the mountain, where he has got a ranch, with a large wooden shed built for shelter at a place called *Tlamacas*, 13,000 feet above sea-level.

I intended to take a few light instruments up the mountain with me for meteorological observations. One of those I particularly wanted was an aneroid, but when I found one it could only measure up to 10,000 feet, and would consequently be useless for heights of 18,000, so that, as I could not make sufficient observations of any value, I abandoned the idea altogether, but not so the idea of climbing the mountain for its own sweet sake.

Provided, then, with a letter from General Ochoa to his manager, and also provided with a fair supply of provisions, we proceeded forthwith from Mexico to Amecameca, where after some delay we found guides and then took our departure skywards. That night we reached the shed spoken of at Tlamacas, and there we gathered some fuel, erected a bonfire, and ranged ourselves round it, as it was bitterly cold, in the middle of the snow.

It had been raining a good deal in Mexico for two or three days before we left it, and what was rain in Mexico was of course snow on the mountains, which we noticed became covered nearly as low as Mexico itself. But the arrangements had then been made, and could not be delayed without abandoning the affair altogether. We were not surprised, then, to find a great fresh fall of snow on the elevated sides of the

sentinel herself. So at the sheltering shed at Tlamacas we passed our first night, thirteen thousand feet above the world in general, but we felt as yet scarcely any discomfort from the rarefaction of the air that people complain of in ascending great mountain heights. We were rather inclined to scoff at the idea; but we were not out of the wood yet, and our turn was to come.

Every thousand feet above thirteen or fourteen thousand goes to tell its own tale in progressive ratio to the thousand feet below it; so that other things being equal, climbing one thousand feet above an altitude of, say, twenty thousand, is worse than climbing two thousand feet at an altitude of, say, between ten and fifteen thousand only. I have heard one or two people who had been on the elevated plateaus of Central Asia say, that even at heights of 13,000 or 14,000 feet there, anything in the way of running for even a short distance on the flat was enough to take one's breath away and lay him panting on the ground; and as a matter of fact, it is doubtful if any one could endure for long an elevation much above 23,000 or 24,000 feet. Bleeding from the nose, terrible noises in the ears, irregular action of the heart, and violent panting are among the serious warnings in these instances to enable people not to tempt fate any further.

We laid down on some straw in the shed in order to get some little sleep before we started, but somehow or other I could not sleep a wink. The snow was so deep and so recent, that I was afraid we should not be able to manage it at all, and if we didn't, I for one would feel terribly disappointed. Watchman, what of the night? I got up about midnight to see, and

oh, it was a most glorious night, though most bitterly cold. It was exactly full moon shining down on the mountain to my left, the sky was as clear as crystal, with that peculiarly pure bluish tinge sometimes observed in frosty weather, and the mountain herself shone down there like a great goddess in her drapery of purest snow. I turned in again and tried hard to sleep, but it was in vain, for sleep had forsaken my eyelids.

Kenneth had kept very quiet on his litter of straw in his own corner, and I envied him his sleeping capacity. We were timed to start at four o'clock in the morning, and a little after three o'clock I could not endure the litter any longer. I therefore got up and roused Kenneth. "Get up, young sleepy head!" I said; "it is almost time we were starting." "Well, I haven't slept a wink yet at any rate," was Kenneth's reply. Kenneth, in fact, was in much the same frame of mind as I was myself. Each of us thought the other soundly asleep, and so kept quiet to prevent any disturbance.

We made our start faithfully at about four o'clock, the hour previously arranged for. It was still a beautiful moonlight, but the sky had become a little overcast here and there. We were recommended to cover our faces with a veil, and our eyes with coloured goggles. We got the goggles right enough in Mexico, but thought the veils a little too effeminate, and so disregarded them altogether. But Kenneth had either left his goggles in Mexico or lost them on the way. We each had a guide in case anything should happen to necessitate our separation, and each of the guides had goggles of his own. But going up the mountain

side Kenneth took the goggles from one of the guides, and, as it happened, it was from my guide he took them.

It was not long before the steep ascent and rarefied air began to tell upon us, and I had repeatedly to throw myself down in the snow. With a mingled kind of feeling between a laugh and a groan I watched our upward progress, and found that I could manage to walk my zigzag for some three or four minutes, and rest in the snow for the next five. This was not very rapid progress certainly, but Popocatepetl is hard to climb, and on a day like this scarcely possible to climb at all. On one of these occasions, when thus resting in the snow, I felt my goggles rather uncomfortable, and interfering with my appreciation of the scenery very considerably. I looked on my hardy little guide, born and bred on the side of the mountain, and he looked the very picture of misery through my coloured goggles. He had no goggles of his own, for Kenneth, as I said, had taken the loan of them from him. My eyesight had been exposed for years to all sorts of sunshine and shadow, and had never been anything the worse before. I therefore took off my goggles and gave them to the guide to use them for himself, and for this act of charitable indiscretion I had to suffer very keenly shortly afterwards.

It was a far cry to the top of that mountain that looked so near when far away; and it was with bitter experience that we found out the effects of the recent snowfall. During the greater portion of the steep ascent we sank very much more than knee-deep into the soft snow at every step. Our course was a very tortuous and zigzag one, and occasionally my foot

would slip on the more hardened layers of snow beneath, and then I would slither down till the accumulating bank of snow put a check to my undesirable backsliding; while climbing back again was almost the most trying task of all. I tried snow shoes over my own boots, but they were to me like the armour of Goliath to David, as I was not accustomed to them, and I had to take them off.

To increase our discomfort, a gusty wind blew across the mountain, loaded with blinding snowdrift, consisting of hail almost as fine as the sand on the seashore. The cold also became very intense towards the higher altitudes, and long before we reached the top my hair and clothes became as stiff as pasteboard, and looked like a panoply of radiant armour, flexible only at the joints. I several times thought of giving up the venture as a bad job; and I am afraid I should have turned back with my task undone, except that I was determined that nothing would mar the voyage which laid in my power to prevent. But perseverance surmounts difficulties, and ten or twelve hours of this severe strain brought us safely at last to the crater of the famous Popocatepetl, which we found smoking and fuming away in great style.

It was a fairly round crater, with a well-defined margin, and an upper and lower lip to right and left of us as we entered. Except in odd nooks and crannies, the crater itself was free from snow, on account of the fumes, but outside and immediately round it, a solid rim of ice, two or three feet high, marked the margin where the fumes from the crater ceased to have any great influence, and on the sharp edge of this very boundary I cut my shin by slipping over it.

POPOCATEPETL.

(As seen from Tlamacas at midnight with a full moon.)

And so we sat down on the icebound territory, and felt grateful that we had been able to reach it in the face of such difficulties. "Kenneth," quoth I at last, "now that we have climbed the mountain, would we had some mountain dew!" Yes, we had brought a small quantity, and so we drank good health to the mountain and long life to one another. But when I tasted my mountain dew it was rye whisky, which almost gave me the shivers, and made me both wry and angry indeed. Mountain dew, quotha, it tasted far too much of the plains for me. It was afterwards I found out that the modern American mashers affect whisky made from rye, to the detriment of the good old style; but let them, as long as they keep it to themselves, and not cheat ordinary law-abiding people with their vile concoctions, although the world would probably get on quite as well without either. Stimulants are fatal to the proper endurance of prolonged hardship, and to take them when the long labour is still before one would be a mistake of the first order, but once Kenneth and myself were safely seated on our bench of ice we really thought ourselves quite entitled to a wee drap of the crather, though we found this kind of crather made us only cold and uncomfortable.

We expected, of course, to get a beautiful view, but in this we were sorely disappointed, for with the exception of the higher reaches of the mountain itself, all the world was hidden in dense fogs and clouds, though the sun danced merrily enough on our very exalted position above. It looked also so threatening and thick below, that we might lose our way returning, which was by no means an agreeable look-out for

us. So after a short stay to rest ourselves, we resumed our journey downwards, which was a very different task from going up. *Facilis descensus Averni*, and comparatively easy also was the descent of Popocatepetl. The clouds, too, cleared away in the nick of time, and the weather again became fair and clear.

The wearing of arms is a common practice in Mexico, as the Mexicans have the reputation of being rather treacherous, and railway guards and all sorts of people going about the districts are always armed in prosecuting their calling. Both Kenneth and myself were therefore fully armed with revolvers on this occasion. When we reached the shelter shed at Tlamacas, I gave my revolver to one of the servants who was staying there till our return, assured within myself that it would be a bold bandit indeed who carried his nefarious calling to such a high degree. But Kenneth, who knew the natives better, did not care to trust them, and so he took his revolver with him. He had already lost his goggles, as the reader already knows, and now while descending the mountain he suddenly discovered that he had lost his revolver also. It had probably been chucked out of its case by coming in contact with blocks of snow, and there Kenneth's revolver lies buried in the snow, and will probably rest there till the crack of doom. But I was only too glad to supply him with a new revolver, to replace the one he had lost, and as a small keepsake of this our adventure together.

When we reached Tlamacas back again we intended to pass the night there, but Kenneth complained of pains in the chest, and for this and other reasons we

decided, if possible, to reach Amecameca. His sensations in climbing the mountain seem to have differed very much from mine, as he thought he could climb it with much greater ease if his legs could carry him, or in other words, his greatest difficulty lay in his legs. Whereas my legs, I thought, could carry me anywhere, provided my heart ceased that violent hammering against my ribs. It is not always easy to describe one's feelings, but my sensations in this instance appeared much more in accord with the sensations in climbing great heights as recorded in scientific books, though I was fortunate to escape the most dangerous of the symptoms.

But now going back in the pale moonlight I commenced to feel my eyes getting very watery, accompanied with a kind of gritty sensation. Before reaching the top of the mountain during the day I observed the snow occasionally assuming a variety of colours, but I thought this was only temporary, and took no further notice of it; nor did I suspect that the grittiness I felt was anything serious. After having something to eat, then, at Amecameca, Kenneth and I turned in to sleep. In the rest-house where we put up there was only one small room for the two of us, with a narrow bed into which we could not squeeze both; so Kenneth preferred to sleep on a shakedown of straw by the side of the bed.

It was only necessary to lay our heads down in order to sleep off at once. But my sleep was of short duration, when I woke up in the most excruciating agony, as if both my eyeballs had gone on fire, for both of them were in fact in a raging state of incipient inflammation. I lighted a candle and looked at my

watch. I thought it would be about daybreak, but it was nowhere near it, and I had only slept a very short time indeed. I tried to communicate with the outside, but I could not, as I found the door was locked, and I had no means whatever to communicate. Kenneth woke up with the noise that I made, but he was so tired that the cannon's roar could not keep him awake, neither could anything have kept myself awake except the fearful agony I was suffering.

It was impossible to get any warm water wherewith to bathe my eyes, and moreover I remembered the good old maxim of "cold at the commencement of an inflammation." So I wanted to get some cold water, the colder the better, but I could not get any, as there was none in the room to get. I tried the door in vain, for it was locked from the outside, or at any rate all my ingenuity could not open it. At last, in a moment of sharp anguish, I threw myself violently on the door and burst it open. Then the sleepy landlord woke up sharp enough, and came in great trepidation to see what the row was about, and I suppose it was better that neither of us understood one another then. However, I got the cold water I wanted, and with this I kept splashing my eyes for I do not know how long, when the pain gradually abated, and I slept the sleep of the just till the sun was high in the heavens that morning; and I think that, so long as it lasted, this was the most excruciating pain that I have ever endured.

When I woke that morning I found that, though the pain had considerably abated, I could scarcely open my eyes, as they were so extremely sensitive to the light. Kenneth had promised the guides that we

should take them into Mexico and get a group photograph of the four of us, as they had done their duty so well. They were elated at this idea, as they had never seen Mexico before, nor had they ever seen their own dusky faces depicted in detail. But I could not take a photograph with blind eyes, and so this idea had to be abandoned, much to the disappointment of the hardy little guides. On our return to Mexico we were accosted by the inevitable interviewer from the *Two Republics*, the only newspaper issued in English throughout the whole of the Mexican dominions, and on the next day a short account was published of the trying task of scaling the peak of Popocatepetl under such unfavourable auspices.

After staying in Mexico for a day or two to get my eyes out of danger, I said goodbye to Kenneth, and took my departure on a new route to the United States. The skin of my face and hands had got so blistered with the glare and snowdrift, that it commenced to peel off in shreds and patches that quite changed my appearance for the time being. And the moral of the whole tale is this—when climbing the regions of everlasting snow, take both your goggles and your veil and wear them.

CHAPTER XXVI.

The town of San Antonio—Quarters in New Orleans—The Carnival and the German Sengerfest—Origin of the New Orleans population—Snow palaces in Canada—*Levées* of the Mississippi—Inundation and loss of life—Arrival and reception of Rex in his royal capital—Procession of Rex and also of Comus and his *Mistick Krewe*—The revelry at night—Headaches in the morning—Morris the morris-dancer—He puts me in a fix—Final rescue—The Mammoth Caves of Kentucky *versus* the Jenolan Caves.

AFTER a stay of a day or two at San Antonio, one of the oldest towns in the United States, and formerly belonging to Mexico, I proceeded on to New Orleans, passing through swamps and jungles of cypress, almost all of which were covered with the curious Spanish moss that gave them such a truly funereal appearance. The Carnival or *Mardi-gras* was just coming off at New Orleans, and I was anxious not to miss it. It was my intention on leaving San Francisco to visit the West Indies, and still be in time for this season of high jinks; but my wanderings in Mexico had knocked that arrangement on the head. The festival was announced to begin on the 12th and end on the 19th of the month, thus comprising a whole week, and I wanted to see it all. But for the information of the stranger who may be thinking of visiting the place at this festive season, I may remark that the last two days are the only ones that deserve any attention.

Notwithstanding my early arrival, the town had already been invaded by such a host of visitors from various quarters, that I found it difficult to get a place to put up in. I was recommended to the St. Charles Hotel, but all the rooms were occupied and engaged already till the end of the Carnival. Second only to the St. Charles is the Royal Hotel, owned, I believe, by the same proprietors as the other; the one being conducted in the European, and the other on the American principle of management. So the Royal suited me even better, as I was always going about somewhere. When I reached it, late at night, there was luckily one room vacant, but it was to be claimed on the morrow. On the principle that to-morrow never comes, I was only too grateful to take it for the night, and let the morrow look out for itself; and when the morrow did come I was turned out sure enough, but some person who was not so keen on the Carnival vacated another room, and I stepped into it before it could be appropriated by some more of the Philistines. On the top story, therefore, of that dome-covered palace I made my nest for more than a week.

Crowds of people, as I said, flocked to New Orleans from all quarters several days before the Carnival properly came on; and by the time the great burlesque passed off, small furnished rooms in private houses rose, it is said, to prices varying from twenty-five to fifty dollars, or five to ten pounds sterling per day. The real citizens of New Orleans could scarcely amount to a moiety of the motley throng that filled the streets, for the crowd was augmented on this particular occasion by the unusual occurrence of the *Sengerfest* of the

Germans resident in America, and to this singing feast of the Germans, thousands hailing from the Fatherland came in from all parts of the country. The railway companies, too, joined hands to make travel cheap and easy, and I met myself Americans at the Carnival who had come purposely to see it from Detroit and other parts of the Canadian border.

The Carnival is an old but decaying institution in all Roman Catholic countries, and when celebrated at all, it is invariably celebrated the week before Lent. It used once to be the most magnificent festival in the sacred city of Rome, but has lately been almost neglected altogether there, though while writing this narrative I read that there is a powerful effort being made to restore the ancient festival to its pristine splendour. It was from Catholic France, then, that the institution was first introduced into New Orleans, for French Canadians were the earliest settlers in this city, and French blood predominates there to this day.

For the same reason of a French population, the Carnival is now and again celebrated in Montreal and Quebec, more especially in the latter, where the greater portion of the inhabitants are Roman Catholics of French extraction. One of the great sights in the Canadian Carnival is the Palace of Snow, erected for the occasion, and which is said to be a great spectacle to behold. Well, a palace of snow is a very impossible thing in New Orleans, which is almost tropical in its climate, but all the same, it is allowed on all hands that New Orleans turns out the grandest display of carnival in any town of the world, old or new; so that it is therefore particularly the sight to see in this department of burlesque and dumb-show.

The days spent in New Orleans before the real Carnival came on, passed by quietly enough, but I spent them visiting what was worth seeing, whether in the city itself or in its surroundings. I visited Pontchartrain, and thought I was gazing on the romantic waves of the Gulf of Mexico, and fancying the West Indian islands in the distance; but the West Indies were a good cry away, and I was only on the borders of a fresh-water lake that had been artificially connected with the sea in the far-away distance. Other excursions were round the various suburbs and up the great Mississippi, the longest river in the world, and perhaps the largest, though the Amazon claims the prize for carrying the greatest volume of water to the ever-craving sea. At New Orleans the river measures from one to two miles wide, but the volume of water depends on speed and depth as well as on the width of the stream. I only mention this because the mighty Mississippi was at this very time almost overflowing its banks in the neighbourhood of New Orleans. At its highest floods the river is confined in its channel by artificial embankments called *levees*, while most of the city itself is on a lower level than the river under such circumstances. I noticed one day, towards the upper reaches of these *levees*, that a rise of only a few inches would make the river overflow, and it was quite apparent that a scene of inundation would then ensue. And not many days after I left the place this very *levee* did get flooded, causing a great portion of New Orleans to be inundated, with great loss to life and property. But this was the festive season of the Carnival, and after that the deluge might come, so far as New Orleanists seemed to be concerned.

After the preliminary gaieties of the week, it was on the 18th that "Rex," the King of the Carnival, made his triumphant entry into the city of New Orleans, having previously gone up the river a few miles for the purpose of giving effect to this part of the show. Those personally engaged in these processions are kept secret on account of the mysticism connected with their performances on these occasions; for no one out of the charmed circle are supposed to know who Rex or any one else of them may be till the whole festival is completely over, for they are all masked through the entire celebrations. The *tableaux* themselves are also secretly constructed and guarded with equal jealousy from the gaze of the curious, till they are once and for all launched upon the streets, although their preparation and outfits take up the greater portion of the year preceding their exhibition.

Rex, then, accompanied by his chief officers of state, all masked and accoutred, came ashore from one of the river boats with all the pomp of a monarch, among the bunting of ships, the decorations of streets, the roar of cannons, and the cheers of thousands upon thousands of his loyal subjects; and it was a gala time indeed for every one during the short reign of this very decorated king.

I met an amusing American "stranger" who was very great on this festival of *Mardi-gras*, and was coming into New Orleans for the occasion. He was going, he said, to welcome the country customers of the New Orleans "boss," for which he said he was the drummer. "Drummer!" I said; "surely you are not a drummer!" for he looked quite a superior young personage. But the drummer only laughed, as much

THE WAR IN HEAVEN.

(From the Carnival of New Orleans.)

as to say what a greenhorn I was, to be sure; but he replied that in 'Mer'ca, a drummer was what we called by the more respectable name of mercantile traveller because he drums the praises of his boss and his goods in the ears of any one who will listen to the same. This young fellow looked a very appropriate sort of drummer in every respect, and when I saw that night the procession of drummers, or commercial travellers, rattling away, I fancied I could see my *quondam* friend a-beating of the big drum with all his energy. And this procession of the drummers was followed in due form by others, representing every corporation and guild in the town, making much noise, and displaying the banners characteristic of each craft.

It was on the next day that the grand procession of the *Mistick Krewe* came off, while another came off at night, when all New Orleans was ablaze with illuminations and mad with merriment. The processions are allegorical, and represent different themes from year to year, such as illustrations from Spenser's "Faery Queene," the "Pilgrim's Progress," the "Progress of Art and Science," and so on. The scenes from "Fact and Fable," displayed this year, were said by those who knew, to be particularly gorgeous, and personally I never saw anything of the kind to equal it.

The procession of Rex, as I said, came off during the day, and that of Comus at night, the latter alone consisting of not less than twenty-three *tableaux* of most gorgeous character, representing various phases in the history of fact and fiction, such as the War in Heaven, the Ages of Man, Lalla Rookh, and such like, down to the last, but not least—the History of Ireland. This mighty pageant was mounted in such

a lavish style, that the cheers of the populace were loud and incessant as the procession glided slowly and majestically along the streets.

And then came the balls and midnight revelry, when all New Orleans appeared to have gone fairly mad. There was a ball given by Rex to his humble subjects, and another by Comus, both by invitation; and I went to each of them to behold the beauty and chivalry of New Orleans arrayed in all their bravery of form and fashion. The ball given by Rex and his retinue was not intended to be so ostentatious as that given by Comus and his followers. But Rex, accompanied by his Queen, a New Orleans beauty selected for the occasion, paid a visit to his ball in due masquerade, and then retired with his revellers to the ball given by Comus and his *Mistick Krewe*, where all played the light fantastic till the clock struck midnight, after which the masks were gradually and privately laid aside, and the masked merry-makers appeared to their friends in their usual costume and their own true colours. It was indeed—

"Wine and wassail, mirth and laughter"

with a vengeance in New Orleans that night; but I am not able to speak about the *sequelae* of

"Sermons and sodawater the day after,"

as I was then speeding away from New Orleans as fast as the train could carry me. After such a week of right-down revelry, New Orleans must have felt very dull indeed on the week succeeding, for what a pity it is that action and reaction are always so equal

and opposite! However, we leave New Orleanists to themselves till the same time next year, when they will probably have forgotten their headaches, and be as gay and hospitable as they were before.

As will sometimes happen during such rambles, I was nearly placed in a curious fix while residing at New Orleans, and that through the morbid 'cuteness of a bank agent. When I wanted to raise some money, and produced my letter of credit, the cashier of the Canal Bank sent it in to the boss, who was sitting in an adjoining room. From the moment I was ushered into the awful presence of this boss, I saw at once that he was not at all inclined to be gracious, and he refused to cash my letter on the plea that he was not sure of my identity. I signed my name half-a-dozen times to satisfy this suspicious boss, and the letter had been drawn on two or three times before; but the boss would not be satisfied, and the strange monster at last refused point-blank to supply me with any cash whatever.

Curiosity prompted me to ask the name of such a peculiar man, when he replied that that was no concern of mine, but that his name was Morris. And I wondered within myself whether he was of the stock of the recreant Morris, who was deservedly drowned like a dog in a Highland linn for his base betrayal of Rob Roy. (*Vide* the novel, chapter iv. *et sequelae.*) But whether sprung from him or from Judas Iscariot, he had the power at that time of making things unpleasant for me in a place where I was an utter stranger, and might or might not be the sharper that he suspected I was.

I left him for a moment, not well knowing what to

think or do, but returned to appeal to his better sense for the curious position in which he was placing me, and to ask his advice under the circumstances, as he would not cash the letter himself; but he only replied by saying that some people jumped into the Mississippi when under a difficulty. After this reply of the brutal boss I saw it was no use of further communication with such a monster, and I withdrew, not exactly knowing how to shape my course, or what bank would advance the money, as the bank specially mentioned in the circular note had already refused. But something had to be done, and the second bank I went to cashed the note gladly enough, and without asking questions. As this bank was only a few doors away from that of Mr. Morris, I walked in with the almighty dollar notes in my hands to show them to him, but Morris had vanished from the room when I reached, and I have never seen his craven face again.

I was now able to clear my way in New Orleans, but these were the "bottom dollars" of that circular note. I expected there would be no difficulty of getting some more on reaching the same kind of agents in New York, but the conduct of Morris alarmed me, and I had to write to London on that account.

I said that I left New Orleans on the morning after the Carnival was over, and a good many thousands left for the north that same day in trains that started at short intervals from one another, and all crammed with passengers. My train was the second to start, but something went wrong with it, and we had to let other trains pass in front of us. I was bound at the time for New York, *viâ* Cincinatti, Washington,

Baltimore, and Philadelphia. On account of our partial breakdown we were not nearly in time, but it did not much matter to me, as I was leaving the train at a certain junction to pay a visit to the Mammoth Caves of Kentucky, of which I had heard so much.

I was anxious to see them on their own account, as well as to compare them with the Jenolan Caves of Australia. I had met several Americans on my way, who impressed me with the importance of visiting these caves, and one of them I met at Jenolan said, of course, that they could beat that in America. In the same train was a group of about a dozen Germans, who were returning north from the Carnival, as well as the *Sengerfest*, in which some of them took an active part. They and a few others also came out at this junction to see the caves, and whiled away the time by singing their German songs in chorus over again. The small railway branch to the caves themselves was very narrow, and more of a steam tram than a train; and for both the tram and the caves, both of which are private property, they charge as much as their conscience permits, contrasting in this respect with the Jenolan Caves, which are Government property, and lighted with electricity at the Government's expense, without fee of admission for any one, poor or rich.

However, the poor are not losing much by not being able to visit the Mammoth Caves of Kentucky, for any one who has ever gone through a railway tunnel may form a very fair conception of what the Mammoth Caves of Kentucky are like. There are miles and miles of this sort of thing without any object of interest to be met with at all, while the few

stalactites that exist are so crude and shapeless, as if they had been the work of nature's mere apprentices who had fashioned them so badly. There is also a subterranean river, as in the Jenolan Caves, and altogether the Mammoth Caves are larger and more capacious than any continuous group yet known in the Blue Mountains of Australia; so that they therefore really deserve the designation of Mammoth. But both the Mammoth and Jenolan Caves are big enough in every conscience, and with their mere size the superiority of the Mammoth Caves is at an end, for they hold no comparison whatever in the beauty of their contents. Any one, therefore, who has already seen the Jenolan Caves will be much disappointed by the Mammoth ones, for of the known caves of the world, if they do come next the Jenolan Caves, then it might well be said that the Jenolan Caves are first, and the rest nowhere.

After a short stay at Cincinatti I proceeded to New York, passing through a varied country of mount and stream and plain. When we were crossing the Potomac, at Harper's Ferry, I was shown John Brown's Fort, or the house where John Brown of civil war reputation so stoutly defended himself and his followers; while I have already mentioned that near the same spot was drowned that other John Brown who was the real hero of "Marching through Georgia." We reached the city of Washington on the very anniversary of Washington's birth, and the city was arrayed in all her bravery, with every one apparently gay and happy.

CHAPTER XXVII.

The "Senator" at New York—Incorruptible and undefiled—The Texas Steer of Chicago—Cook and Sons, the tourist agents—The Falls of Niagara—Murder of Benwell—Narrow escape of Pelley—A beauty in the docks—Birchall hanged—Recession of Niagara—The mantle of frost and snow—Tragedy of a lover and his sweetheart—An impressive scene and lovely.

AND this is New York. By the time I reached it I was getting very hard up, and I was living for a few days on tick there. But the mail arrived in England, and the longed-for telegram came at last, and so I was once again independent of boss Morris and his myrmidons. "And what then," I hear you ask, "did you do with your newly acquired wealth?" Well, the first thing I did was to go and see the "Senator." This was not a soul-stirring orator from the Senate House of Washington, but a strutting champion senator of the stage, who was then the rage in New York, as few real senators have ever been.

The theatre in which the play of the "Senator" was being acted was crowded night after night with enthusiastic gatherings, which went far to show how heartily Americans can laugh at themselves and their institutions. The "senator" himself, who was the hero of the play of the same name, had been a navvy in Carolina, a guard on a Calcutta railway, a drummer of a patent soap, and a watchman at a dog-show. But

through all these he had come harmless and the hero we saw him, with his hearty laugh and frank disposition. But beyond all things his soul soared above corruption, a virtue the more readily applauded, because it is said to be so rare among American politicians. Railway millionaires and bosses of booms bowed down before him in vain, for neither gold nor flattery could in any way corrupt him; and no wonder, after so many adventures, that he at last won the woman of his choice.

But the beating of records is a great game in America, and the great success of the "Senator" was not fated to remain unchallenged. Chicago is the very thorn in the flesh of New York in many ways. Although she is younger, she claims to beat the elder sister hollow, and not only had she wrenched from her the World's Fair, which is to commemorate the landing of Columbus, but, like a jealous sister, she started a monster play on the same lines as the "Senator," which they call the "Texas Steer," and which no doubt will be one of the "big things" at the Chicago World's Fair, unless it is meantime eclipsed by the play that goes under the name of the "Boss of the Pigs."

However, the Texas Steer, or the Cattle King, is in some respects different from the "Senator," for the latter becomes a great statesman, and remains as such; whereas the Cattle King has made his pile and is quite content to pass the rest of his days as King of the Cattle only. But he is forced into Congress by the ambitions of others, and soon comes to make a mess of it by losing all the best portions of his character. The one in fact becomes a real senator,

the other, after losing whatever principles of honesty he ever possessed, eventually becomes a real rogue.

What next remained was to engage a passage and have a look at the ships in the harbour. The then new ship *Teutonic*, of the White Star Line, was in at this time, and when I went on board of her I surely thought she was the most magnificent vessel I had ever seen. But she was sailing too early for me, and I noticed that the *City of Paris* would be sailing about the very time that would suit me. She had then made the fastest record across the Atlantic, and at the time I mention she possessed the reputation of being the fastest and largest ship in the world. No wonder, then, that I took my passage with her as a proper finish to my long voyage. In the meantime, after such roving and rambling round the world, to leave America without seeing Niagara was to spoil a tour with which I had hitherto every reason to be satisfied.

My previous railway travelling in the States and my sea-voyage to Liverpool had already been arranged in Japan; but for this fresh start I had to procure fresh tickets. I made inquiries at one of the ticket offices in Broadway, and afterwards returned to get a circular tourist ticket for such places as I intended to visit. But by some accident, instead of reaching the previous office, I turned in by mistake into another near it. When buying the ticket I discovered that the amount asked for was some dollars less than the previous calculation, and I wondered why. Why but because I was in one of the offices of Cook and Sons, the ubiquitous tourist agents. In Australia and New Zealand I had travelled free, and in some other countries with special privileges; so that I never had

occasion to travel with Cook's *coupons* before. But I had sometimes travelled with tourists who had them, and I had gone with them or even alone to get information at their offices in foreign parts. And while those we met were always willing to impart information, on no occasion do I remember of their being inquisitive enough to ask whether we were travelling with their agency or not. I was only too pleased, therefore, to deal with them on this my first opportunity, in return for past favours and the saving of expense.

On the morrow I was tearing away to the great Falls of Niagara. Though the carriages are more comfortably conducted, American trains are on the whole slower than ours, and moreover they are seldom in time. And so it was on this occasion. We were several hours late, and it was the dead of night when we reached Niagara, a distance of 444 miles from New York. I might have stayed on the American side, but preferred crossing the Suspension Bridge over to Canada, so as to be on British territory once again. There is one large hotel on this side, half-way between the village and the Falls, but it is only open during the tourist season, and was of course closed at this time, which was the very depth of the winter. So I took up my quarters at a small hotel in the village itself.

It was only a day or two before, that the notorious murderer, Birchall, was arrested at Niagara for the murder of Mr. Benwell, which revealed later on how easily English parents are beguiled by swindlers to send their young sons to the colonies. Birchall had decoyed young Benwell and Pelley to accompany him to Canada, on the pretence of teaching them farming.

But his farms were entirely visionary, and his whole intention apparently was to possess himself of whatever they had, and at the expense of their lives. Pelley had a narrow escape from his foul designs, and poor Benwell fell to them.

"What's in a name?" Well, whatever may be in it, this abandoned wretch seemed to think there was a great deal. Before he lured his young dupes to Canada, Birchall had been there already, and had freely swindled the simple Canadians under the presumption that he was a "lord." He managed to pass himself off for a long time in this way, winning his way under the name of "Lord Sommerset," a name at this very time of his arrest unfortunately trailing in the mud on its own account, and one such "Lord Sommerset" would appear to be quite enough for one single generation.

Pelley was living at the same hotel with me at this time, and eventually turned out to be one of the most important witnesses in bringing this criminal to justice. As Birchall and his young wife had only then been arrested, their names were in everybody's mouth. It was only coming up in the train the day before that I had for the first time read of the crime, and at breakfast that morning I must have been talking of Birchall, perhaps in an unguarded way. But whatever I said, at a particular stage the man sitting opposite made an ominous sign towards some one else, and I promptly held my tongue. Shortly after, the stranger winked at got up from another table and walked out of the room, and it was then I was told that he was the very detective who had come up to Niagara to trace out further clues about this same murder we were talking

about; and seeing that I was a stranger in the locality, my counsellor had put me on my guard, lest I might say something that the detective could lay hold of. I thought it was very good of the counsellor, whom I had never seen before, to put me on my guard so, for it would be a terrible ending to my journey to be arrested at Niagara connected with the grave charge of murder.

On this particular morning Birchall's young wife, said to be very good-looking, was to be placed in the dock on the charge of being accessory to the crime, and I felt very much tempted to go and hear the evidence. But the superior charms of Niagara wooed me away from even the strong temptation of seeing a pretty lady in the dock; and I may say that after prolonged imprisonment and suspense she was eventually exonerated from any knowledge of the crime at all. The affair naturally caused a great sensation throughout the English-speaking world in general, but Birchall was finally found guilty, and met his fate, after his wife had made a touching futile appeal to rescue him from the gallows.

One hesitates to say anything about the Niagara Falls, as they must have so often been described by every conceivable kind of pen. People also are liable to picture to themselves places and scenes which they have never seen, and as a rule the image is not like the reality. I found that this was the case with my previous conceptions of the Falls of Niagara. The Horseshoe Falls, which are on the Canadian side, contain much the largest volume of water, and so great is the wear and tear of the rocks over which it tumbles, that the Fall recedes up the river at an

average rate of some thirty feet every year, though the perpendicular height remains pretty nearly the same. A middle-aged man, living in the lodge connected with the Falls, said he remembered the Falls being opposite the lodge, which is now one or two hundred yards away from them.

Everything was stiffly frozen save the mighty river itself. The winter of this same year was remarkably mild along the eastern portion of America, whereas it was very severe along the west and north-west territories, as shown by the snowblocks and storms already mentioned. But a sudden fall of snow had lately taken place, and this was actually the very coldest time of that year in Canada, the thermometer sometimes going down 20° to 25°, not below the freezing-point, please remember, but beyond Zero itself. What do you think of that, O roasted Anglo-Indian; and what do I think of it myself, back here again at the Desert of Gharmsala, with the scorching season coming on apace? Ugh, it *was* cold!

I went down in the hydraulic lift, and as everything was covered with ice, I had to put on ice-shoes to prevent my sliding quietly into the roaring river; and so I walked between the cataract and the rocks, as well as through the subterranean passage leading along in the same direction. Most of that day was spent about the Falls, and along the swirling river above them. Save the roar of waters and the rush of waves, everything else was as still as death, while the brilliant sun shone down on the spotless snow covering all the landscape.

Looking at the so-called American Falls in the

distance, they appeared less imposing than the Horseshoe Falls on the Canadian side; and so I thought, after seeing the latter, that it would only be waste of time to go and see the former more closely; but second thoughts prevailed, and there I went.

It was getting late in the evening before I reached them, and it was once again full moon, it being almost exactly a month since my ascent of Popocatepetl. One can cross on a bridge the whole of the American portion of the Falls, over to the small island that separates the Canadian from the American Falls; for the river, as I need scarcely remind the reader, forms a portion of the boundary between the United States and Canada. And over this bridge I walked quietly and alone, for this was not exactly the globe-trotting season, nor the season for butterflies fluttering about. The cold was intense, and icicles were everywhere, from the mammoth icicles that fringed the great Falls themselves, to the pale pendicles that drooped from every entanglement of thicket and thorn. Some may prefer to visit the wilds of nature in their summer bloom, but the bloom of summer is nothing like the pale shrouds of winter over scenes like these; and in this respect I consider myself fortunate, as, with the exception of the short time spent in the Tropics, Father Winter was dodging my footsteps throughout almost the whole way. And if I were to visit Niagara again in the summer I am afraid I should miss the ice and snow, as well as the calm and cold loneliness of this time of the year. For here I was with nothing but the snow and the cold, and the ever-roaring cataract around me.

On one particular spot of the small island I was now visiting, one can approach quite close to the very edge of the Falls, and I was standing there as the sun was setting, while the spray from the tumbling water was freezing in globular beads all over my dress and hair. It was at this very ledge that shortly afterwards a young American was talking to his sweetheart, with her mother and brother standing beside them. It was only a few days before their intended marriage, but whether frantic with jealousy, or suddenly possessed by some evil spirit, he caught his affianced in his arms and threw her into the terrible abyss, jumping into it himself immediately after. So ended the life of this fated couple, and one can imagine what an awful tragedy it must have been for the mother and brother to witness, before they could interfere. By the time I retraced my footsteps the pale full moon had already risen, and was gleaming and glittering in my eyes across the cataract and the snow-mantled trees in front of me; and oh, it was a sight fit for a king, yea, for the King of kings, the great God Himself, who created it so pure and so lovely.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The fate of Captain Webb—Where was he drowned?—Drop from Suspension Bridge — Government House, Ottawa — Quebec, a French town — Wolfe's monument — Boston's fame in science and art.

THE fate of poor Captain Webb, the famous swimmer, lends an additional interest to these scenes. But it must not be ignorantly supposed that the captain tried to shoot the cataract itself, for no man will ever do that and live to tell the tale. It was the Rapids below the Falls that Webb attempted to swim, and perished, poor fellow, in his vain attempt. These rapids swirl through a deep and gloomy gorge, so that, when viewed from the top, the tumbling waves do not appear to full advantage. It is only by going down the bank to a level with the water that they appear in their true proportions and force and fury, sometimes rising to a height of eight or ten feet. I went down the bank in one of the hydraulic lifts, and the guide of course pointed out the spot where Webb was last seen alive.

I then wanted to see more of this deep defile still further down the river; and after returning to the top, and walking a mile or two in the snow, I came across a small farmhouse. This also, like the other, was a speculative coign of vantage to be paid for by

a toll; and here again I was shown another place, and was told that it was there Captain Webb was last seen alive. Both these toll-keepers then insist on drowning Webb within sight of their own immediate toll-ground. I believe, however, that it was near the second place that Webb was really drowned, though it would never do for the other toll-man to let his life slip out of his hands like that, and so far down beyond his own special precincts, as he would be losing many of his customers by such an honest confession, while honesty does not always constitute a toll-man's best policy.

It will also be remembered that some time after Webb's death a madman succeeded in shooting these rapids in a kind of barrel organ, from which his head protruded like that of a tortoise out of his shell, and it was in a calm reach of the river, a little beyond where Webb was drowned, that this man was finally rescued in an unconscious state. Then another, to win notoriety, dropped into the river from the Suspension Bridge, but I have seen a mere dusky Indian boy jump into a tank from the high domes of Delhi in much the same style, and he thought himself well rewarded when I gave him four annas for his pains. And that boy gathered no fanatic crowds around him, but sat on the top of the dome like a solitary solan-goose painted brown, and patiently waiting the charitable stranger to get a mere trifle for his high-flown gymnastics. Niagara and its surroundings, in truth, seem to have a strange fascination for the unprofitable performances of fools.

Toronto, Ottawa, and Montreal differ in no essential from modern towns in other countries. Ottawa,

though the smallest of the three, is the capital of Canada, and is like a little man with a big head, inasmuch as it is so small a town with such a large imposing House of Parliament on the top of an exalted station by the banks of the river; while down below, on the river's very brink, and still within Parliamentary precincts, is the "Lover's Walk," where the wily politicians, I suppose, throw away dull care on more pleasant entertainment than speechifying in the House. It is here, then, that all the laws of this land are sealed and settled, and consequently Ottawa is a very consequential little town.

Government House is a little way from Ottawa itself, and therefore from the House of Parliament, and, alas! from the Lover's Walk. It is neither grand nor imposing. Lord Dufferin, the late Viceroy of Canada, was Viceroy of India when I left, and must have felt the curious contrast between his Canadian residence and the new Viceregal residence up the hills of Simla, which is one of the most beautiful and picturesque places to be seen anywhere in the world. Canada claims to be the most loyal of all the colonies, but all the other colonies do the same, so that it would be invidious to make distinctions where all are so loyal. In spite of their late grumbling over Behring Straits seals and Newfoundland French fisheries, their hearts are truly British, and yet they speak wonderfully like their American cousins across the borders of Niagara. It is really, I think, the very same tone but with a difference, the difference being not always perceptible. And though I am sure Canadians will patriotically re-

pudiate the charge, I can only repeat with Galileo, that it is true all the same—namely, that delicious nasal twang. Moreover, their riding and driving are also opposed to ours, not exactly in the way I have mentioned about the Japanese, but they imitate the Americans as they in their turn imitate the Continentals, in keeping to the right instead of to the left as we do. And I can fancy a confirmed old London cabby, quite at home in the throngs of Piccadilly, making no end of a mess of it in the streets of New York or Montreal, before getting accustomed to the entire change of *régime* in his driving.

Another thing that strikes one in Canada is the number of foreigners, especially French, that he meets there. When staying at Ottawa I strayed one day on the ice across the river. When I reached the little town on the other side I met several groups of children playing in the snow, and spoke to some of those sliding about; they did not understand English, and I naturally concluded that they were French, but they were neither French nor English, but all of them the children of Dutch parents, who form a little colony of their own in this place.

Quebec in this respect is more foreign and French than any town in Canada, and it has retained its old-fashioned ways to this day. The streets are narrow and crooked, and the town is altogether so different in appearance from Toronto or Ottawa, that one might fancy himself in quite a different country. But in spite of this, or perhaps partly by reason of it, Quebec is much the most interesting town in Canada. Montreal is cosy enough between the solitary mountain and the great river, but it is not anything

so old-fashioned as Quebec. The fort is on the top of a precipitous cliff overlooking the wide mouth of the St. Lawrence, and looks quite impregnable. Only a little while before, a portion of this cliff fell down and killed not less than fifty-six innocent citizens, and my sledge-driver did not at all appreciate driving under it, as he said another landslip was sure to follow.

Quebec at this time had received more than its usual share of the late heavy fall of snow, which covered the ground for several feet, so that in driving along the streets one could look in through the windows of the second stories of the houses. After a look at the strong Fort of Quebec I went to visit the Convent of the Sacred Heart, most of the establishment of which was French, but there was an Irish nun amongst them, who seemed quite happy in her seclusion from the great wicked world outside. The convent is an artistic building on a private piece of ground of its own, and is the more notable as one of the few foundling convents in the whole of the British dominions. It is conducted on the Parisian principle, the infants being left in recognized places outside the convent, where they are sure to be found by the nurses, who take them in without asking questions. It is a praiseworthy cause to help the helpless, but does this indiscriminate rearing prove beneficial to the morals of the people at large? I trow not; for exposure is a strong deterrent to crime, and in the eyes of the criminal the guilt of the crime consists only in its being found out. And such infants! some of the recent acquisitions, only a few days old, were infants terrible in every respect, and looked more like wizened

hobgoblins than creatures composed of flesh and blood.

As everybody ought to do, I went after that to see the scene of the battle of Quebec, which went so far to decide our possession of Canada against our Gallic neighbours. A monument is erected here on the very spot on which General Wolfe was killed, and it should not be forgotten that the general commanding the French troops was also killed in this bloody engagement. One of the happy traits in the character of Wolfe was his love of learning, and his life was ended after a pleasing proof of this feeling. Home mails were not then received in Canada so often or so regularly as they are now, but Wolfe had received his the day before the battle, and among other news was a copy of the poet Gray's "Elegy written in a Country Churchyard," then just newly published. Wolfe was so charmed with this poetic pearl, that he declared he would rather have written it than take Quebec; and the verdict of posterity has confirmed his unpremeditated high opinion. Well, then, on the morrow, Wolfe with his Highlanders took Quebec sure enough, and perished in the effort; and this saying of his the day before his death has been justly recorded to his praise for times to come:—

> "Say, then, that he was 'kind' as brave,
> As 'kind' in thought as bold in deed."

I had sometimes before come to grief on ramshackle wheels, but this was the first time for me to break down on a rickety sledge. The snow was lying thick on the part of the plain where Wolfe was killed, and on account of a recent thaw was rather soft and slushy,

so that by the time we managed to reach quite aside the monument the sledge sank so deeply that one of the shafts got broken; but by dint of perseverance we got it patched up again, and were able to bring it back to the town with us. Judging from my previous experience of drivers, it was only natural to expect that this one would attribute the damage to my taking it to such a place, and that he would charge accordingly. But this one never grumbled when I gave him his proper fare, for he was a pious Jehu, though Jehus as a rule are not conspicuous for their piety.

When I reached Boston I found it was distinguished for the oldest and the newest institutions of the United States, namely, the Harvard University and the new electric tramcars. The new institution looked decidedly crude and clumsy in its operations, as all novelties do till worked down into their concrete form. But as we are not all equally well up in voltaic electricity, I shall not pursue this subject any further, as it might prove a stumbling-block to the writer and reader alike. And I shall only say about the Harvard University that it is by no means a city set upon a hill, but a collection of villas that appear neither grand nor imposing, but possess the more lasting merits of age and renown. There is quite a cloistered and solemn university air about the devout Bostonians not to be seen in any other part of the States; and to such perfection do they carry the spirit of the *belles lettres*, that they cannot forget it even in their domestic dishes, for what can be more beautifully poetic and alliterative than "Boston Brown Bread" and "Boston Beans and Bacon"? Yankeedom cannot beat these two favoured dishes for which Boston

is so renowned. They are sure to meet your eye on every bill of fare of every hotel throughout the length and breadth of the land, till at last you get sick and tired of them. And so any people who can go into poetic ecstasies of alliteration over the cook's commonplace culinary custards, into what raptures must they naturally fall to behold the Falls of Niagara!

CHAPTER XXIX.

Leaving New York in the *City of Paris*—Fast ship—Explosion and water-logged—"Homeward Bound"—Rescue of my manuscripts—Baling the ship with hand buckets—Dimness at night—The fate of "missing" ships—Flooded out of my cabin—A sail in sight appears—and disappears again—Rescue at last—Hurrah for the hardy North—Climbing Ben Lomond—Rowing over Loch Katrine—Rob Roy's Grave—Clan Alpine's, the brawest land amang them a'.

BUT being back again in New York, there nothing now remained but to prepare and leave it. The *City of Paris*, with which I had already engaged my passage, had now come in from Liverpool, and would be leaving in a few days. The name of the ship was in everybody's mouth, and though she was only a year old, I had heard of her even in far-away Japan. She had the reputation of being not only the largest, but the fastest ocean ship in the world, 10,500 tons, and 22,000 horse-power. She was built in Glasgow the year before on very fine lines, with projecting bows, and looking like an enormous yacht in all her glory of size and symmetry. She possessed two sets of engines, each on the triple expansion system, and was also provided with two screws, one on each side. She was originally rigged as a three-masted schooner, but as the average speed of the ship was greater than the average speed of the wind, and as the chances of both engines going wrong the same

voyage was so remote, the spars on the foremast were taken down so as not to retard her speed, and the *City of Paris* actually carried no sails.

No wonder, then, that from mere curiosity, on account of her reputation, I took my passage with her from New York as a proper finish to my journey. We left on the evening of Wednesday, as foul a day as a witch could wish for, as it had snowed all day long to a depth of six or seven inches. We would be about the last ship that left port that day. Two other Atlantic liners left some time before us, but we overtook them, and passed them as if they were standing still. All went well, with moderately heavy seas and a fair breeze behind, which only kept a friendly pace with the magnificent vessel running before it.

The first saloon cabins are amidship, following the custom originally started, I believe, in the White Star ship *Oceanic*, which I have already mentioned in coming with her across the Pacific Ocean. But it is from the promenade deck towards the stern that the *City of Paris* looks her best, as the deck here is almost entirely flush, exposing at a glance the breadth of beam of the noble vessel. On the evening of the next Tuesday I was walking on this clear deck, when a violent explosion took place, that made the ship's stern tremble like an aspen leaf. A deafening noise ensued, to which the yell of fiends would only be a quiet whisper. The look of consternation in the faces of the passengers was very striking as they rushed up on deck and hurried to and fro in search of their friends. The scene, indeed, was well calculated to amaze any one. Looking forward, my first impression was that an explosion had occurred which had set the

ship on fire, as I saw the steam hissing, not only from the three funnels, but also from the roofs of the engine-rooms, making the deafening din already mentioned, and enveloping the middle of the ship in one dense white volume. The engines stopped, and the beautiful *City of Paris* was a helpless wreck on the top of the waves.

The ship was not apparently pressed in any way, so as to beat her own previous record, which I hear has only been beaten since by the new White Star steamer *Teutonic*, with which, as I said, I was very nearly taking my passage, only that she was leaving New York too early for me. The divergence of her course to the south to avoid the icebergs would alone preclude the *City of Paris* from making this her quickest voyage; and though she had the advantage of a strong wind blowing after her, she never quite made twenty knots an hour, and she had been known to exceed this speed on several occasions before. There was therefore probably no foundation for the rumour that the ship was being pressed too hard, though no doubt these ships do really often try to do their best to beat one another, much to their own glory and the great good of the world in general. And what a pity the selfsame healthy competition does not spring up among the lines that run to benighted Hindostan, for then we should make quicker passages from such deserts as Gharmsala, and cheaper bargains besides.

Nobody expected any mishap to the *City of Paris*, and one of the customs on the voyage is to publish a small newspaper, called the *City of Paris Gazette*, made up from contributions from the passengers. These contributions, as may be suspected, are of

variable character, and supplied by very different kinds of pens. As I was then finishing my journey I contributed a few verses suitable for the occasion; and as I then little anticipated what was going to happen shortly after, I may be allowed parenthetically to repeat them here:—

HOMEWARD BOUND.

Homeward bound on the ocean waves,
Homeward bound;
Homeward bound over heroes' graves,
Homeward bound;
Homeward bound though the storms may split,
Though thunder and lightning flash and flit,
Or the night be as dark as the darkest pit,
Homeward bound.

Homeward bound through the doldrum seas,
Homeward bound;
With sails all flapping without a breeze,
Homeward bound;
Where the sun pours down his downright rays,
Without a rain-cloud for days and days,
And the sea is lit in one brilliant blaze,
Homeward bound.

Homeward bound where the trade-winds blow,
Homeward bound;
And the good ship speeds with a foaming prow,
Homeward bound;
With stunsails set, and every patch
Of canvas hoisted the gale to catch,
And sailors have only to wait and watch,
Homeward bound.

Homeward bound from the foreign strand,
Homeward bound;
To our own true-loved native land,
Homeward bound;
From the false strangers we may have met,
And left, departing without regret,
For Auld-lang-syne, which we ne'er forget,
Homeward bound.

Homeward bound from Pole to Pole,
Homeward bound ;
From East and West where the billows roll,
Homeward bound ;
From every corner around the world,
Through gentle breeze or by tempest hurled,
Over the waves with sails unfurled,
Homeward bound.

Homeward bound with a stout, stout heart,
Homeward bound;
For ever faithful to play our part,
Homeward bound ;
With willing hands we shall haul the sails,
And court the breath of the passing gales,
Till the salt froth foams round our roving rails,
Homeward bound ! !

The engine-rooms, as I said, are entirely separate, but either a manhole communication must have been left open, or the explosion must have smashed the bulkhead between, for the sea rushed in with such sudden violence that both engine-rooms were quickly flooded to their very bridges, and the still sound engine then was consequently disabled, leaving the great ship at the will of the waves. The explosion must also have smashed the bulkheads of the adjoining compartments, as two or three of them filled with water shortly after. The main pumps of these compartments, as well as of the engine-rooms, appear to be pretty low in the hull of the vessel, and were covered with water before they could be got at to work them. Eventually some of the cabins got flooded, of which mine was one. I was on deck when the cabins began to fill up, and on going down was told that all the luggage had been taken out of them, and had been heaped up in some of the unoccupied cabins on the upper deck, the doors of which had

been locked. The ship had then nearly 3,000 tons of water inside of her.

I had the diary from which this book is written, as well as the manuscript of the "Girdle of the Globe," lying in a quiet corner of the sofa of the cabin, and I felt certain that in the scurry of removal these books would not have been noticed, though I was assured that everything had been taken away. But I could not go down to see, as some fifty stewards were then baling out the ship with hand-buckets; and certainly it did not at all look encouraging to see a ship of ten thousand tons baled out like an open boat. But there the stewards were, forming a chain on either side of the companion way, and passing the buckets rapidly from one to another, though their best efforts could not appreciably affect the state of the ship in any way.

They were superintended by the second steward, a man, I thought, well worthy of a better position. I asked him more than once to let me pass through the chain of stewards with the buckets, so as to get to my cabin. But how could he, considering the state we were in? I felt almost sure that the books had been left behind, and I felt rather sorry to lose them; and so, getting a sudden chance, I ran down the stairs between the files of stewards on either side. But when I reached below it was impossible to get any further, as a knot of half a dozen stewards was trying to stop a leak round one of the stanchions outside my cabin, and completely blocking the way. Some of them swore lustily at me, but it was not a season for personal squabbling. It so happened that it was my own steward who was holding the candle to the others while working in the dark, and he was standing on

the opposite side of them. I therefore made him stretch over the candle to me, and then he waded into the cabin and groped about for the books, which he found there as I expected. The water after this rose still higher and covered the sofa, so that I was only just in time to rescue them.

The sea down here, swishing about with the lurch of the ship, carried along whatever was loose and floating, and presented anything but a pleasing spectacle; for when the vessel stopped in the trough of the sea we found out what a strong wind was pressing behind us, and raised a sea that, when we stopped, broke over the ship's stern, high although it was out of the water. But we at last threw out some barrels of oil over the turbulent waves rushing after us, and I think this calmed down the sea to a considerable extent.

Among the other things submerged through the flooding of the ship was the machinery that worked the electric lights, and the vessel was therefore left in comparative darkness, as the candles available had to be used sparingly, not knowing how long we might have to depend on them. And then the great saloon and the other rooms, usually so pleasantly lighted up, looked very weird and sombre, once the shades of night fell down.

The weather got very dark and lowering, and the sun scarcely showed up for the next two days. The wind, beating on the port quarter of the vessel, now gradually drove her out of her course, and the usual tracks of ships to and fro. It may seem strange, but once a vessel gets out of the frequented tracks nowadays she is less likely than ever to be sighted by

other vessels again. In modern times the navigation is so exact, and all the ships follow the same route so precisely, that even on the long voyage from Colombo to King George's Sound steamers going in opposite directions generally sight one another. And still more does this apply to sailing vessels, and the recognized belts of trade-winds they follow, compared with which all the rest of the ocean is but a mere untraversed waste. The chances of being cast away in our time are even greater, then, by the very reason of our exact knowledge, than they were in the days when the great ocean tracks were not known, and sailing ships wandered here and there in comparatively unknown seas. And no doubt many of these devoted ships that we hear of as "missing" often survive the gale that disables them, and are driven in this way, dismantled and torn, where no ship ever visits them, and whence they are never able to return again; and there is no doubt that if the same mishap had happened to the *City of Paris* in the strong gales we met coming across the Pacific, her fate would be one of those many mysteries of the deep which the world would never be able to satisfactorily clear up.

For about three days we looked in vain for any ship to come and help us, and we commenced gradually to drift out of the course of ships to and fro. We drifted between thirty and forty miles the first day, and on Thursday evening, the sea being fairly smooth, the chief officer was sent with a life-boat and crew of seven men to regain the usual track, hoping to intercept some ship on the way. At midnight on Friday he was lucky enough to signal the White Star steamer *Adriatic*.

Being flooded out of my cabin I slept in the main saloon. At about three o'clock of that same morning I was wakened by a more than usual stir among the stewards, who told me that the lights of some ship were in sight. Going on deck I could now and again plainly see the lights they mentioned. Our ship had been firing rockets and signal guns during the night, but discontinued them, confident that the ship would stand by till daybreak, as we thought the ship could not help seeing us. But when the day broke we found that the ship had apparently abandoned us. This ship afterwards turned out to be the *City of Chester*, of the same Company, and she had not observed us at all, for the night was rather a foggy one, and the men on the watch apparently not very watchful at their post, otherwise they could not help seeing our signals of distress when we could see their ordinary lights.

Some of the passengers during all these days never left the deck or went below, fearing that the ship would sink suddenly, and I am afraid most of those on board looked gloomy when they saw this strange sail forsaking us in this way; for it was only a matter of time when the ship would sink, while a storm, not at all unlikely in March, would inevitably seal our doom. And it looked rather hard, after many years' wanderings, that I should be doomed to perish almost within sight of the land that I had always loved so well.

But this gloom was of short duration, for within an hour or two afterwards we could see on the horizon, in another direction, two ships coming up, and apparently racing as to which should reach us

first; and, as a matter of fact, they both approached us almost stem to stem. One of these two ships was the *Adriatic*, that had picked up the chief officer, and the other was the *Aldersgate*, homeward bound from Galveston in the Gulf of Mexico. The *Adriatic* was the outward American mail of the week, and, after communicating with us, she kept on her way westward. There was some grumbling when we saw her leave, but, I think, without adequate reason, for the *Aldersgate* was quite capable of taking care of us, while the *Adriatic* had the American mails and passengers on board. The *Aldersgate* took us in tow at once, and we were slowly jogging along before eight that morning, going at the rate of four instead of twenty knots an hour, and feeling very grateful for going so fast. During the next night the hawsers unfortunately broke, and the *City of Paris* was once more cast adrift; but she was caught again, and again brought in tow. On Saturday some tugs came to the help of the *Aldersgate*, pulling her into Queenstown harbour early on Sunday morning, and there the passengers were landed safely in the forenoon, feeling very thankful for their narrow escape. Judging from the violence with which the water rushed in, most other ships would have foundered without delay; but this fine vessel is divided by strong bulkheads into so many compartments, and none of the bulkheads seems to have given way save those originally injured by the explosion, which, by the way, injured only three men and killed nobody. In the evening before going into harbour nearly a thousand pounds sterling were contributed by the passengers to endow a bed in a Liverpool or New York hospital, and to be called

the "*City of Paris* bed," and the Americans, who formed the great bulk of the passengers, decided to have an annual dinner somewhere in New York to celebrate their memorable shipwreck and rescue.

Thus were saved a thousand and sixty-two human lives, and all's well that ends well. I have already, the day I reached London, given an account of this disaster in the *Times*, casually commenting on the ship being wholly unprovided with sails, which might help to keep her on the track after a breakdown of this sort, or even help to steady her a bit in the trough of the sea.

The letter called forth a leader in the same paper on the next day, and Admiral Elliot and others took up the case after that in a sailorlike style, not always easy for landsmen to follow. And to conclude the topic of the *City of Paris*, I was present at the Admiralty Courts in London when her case came on, and no blame was attached to any one, while the *Aldersgate* got £7,500 for the two days she took to tug the leviathan to the Queenstown harbour. Strange to say, that very same week I was present at the marine court of inquiry into the loss of the *Dacca*, in which a pleasant portion of these wanderings was spent; and it was gratifying that the captain of this ship also was entirely exonerated from blame, though, unfortunately, one of the other officers got his certificate suspended for the total loss of this fine vessel.

* * * * *

A short stay in London, and I was away to the unforgotten stormy North. As I went with the North-Western Railway, which was not then familiar

to me, I asked the guard to let me know when we would be crossing the Border, and after leaving Carlisle I went with him to the van. The train rapidly passed a small brook, and I was in Scotland, that little spot of earth so justly famous for the patriotism of her sons and sincerity of her winsome daughters.

It was not without a little diffidence that, after staying in Glasgow for a day, I proceeded to visit what may truly be called "The Heart of the Highlands." I had seen so very many strange lands that I quite wondered how Ben Lomond and Loch Katrine would look after them all. But I was very pleasantly surprised; for it must be borne in mind that the beauty of a landscape does not entirely depend on the mere absolute height of the mountains or the profundity of the floods. It depends rather on what is actually revealed before the eyes, as well as on the association of ideas, and the charm of a romantic history. And wasn't this the land of the "Landless Gregarach"?—where every rood of ground is sanctified with the halo of romance, and sealed with the life-blood of the brave and patriotic.

Ben Lomond gave me a true Highland welcome, so different from the deathlike stillness of the poisonous plains; for it was with some difficulty that I was able to keep on my feet when I climbed to the top of it on a very windy day, and when a considerable amount of snow was yet remaining there. But when I got up what a beautiful landscape was laid out before me, and how the past ages seemed to come back again!

Rowing over Loch Katrine I went, among other things, to see the small churchyard of Portanellan,

threatened a few years ago to be submerged, and on which I then wrote, in one of the Indian papers, the verses of "Clan Alpine's Grave," which may yet appear in some future collection. And I was very pleased to see that enough chivalry still remains to protect the dust of the low-laid dead. Not far from this is the small cemetery of Glengyle, where lie the remains of him to whose memory this volume has been humbly dedicated. Alas! it was all cemeteries that remained now to be seen; and, last of all, I visited Rob Roy's grave in the churchyard of Balquidder. It is a drive of twelve or fourteen miles from Callander, and I noticed that the horse in the dogcart was very frisky and shy for such a hillside kind of road. When I asked his name, Arthur, the driver, said that he had no name, that he had only been bought in Glasgow the day before, and that this was his first trip with them in harness. As the trial trip, then, of this horse in the Highlands was to convey me to Rob Roy's grave, I asked the manager of the hotel, as a favour, if he would kindly call the horse Rob Roy, which he faithfully promised to do; and the horse is still there to witness for himself. At the grave of Rob Roy my voyage was finished. I had travelled the probably unbeaten single record of some sixty-five thousand statute miles, on land and sea, lakes and rivers. Only a portion is recorded in this book. I had been fourteen years away, and thirteen months homeward bound from the Desert of Gharmsala.

Here at last Clan Alpine's Land,
Noblest land of all the lot,
Though betrayed to traitors' hand,
Far from being at all forgot,

Through the silent flight of time,
Or the mist of distant clime.

Here the Trossachs, these the lakes
So far famed in tale and song,
Here Glenfruin's wild that wakes
Memories of days of wrong,
But yet dearer all the same
Than meek fields and pastures tame.

THE END.

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